

TRADE MESSAGE

In South America and
Chamber of Commerce
tonight.

A message directly from
America will be given tonight
to be held by the Chamber
of Commerce. Dr. Ernesto
National commissioner from
Panama-Panama
has accepted an invitation
to speak. He will come as the
Pan-American Union
talk on trade relations with
the countries and review the
of the recent conference
with the representative
South American financial
institutions.

It is one of the ablest men
and speaks English.
He is expected to explain
to South Americans the
commerce and especially
means by which trade may
be increased.

It is expected early today
probably visit the harbor
as a guest of the Chamber
of Commerce. This evening, accompanied
by a number of local
men are invited to attend
the event, which will be
informal.

INS FIRE CHIEF.

Working Job Writes a
Message Saying He Will
Remain.

Chief Archie Eley has
number of threatening
and one letter from a
man claiming a job on the
fire department. Eley has
the employment in the
fire department to the
Eley family, or about
children.

of the threats came
to notify Chief Eley of
yesterday, and he
has his own men
have been ordered
to watch on the place.
The letter contains threats
to the police in an effort
to get the Chief Eley
to recognize the man's
phone, and has no
to the identity of the author.

at "Labor-Day"
or Outing

ings to eat, fresh bak-
from the great white
ovens, picnic deli-
e Hamburger Delic-
for our Saturday
papers.

\$19.50

en and Misses

just around the corner.
Many of them are
\$25.00 to \$30.00 mod-
a prominent place among

much in evidence. Three
style in several variations
tailored, semi-tailored,
and others. It is the
diversity of style
early in the season.

and gabardine, every
style is represented. In
toward jaunty
any models.

in brown and other sub-
tle green being strong-
non.

Second Floor—Today)

ing New Fall
at \$7.50

is completely captivated
by it. It is hand-made,
of the poka bonnet in
a charming combi-
envelope-shaped hats
Second Floor—Today)

ot, \$4.00

ing boot for women this
with patent leather and
ribbons of a high-class
Hamburger's price for

Floor—Today)

ack Agate"
gs, \$1.00

ocking made that will
Agate"

ly. You may get them
plain black or white—
Main Floor—Today)

Each

ed cotton, light weight
not turn yellow when
Main Floor—Today)

\$100

\$200

\$300

to READERS. It is a mistake to jump at the wrong conclusion that all
the greater part of the more important news is to be found on the first page
and the parts that get all the news of the day.

1781
1915

LOS ANGELES

Times 2c

Liberty Under Law—Equal Rights—True Industrial Freedom

PRICE 2½ CENTS (Delivered to Yearly, 90c. Monthly, 75c. per copy, postpaid. One Year, \$7.50. Six Months, \$4.50. Three Months, \$2.50. Single Copies, 2c.)

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4, 1915.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC FREIGHT TRAIN LEAVES TRACK.

NEW DRIVE FOR RIGA.
Critical Point in the Operations.

German Capture Bridgehead at Lennwada; may Cross Dvina River.

Once on the Other Side of it London Fears the Worst for the Czar.

Did Move to Drive Invaders from France is About to be Initiated.

AT ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P. LONDON, Sept. 3, 10:10 p.m.—The Germans in their official report today claim to have carried by assault the fortified bridgehead at Lennwada on the Dvina River, between Friedrichstadt and Riga. This considered for the Russians the most critical point on their whole front, for should the Germans succeed in crossing the Dvina the Russians would be compelled to evacuate Riga and their position between the Dvina and the Gulf of Finland, the latter city would be jeopardized.

However, the Germans do not yet seem to have crossed the river, which being defended by a reinforced army commanded by Gen. Ruzsky, who repulsed the previous German advance at the Dvina River in front of Warsaw. Military critics believe that the Germans will make a stubborn defense on the Dvina, the opinion being expressed that should they fail here, the German fleet would gain command of the Baltic.

(Continued on Second Page.)

Independent.

MRS. YOUNG REPUDIATES

UNION SCHOOL AGITATOR.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Sept. 3.—Responding to threats of grand jury investigation, mass meetings, political repression, made by the outer board of the Teachers' Federation, the school board today moved determinedly over upon pushing the fight to the streets.

The first test of the new rule promulgated by the Teachers' Federation came when Mrs. Ella Young, superintendent, submitted the names of nine teachers for promotion. Eight of the applicants made statements that they were not members of the federation and had no intention of joining. The ninth was a member of the federation and was promoted to the position of head assistant principal on the district pledge that she had already joined.

The Board of Education made it plain that no teacher, a member of the federation, can hope for promotion.

MRS. YOUNG'S STAND.

Along advocate of the federation, Mrs. Young today said that she could not repudiate the organization made in an interview and came to a great shock to the federation, which had counted on her personality and influence in its fight for existence.

She said the teachers were not so much in need of an organization to secure higher wages as they were of an organization to improve their teaching.

The federation has been doing much about grand jury action and the school board came back today with a promise to turn the rule upon the federation chiefs. Criminal libel proceedings against Margaret Haley, a member of the federation, were threatened by the State Senate committee, which has been investigating the Teachers' Federation.

He said the school board mentioned had been reckless statements to the effect that the Senate committee had been organized on behalf of the Teachers' Federation, and for ulterior and sordid motives to commit a crime against the federation.

MR. STEIN'S THREAT.

A grand jury investigation threatened these matters will be placed before that body, with a view of punishing the perpetrators of these acts.

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the greater part of the more important news is to be found on the first page
and the parts that get all the news of the day.

LONDON BOY BETTER OFF.

The War is a Sort of a Broom to the Street Urchin—Is Better Dressed.

(A. P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.)

LONDON, Aug. 22.—According to London police officials, war has been responsible for a marked improvement in the appearance of the London street urchin. Never before, it is said, has the average boy on the London streets been so well clad as today. This is attributed largely to the separation allowances received by the wives of soldiers at the front, and also to the fact that most employers have found it necessary to put their boy employees into uniform in order to keep them, so great is the popularity of the uniform, whether military or civil.

VON HINDENBURG GOES A-HUNTING.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.) BERLIN (via London), Sept. 3.—Although he is conducting one of the greatest campaigns of history, Field Marshal Von Hindenburg found time this week to take a day off for his favorite sport of deer stalking. He arrived Monday evening at Schlippenburg in East Prussia, near the scene of the two great battles—those of Tannenberg and the Masurian Lakes—accompanied by Prince Dohna-Schlobitten and Count Dönhoff, the field marshal hunted in the forest of the Countess of Eulenburg and killed two fine stags.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL MEET POSTPONED.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 3.—Because of conditions brought about by the European war, a committee representing the World's Sunday-school Association at a meeting here today decided to postpone indefinitely the next convention of the organization, which was to have been held October 19, 1914, at Tokyo, Japan. The meeting was postponed over by H. J. Hodge, Pittsburgh, chairman of the committee.

QUESTIONS FOR CRIMINAL LIBEL," said Mr. Young.

Mrs. Ida Furman, president of the Teachers' Federation, is also in for much trouble. The school board today adopted a resolution, giving her five days to disprove newspaper interviews in which she was quoted as recklessly ridiculing the board. It is said the interview was given to the rank and file of insubordination and may result in dismissal. Mrs. Furman holds a principality in the school.

The school board strengthened its position today by narrowing the fight down exclusively to the Teachers' Federation. The rule was amended so as to exclude members of labor unions who are teachers in technical schools. This will avert a threatened strike of 300 of these teachers, which, in turn, would have precipitated a strike of janitors, engineers and other employees and who would have been supported by teachers and others.

There are 3000 teachers in the public schools and only 400 of them belong to the federation. These are the hard-core malcontents who are responsible for practically all the strife and unrest in the schools, according to statements made by members of the school board today.

MRS. YOUNG HEDGES.

One of the possibilities of the campaign, which will be exceedingly bitter, might be the resignation of Mrs. Young, but her changed attitude shows an inclination to get into the school board band wagon. She would be succeeded by John D. Shoop, a member of the federation.

Labor unions have taken up the battle in every direction. Gompers will arrive in the city next week to conduct the battle. A mass meeting of protest has been called and extraordinary efforts are being made to get out an immense and demonstrative crowd to influence public opinion and throw terror into the ranks of the school board. However, Mayor Thompson will soon appoint five new members of the board and it is practically certain not one of them will be in favor of the Teachers' Federation, inasmuch as this was the paramount issue in the campaign which resulted in his election by an enormous plurality.

SEEK RUNAWAY BOYS.

Police Officers of Every Station on Lookout for Edwin Wilkinson and His Brother John. (30)

Police officers from every station in the city early this morning began a search for Edwin H. Wilkinson, 12 years old boy, according to their father, Mr. Edwin Wilkinson of No. 1408 West Thirty-eighth place ran away from home late last night.

The two boys, according to Mr. Wilkinson, left their home while he and Mrs. Wilkinson were away. The boys according to the father may have started on foot for one of the beach towns.

There is no intention on the part of the President to join in the Vatican in initiating or directing the negotiations for peace. The United States might join with other neutral States, but probably it will act alone whenever the time should be opportune. It is pointed out that when the belligerents believe they can make no

(Continued on Second Page.)

NO MOVE FOR PEACE.

Wilson Decides to Keep Hands Off.

Fears Any Step He Might Take Would Arouse the Allies' Suspicion.

Terms will be Harsher Later Along, Intimation from the Germans.

BY JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN. (BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Sept. 3.—President Wilson permitted it authoritatively to be made known today that he would not make any move for peace unless all the belligerents are favorably inclined to such action.

In making this public notice the President was actuated by the knowledge that any steps he might take at this time would arouse suspicion among the allies, lead to a sharp rebuff, and destroy his influence in connection with the termination of the war at a more opportune date in the future.

This does not mean and it is not to be construed as an answer to the Pope, whose peace message was handed to Mr. Wilson yesterday by Cardinal Gibbons. As a matter of fact, Cardinal Gibbons asked the President exactly when he said the latter was deeply gratified by the communication from the Vatican.

AFRAID OF A VICE.

But it does mean that the President as the head of the American people does not propose to place his fingers in a vice. He knows the allies would not be complete without him.

He knows it because of reports he has received in regard to proposals informally laid before the allied governments by Germany. These proposals include an agreement on the part of Germany to cede a part of German Alsace to France in return for the cession by the latter of the port of Calais. The Paris government scornfully refused this feature of the German peace proposals.

Both Great Britain and France declined to consider the question of paying an indemnity to Germany in return for the evacuation of Belgium and Northern France.

At the time these exchanges occurred they are said to have been made through an American name has not hitherto figured in the peace suggestions—the allies asserted positively that they would not enter into peace discussions under such conditions. This attitude, according to cable advices received here today, is unchanged.

With such positive information in the possession of the administration it is apparent there is nothing for it to do but to remain quiet. Nor does it care to arouse feeling in the allied countries by giving the slightest encouragement to the peace talk whatever the source from which it emanates. It is charged that the allies have inaugurated a deliberate propaganda in the United States for the purpose of convincing the American people that peace is at hand and that they should throw their influence in its behalf. Even the Germans admit that peace now would be in the interest of the German cause. They assert that if the war goes on their terms will be harsher. The allies are perfectly willing to take this chance believing that in the end they will be able to win out.

The allies expect that from time to time there will come forth peace suggestions from various quarters. All in the interest of the German cause. They do not say the Pope is acting as the agent of the central powers, but they do claim that his well-known love of peace has caused him to send the message to the United States, in respect of the political and material interests involved. It has grieved the Holy Pontiff tremendously that two Catholic countries like Austria-Hungary and Italy should be fighting each other. But the people of Italy, according to all the reports received here, are heart and soul in the struggle and have no intention of making peace except in common with Great Britain, France and Russia. It is not improbable also that the Vatican desires to be in a position where it will be invited to participate in the peace congress when it shall assemble.

It will be remembered the Vatican was most anxious to take part in the Hague conference, but Italy refused to agree to the admission of papal delegates. If the Pope should act as mediator, or should participate in the mediatory negotiations he would have a claim to representation in the congress, which could not be denied.

NO JUNCTURE.

There is no intention on the part of the President to join in the Vatican in initiating or directing the negotiations for peace. The United States might join with other neutral States, but probably it will act alone whenever the time should be opportune. It is pointed out that when the belligerents believe they can make no

(Continued on Second Page.)

SIX CARS DERAILED AT WILMAR, EAST OF ROMONA PARK.

A PACIFIC ELECTRIC freight train of six cars left the track shortly after 3 o'clock this morning at Wilmar, east of Ramona Park. The train was in charge of Motorman Lippincott and Conductor Hall. Three other employees of the company, Messrs. Crafts, Heman and Swan were aboard, but it was stated at the offices of the company that nobody was injured. Traffic along the line, however, was delayed to some extent.

ROMANCE.

KIDNAPPED GIRL MISSING FOR THIRTY ONE YEARS IS AT LAST IDENTIFIED.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) AN FRANCISCO, Sept. 3.—By a misshaped toe and a birthmark on her body Mrs. G. E. Kostadt established her identity tonight as Annie Mooney, who was kidnapped from her parents in this city thirty-one years ago when she was five years old. She had been kept by Chinese for several years and rescued from a trunk, where she was hidden, by police who raided the quarters of her Chinese guardians.

After her rescue from the Chinese, Annie was adopted by a Portuguese family. Her foster mother died when she was 14 years old and four years later Annie married Kostadt.

James Mooney, her father, and others offered rewards aggregating \$2000 at the time of the child's disappearance. Mooney and his wife died several years ago, but four sisters and a brother are here to welcome their long-lost sister back into the family fold.

Mrs. Kostadt, who has been trying to locate her family for some years, recently inserted an advertisement in a newspaper which attracted the attention of F. J. Arnold, brother-in-law of the missing Annie Mooney.

Mrs. Kostadt's identity was definitely established tonight by Mrs. Mary O'Neil, 70 years old, who had known Annie Mooney as a child. She notified the authorities of a peculiar birthmark and of the misshaped toe.

DISCOVERS DYESTUFF SECRET.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—The discovery of a process by which dyestuff materials can be manufactured from crude American products was announced here tonight by Dr. Thomas H. Norton of the Department of Commerce after a series of conferences with representatives of a corporation, by which the process is controlled. Although the character of this process was not divulged Dr. Norton declared he had called it to the attention of the department at Washington with the statement that it probably would solve the problem confronting American manufacturers who were unable to obtain the normal supply from Germany during war times.

The owners of the process, he said, were financially able to supply the product and that it would be on the market within two weeks.

Enterprise.

NEW MOVE BY GERMANS FOR TRADE IN AMERICA.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.) LONDON, Sept. 4.—Telegraphing from Amsterdam Reuters' correspondent says that on his election as president of the German Economic Association for South and Central America formed in Berlin Wednesday with a view to expanding German trade on the American continent, Dr. Bernhard Dernburg in a speech of thanks said:

"At the present time Germany has but few friends in the world. Sentiment in South America is divided and the real neutrality of North America is doubtful. It is not uninteresting to remember that Viscount Haldane (then British Lord High Chancellor) at Manchester explained to the merchants that now was their chance to snatch from Germany forever commercial supremacy.

United Action.

BROWNVILLE (Tex.) Sept. 3.—Concerted plans by Federal, State and county authorities, aided by hundreds of ranchmen and cowboys to exterminate or drive Mexican marauders out of the border country were organized today.

Two hundred cavalry and infantry commanded by Capt. H. S. Hawkins of the Third Cavalry are guarding the

old Alice stage coach road and the railroad leading to San Benito. Detachments of men have been placed at every bridge and crossing and virtually every irrigation and power plant in this section is being guarded.

Several hundred owners of automobiles have been requested to hold their machines ready for instant use in dispatching infantry to any section.

LOSS TO BRITISH SHIPPING.

(BY WIRELESS AND A. P.) BERLIN (via Truckerton) Sept. 3.—"The Cologne Gazette publishes statistics showing the losses to British shipping during the war at the minimum amount to 4½ per cent. of the whole tonnage," says the Overseas News Agency.

THUGS BEAT UP A RICH MEXICAN.

DANIEL ESPINOSA ESCAPES HIGHWAYMEN AFTER TOUGH EXPERIENCE. (30)

Assaulted and badly beaten by two bandits, Daniel Espinosa, a wealthy Mexican, early this morning escaped the highwaymen and rushed to the police station to report that Mexico is quiet compared to Los Angeles.

According to Mr. Espinosa he arrived in Los Angeles late last night and after visiting a friend started out at 2 o'clock in the morning for a walk. At the corner of Fifth and San Pedro streets two bandits set upon the Mexican and in the struggle which followed beat him about the head and face.

Rushing into the police station Mr. Espinosa gravely told the police that he was in the soap business in Morelia, Mexico and came to Los Angeles to attend to some business. He declared that as he had been set upon and beaten by thugs, he believed that the police should turn over to him a large sum of the city money to make up to him for his suffering.

After telling his story to Detective McIntosh, Mr. Espinosa was sent to the Receiving Hospital for treatment and then told to go home. The Mexican left the police headquarters declaring that Los Angeles during his short stay proved a much more exciting place than Mexico.

Unraveling.

SECRET OF F-4 BEING SOLVED.

TEN MORE BODIES ARE FOUND IN THE ENGINE-ROOM.

Men Working on Submarine Suggest Explosion in One Part of the Ship Caused Men to Seek Safety in Another, but on this Point Officials are Silent.

(BY PACIFIC CABLE.) HONOLULU (T. H.) Sept. 3.—Ten more bodies were found today in the hull of the United States submarine F-4, crowded in the engine-room, when a hole was cut through the steel plates to effect an entrance. One body was identified as that of Ivan L. Mahan, machinist mate, of Lima, O.

Members of the naval board of inquiry declined to discuss the question of whether the finding of so many bodies in the compartment indicated the nature of the accident which caused the vessel to sink in Honolulu Bay March 25 with twenty-two officers and men on board.

It was suggested by some of those working on the submarine that an explosion elsewhere in the vessel caused the men to seek refuge in the engine-room.

So far thirteen bodies have been taken from the hold of the submarine. Others, many in a fragmentary state and badly decomposed, have been located covered with wreckage of the interior.

CROPS FAILURE FOR FOUR YEARS.

PEOPLE OF CURACAO SAID TO BE ON THE VERGE OF STARVATION.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—Death by starvation through four years of crop failure faces the 75,000 inhabitants of Curacao Island in the Dutch West Indies, unless help is sent them, according to Rt. Rev. M. G. Vuytsteke, O.P., Catholic bishop of Curacao, who arrived here today seeking aid for the islanders.

"The suffering in my diocese is fully as terrible as in the war-torn countries of Europe," said Bishop Vuytsteke, "and all that is needed to alleviate the conditions there is bread, seeds, water and food of all kinds. For four years there have been no crops and the island is turning into a veritable desert."

The bishop said that 50,000 colored people, 15,000 Indians and more than 1000 Hollanders were in distress.

LOSS TO BRITISH SHIPPING.

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HAITIANS DEFIANT.

Armed Natives May Attack Marines.

Administration is Alarmed at Hostility of the People to Intervention.

Soldiers from Fleet Prepare to Force the New Deal on the Islanders.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.) WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Sept. 3.—The administration is manifestly concerned over the opposition which is developing in Haiti to the proposed financial protectorate to be exercised by this government. From Cape Haitien today came news that upon the occupation of that point by 100 marines armed with machine guns, landed from the United States steamer Tennessee, the revolutionists had retired to the hills and cut off communication with the town. Armed natives have pursued a like course elsewhere in the "republic."

The State Department expects that in the course of a few days the Haitian Congress will ratify the treaty which has been signed, and that the Congress also will adopt a request that the treaty be put immediately in force under a modus vivendi. The President will comply with this request. The marines will be mounted and form a constabulary, and measures will be taken without delay to restore peace and order throughout the republic. This may lead to more fighting.

The administration realizes that it is imperative to pacify Haiti at this time. Just prior to the breaking out of the great European war, Germany served notice upon this government that she would object to American intervention in Haiti. This was notice of an interest which under the Monroe doctrine the United States could not concede. Germany is now so occupied in Europe that she cares nothing about Haiti. In the interest of our future peace, therefore, it is regarded as advisable to act at the present time. The administration is confident that when the Senate is informed of the need of action, it will ratify the treaty.

RECORD OF HAITI.

The republic of Haiti has had no fewer than nine Presidents since 1908. Six were forced out of office, one was blown up in the palace, one died suddenly in office, and the latest occupant of the Presidential chair, who took refuge in the French Legation when rebels stormed the palace, was killed by his own men and shot to death. Others have fled the country.

The killing of President Guillaume on July 29 caused the American government to sit up and take notice. President Dardignac now rules the island, but he will probably have the assistance of the United States navy in maintaining peace.

With the approval of the Haitian Congress the United States will administer the finances and oversee the policing of the island republic. Haiti will not be left to her own resources again until peace is permanently assured. Some factions are justly opposed to the intervention of the United States in the affairs of the republic, but the Haitian Congress is determined to approve the plan, which provides for the following:

(1) The establishment of a Haitian receivership of customs under American control.

(2) The establishment of a native Haitian constabulary under the command of American officers.

(3) The establishment of American control over the finances of Haiti to the extent necessary to prevent pecuniary default and to protect the interests of the American people.

(4) The convention is to run for a term of ten years.

The Haitian Parliament has been given until September 17 to act upon the proposed treaty.

TROUBLE LONG BREWING.

Trouble has been brewing in Haiti almost as long as in Mexico. The first of a series of recent revolutions broke out last January, when the leaders of the government, which had been overthrown by President Theodore, began an attack on Cape Haitien. The revolutionists occupied Port-au-Prince and several other towns.

By the middle of January the uprising had assumed such alarming proportions that the United States government ordered the cruiser Washington and 100 marines to proceed to the island. On January 16 the rebels captured and entered Cape Haitien, after reaching an understanding with the garrison of the city. Gen. Vilbrun Guillaume, a candidate for the Presidency, was in command of the forces defending the city. Two days later Gen. Metellus, commanding government troops, recaptured the city.

Toward the last of January 400 American marines were landed in the troubled country and President Wilson Secretary Bryan began to plan for peace in the island. Late in February Damilard Theodore, President of the republic, abdicated his office and took refuge on a Dutch steamship in the harbor at Port-au-Prince. All the revolutionary chiefs then pledged their allegiance to Gen. Guillaume who took the Presidential chair.

President Wilson, in February, appointed a commission, headed by former Gov. Fort of New Jersey, to go to Haiti and arrange the financial affairs of the republic.

In March, Gen. Orestes Zamora, a

(Continued on Second Page.)

Los Angeles Daily Times

UPWARD BOUND
PLEASES LONDON.
[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]
LONDON, Sept. 3, 7 p.m.—Large American financial houses in London, such as Morgan, Grenfell & Co., the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York and the Equitable Trust Company of New York were highly gratified at today's upward movement of the market, which they construed as indicating that the recent decline had reached the bottom point and that conditions were now likely to improve. The consensus of opinion was that the suddenness of the fall and the recovery clearly showed the drop was the result of speculation rather than of any deep-seated evil in financial conditions. It developed today that daily sessions have been held of late by representatives of leading financial interests with a view to formulating remedies for exchange differences but these were discontinued on the sailing of the British commissioners for New York, as future remedies are largely committed to their care.

STATE TRAILS
UNION AGENT.
Former Adjutant-General is Wanted in Colorado.
Militia Court of Inquiry is Looking into Charges.
Court-martial is Likely to Force Him to Testify.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—Militia officers designated by Adj. Gen. John Chase tonight began a search for C. D. Elliott, former adjutant-general of West Virginia, now a secret agent employed by the United Mine Workers of America. Elliott is wanted as a witness before the militia court of inquiry investigating charges against certain militia officers. Early in the investigation he was summoned as a witness and refused to answer questions regarding his alleged activities in seeking evidence against militia and State officers and Colorado mine operators. Fortified with an opinion by Atty.-Gen. Fred Farrar, to the effect that it had power to force witnesses to testify, the court today issued an attachment for Elliott's arrest.

AT URMIAH.
KILL CHRISTIANS
ONE THOUSAND LOSE LIVES IN FIVE MONTHS OF TURK OCCUPATION.
NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—At least 1000 Christians were killed and about 4000 others died of disease in Urmiah, Persia, during the five months of Turkish occupation, according to a letter received by J. L. Caldwell, American Minister to Tehran, from Dr. William A. Shedd of Urmiah, who made public here today by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

THE WEATHER BACK EAST.
Nearly the Whole Country is Dry and Clear, which is Welcomed by Crop Growers.
CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Sept. 3.—With three exceptions, all the Eastern, Middlewestern, Northwestern and Southern States were clear and dry today, meaning millions to the crop prospects. Chicago's temperature was 73 deg. The Ohio Valley was 3 deg. under the rest, but other lake cities were several degrees above Chicago. Eastern States were hot, reporting 85 to 88 deg. above. Other temperatures:

City.....Max. Min.
Albany, Tex.....84 62
Boise, Idaho.....78 48
Boston, Mass.....78 60
Buffalo, N. Y.....78 62
Calgary, Alberta.....70 46
Chicago, Ill.....72 48
Denver, Colo.....74 58
Des Moines, Iowa.....81 60
Detroit, Mich.....82 62
Duluth, Minn.....84 64
Durango, Colo.....86 64
Galveston, Tex.....82 72
Hartford, Conn.....82 62
Helena, Mont.....86 62
Huron, S. D.....82 62
Jacksonville, Fla.....78 70
Kansas City, Mo.....82 62
Knoxville, Tenn.....78 60
Memphis, Tenn.....82 62
Minneapolis, Minn.....82 62
Modena, Utah.....86 62
Montreal, Quebec.....86 62
New Orleans, La.....84 74
New York, N. Y.....84 74
North Platte, Neb.....80 64
Oklahoma City, Okla.....84 64
Pittsburgh, Pa.....80 64
Rapid City, S. D.....74 60
Rochester, N. Y.....82 64
St. Louis, Mo.....82 64
St. Paul, Minn.....82 62
Salt Lake City, Utah.....82 62
Savannah, Ga.....82 62
Seattle, Wash.....78 62
Swift Current, Sask.....70 58
Tampa, Fla.....84 74
Washington, D. C.....78 62
Wilmington, N. C.....82 62
Winnipeg, Man.....78 62
Yellowstone, Wyo.....84 66

THEATRE REPLY
ABOUT READY.
[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]
LONDON, Sept. 3.—A dispatch to the Times from the Theatre Company of New York, which was announced in a capital that the company's repertory of the Quadruple Bill, which was drafted and presented at an early date, was now ready for production.

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Thomson Beneficiary
Hundred Thousand for Los Angeles Woman.

Last Will of Keith
Makes Her Sole Heir.

U. of C. Regents.

Warships Are Sighted

Francis Released

Cargoes

Records

Month of August

Quantities Have Also

Direct Across Continent

Dispatch

Central America

South American

Steamers

Shipped

From Europe

to Europe

August

to Europe

to Europe

to Europe

to Europe

to Europe

to Europe

to Europe

to Europe

to Europe

to Europe

to Europe

MEXICANS FIRE ON AMERICANS.
Aeroplane and Border Guard Showered with Bullets.
Troopers Shoot Back, but no One is Reported Hurt.

Carranza Formally Notified of Peace Negotiations.

Brownsville (Tex.) Sept. 3.—Mexicans on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande today fired nearly a hundred shots at an American airplane flying over Brownsville and then turned their guns against a squad of American soldiers on guard at the Brownsville Electric Light plant.

When the firing started, the soldiers hid behind shelter and returned the fire. The shooting continued for some time, but no one was reported hurt.

United States soldiers at Los Tules, Sonora, Sept. 3.—A detachment of the Twelfth United States Cavalry early today engaged in a short fight twelve miles north of here with four Mexican bandits, one of whom was killed and the others captured. None of the cavalymen was injured.

This information was brought here in an official dispatch tonight.

CARRANZA NOTIFIED.
WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—Gen. Carranza was formally notified today by Secretary Lansing that the signers of the appeal for peace in Mexico, sent by the Pan-American conference, signed this direct answer to the inquiry from the United States government.

The message was laconic and did not go beyond the statement that the inquiry was answered. Carranza after he received the appeal.

State Department officials said they did not know what effect, if any, the answer would have on Gen. Carranza's reply to the appeal which has not yet been received.

In answering the Carranza inquiry, it was learned, was caused by the fact that four of the six South and Central American diplomats who, with Carranza, signed the appeal, were out of town. While there was no doubt here as to the official character of the conference, it was pointed out that Carranza's answer was heard from before he replied.

It is understood that another meeting at the Pan-American conference will be called soon, but it was automatically stated that no date has been set. In the appeal, sent to Carranza, it was suggested that the conference be held in Mexico.

It would be considered by the conference a reasonable time in which Carranza might be prepared by whom Carranza is to be represented.

FRANCIS FOR CORDOZO.
President Wilson today sent the following telegram to the President of Brazil:

"I am sending you the services of Francis B. Saypol, a citizen of the United States, to act as a representative of the United States government in the negotiations between you and the Brazilian Minister at Washington."

Francis B. Saypol, a citizen of the United States, is a member of the United States bar and has been practicing law in New York City.

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MONEY IS READY FOR COTTON MEN.
GOVERNMENT TAKES STEPS TO HANDLE THE CROP WITH DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—Definite steps were taken today by the Federal Reserve Board and Secretary McAdoo of the Treasury Department to extend aid to cotton producers of the South and to clear the way for handling the fall crop without the uncertainty and difficulty experienced last year.

The board issued new regulations authorizing Federal reserve banks to give special rediscount rates on promissory notes secured by warehouse receipts for staple agricultural products, with the restriction that member banks which avail themselves of this rate must not charge more than 6 per cent to the borrower.

Mr. McAdoo announced he would soon deposit \$5,000,000 in gold in each of the Federal reserve banks of Richmond, Atlanta and Dallas. In a statement, the Secretary said that if conditions showed the need of deposits elsewhere to aid in handling any other crop he would extend similar government aid.

MEXICAN BANDIT KILLED IN TEXAS.
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ELLIOTT AT CHARLESTON.
Former Adjutant-General of West Virginia Disputes Right of Military Tribunal to Question Him.
CHARLESTON (W. Va.) Sept. 3.—C. D. Elliott, former adjutant-general of West Virginia, who is wanted as a witness before the military court of inquiry investigating charges against certain officers of the National Guard of Colorado, arrived here today from Denver. He said his recent refusal to testify before the military court there was not made in disregard to the law, but because he did not recognize the right of that tribunal to question him.

Classified Liners.
MONEY TO LOAN.
Salaries and Chastity.

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Japan's Champion Wrestlers at Vernon Arena Today.

For the Title.
GOLFERS READY FOR TOURNEY.

Many 'Southerners are Now at Del Monte.

Champions Favorites in the Calcutta Pool.

Qualifying Round is to be Played Today.

BY ALMA WHITAKER.

DEL MONTE, Sept. 3.—The qualifying round for the Del Monte Links Golf tournament, 11 holes, medal play, was held here today. The winners of the title are here to contest for the laurels besides numerous hopeful aspirants, who will fetch high prices in the Calcutta pool tonight on their prospects of reaping new glory. Harry A. K. Davis, Jack Neville, E. S. Armstrong, Robin Hays, Henry Schmidt, these are the undisputed golf aristocrats who have proved their skill and held tangible honors.

NEAR GREAT.

There is a large Los Angeles contingent which includes Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farquhar, Dr. and Mrs. Dudley Fulton, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Atholston, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jones, J. E. Yarnall, A. A. French, E. S. Bagby, George Cline, Everett Seaver, W. Campbell, W. W. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Chesser, E. C. Dunlap, Mrs. Louis Conde Jones, W. B. Butler, Dr. and Mrs. Storer Walter Henry, Artie Shaffer, Paul and Henry Jack, Charlie Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Gierler, S. Parsons, Robby Kelley, Alexander MacDonald, Robert Westcott, J. J. Ferguson, A. T. Jernigan, H. L. Billson and about twenty more expected before the last day tonight.

OTHERS.

And there is a very strong contingent from the north, every club represented by the majority of its best players. Besides the stars already mentioned, there is the veteran Harry Charles, E. Maude who is still a considerable factor in the golf world, and J. M. O'Keefe of San Jose, who sprung a surprise in last year's tournament.

The Crocker, pere et filie, and their feminine appendages, the McLeans, the Lamontagnes, the Pomers, Knot, the Dodges, the Tobins, the Perkins, the Shacks, and Miss Edith Cheesbrough are all faithful to the meeting. The women players from the south will not be so numerous but others are expected before Tuesday when the contest opens. Mrs. Dudley Fulton, Mrs. Robert Farquhar, Mrs. E. R. Gamble and Miss Mildred Langdon are the only southern entries so far.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT TO BEGIN TODAY.

The city tennis tournament begins at Exposition Park this morning. The following are today's play as follows:

At 9 a.m. J. Conaty vs. C. B. Ramseyer, A. Snodgrass vs. J. Griffith; 10 a.m. E. Noble vs. Harriman, Frank Ramseyer vs. V. Dixon; 10:30 a.m. Ramseyer vs. E. Bennink, Mrs. A. Hines vs. H. Burton; 11:00 a.m. Chapman vs. Mieding, Eusaul Samarin vs. Grieve; 11:30 a.m. Marshall vs. H. Miller, N. Schlotte vs. L. Kingrade; 12:30 p.m. Wilson Jones vs. A. Perous, Ray Snyder vs. Gladys Conaty; 1 p.m. M. Press vs. Witmer, Boyle and Conaty vs. Granat and Perous, Hardey vs. E. D. Reink; 1:30 p.m. Chapman vs. C. B. Herd, E. Parker vs. Nash; 2:00 p.m. Riddell vs. E. A. Warren, F. Jones vs. F. Winnie, Conaty vs. Granat; 2:30 p.m. M. Man vs. E. H. Burren; 3:00 p.m. M. Man vs. J. Boyle, E. Baine vs. D. Reink; 4:00 p.m. R. Sindorf vs. C. Westcott, Dr. Thompson vs. W. Bowers, C. Thompson vs. L. Dickey; 5:00 p.m. Bennink vs. Riddell and Ferguson, Conaty and Newell vs. Noble and Hardey, Reink vs. E. Baine, E. Baine and Sindorf, Harriman and Dr. Thompson vs. Gorman and McCord, Snodgrass and Snodgrass vs. Langdon and Nemeyer.

ROAD MARKING IS COMPLETED.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) KANSAS CITY (Mo.) Sept. 3.—The Kansas City highway from the Missouri Pacific station to the Pacific Coast, it was reported, was completed today. It was reported that the Automobile Club of Southern California who were resting here today after spending the summer on the trail. They said that the road between here and St. Louis had been marked within three weeks.

FINE SHOOT RECORD MADE.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—A perfect record was made today, it was semi-officially announced, in the firing of shots from the twelve-inch gun at Fort Totten, at a moving target between 5000 and 7000 yards.

MISS VOORHEES TAKES A TITLE.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) KANSAS CITY (Mo.) Sept. 3.—Miss Mary Katharine Voorhees of Evanston, Ill., won the Missouri Valley Tennis Women's Singles championship from Mrs. W. W. Yager here today in straight sets, 7-5, 6-4.

AMERICA'S GREATEST CIGARETTE

Winchester's Yellow Shell Cigarette is the greatest cigarette in America. It is made of the finest tobacco and is the only cigarette that is made in America.

THE YELLOW SHELL WITH THE CORRUGATED HEAD.

Winchester's Yellow Shell Cigarette is the greatest cigarette in America. It is made of the finest tobacco and is the only cigarette that is made in America.

Winchester's Yellow Shell Cigarette is the greatest cigarette in America. It is made of the finest tobacco and is the only cigarette that is made in America.



Wonderful Fests.

CHAMPION WRESTLERS OF JAPAN GRAPPLE TODAY.

BY HOWARD ANGUS.

The order of things has been reversed. The East has come to the West at last. Today is Japan day in this city, for thirty-two of her greatest wrestlers will show the Orient's greatest sport at the old Vernon arena this afternoon and evening. It is the Japanese world's series. And the matches will be for blood and money.

All last night Japanese poured in to the city on trains, street cars, in automobiles, in wagons and truck carts. East First street was fairly seething with them. It is estimated that 20,000 of the little brown men will do their country's champions honor today. It will be a spectacle such as America may never see again.

All day yesterday they swarmed at the old light arena. They have hung a gigantic circus canvas over it and covered the floor of the ring with a foot-thickness of baked mud and sand. They have reviled it all and tonight it will be as light as day.

T. Dewanomui, the greatest champion that Japan ever had, was on the job, seeing everything in order. He is a huge bulk of a man, who weighs 350 pounds and is as hard as a dog biscuit. He wears two cauliflower ears like Ad Wollast. He carries his own private brand of cigars in a leather case with gold initials. He has retired now and is head of the greatest athletic organization in Japan, the Tokio Wrestling Association. He won the championship eleven consecutive years—the longest any one man has held it.

Umeotani, the present champion, and Nishimura, his rival, and the other thirty spent the day resting at the Mikado Hotel. The champion also weighs 350 pounds. His rival is a 400-pounder.

The matches will not be for fun today. All Japan's greatest wrestlers are controlled by this association. A record book is kept and the salary of the men depends on the showing made during the year. They are paid according to the matches they win. And these today count just the same as if they were held in Japan. When it comes to the great tournament in Tokio the wrestlers are rated, matched and paid on the strength of their year's performance. So these matches tomorrow will be in dead earnest. If the United States has some such system, wrestling would not be a labored sport today, admitted the crookedest of all.

T. Dewanomui said yesterday that in Japan they wrestled on a concrete floor with two inches of sand and that never a day passed in their training camp without somebody being knocked cold.

Their sport is different from the American game. If any part of the man besides his feet touches the ground, or if he is pushed out of the ring, he is thrown.

The tournament here will last four days, beginning this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Each performance will run until 7 o'clock at night. Everybody is welcome to attend who has at least \$2 and at most \$10. The Japanese who are born sportsmen would like for the Americans to see their sport. But they are not out beginning them to attend, because there will be 20,000 Japanese at Vernon—the greatest crowd that ever witnessed a combat in that famous old arena of championships. But it will probably be the only chance Americans will have to see the great sport of the Orient participated in by its champions this side of Japan.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXECUTIVE DISPATCH.) ST. PAUL (Minn.) Sept. 3.—Fifteen racing cars will start in the 500-mile derby, for which \$50,000 in prizes will be awarded the winners, here tomorrow. All but two of the entrants have qualified their cars. Harney Oldfield and W. W. Brown have not yet complied with the rule of the A.A.A. which says that at least eighty miles

an hour must be made on one lap in the eliminations before the car is eligible to participate in a race. They will be permitted to enter the race without further preliminary trials, as both Oldfield and Brown are recognized as capable professional drivers.

Line-up for start:
First row—No. 1, rail, Peugeot (Rea); No. 2, Stutz (Anderson); No. 3, Stutz (Cooper); No. 4, Mercedes (De Palma).
Second row—No. 5, rail, Peugeot (Burman); No. 6, Oren (Alley); No. 7, Duesenberg (Henderson); No. 8, Sebring (Hale).
Third row—No. 9, Mercer (Henderson); No. 10, Duesenberg (O'Donnell); No. 11, Duesenberg (Mullford); No. 12, Duesenberg (Haupt).
Fourth row—No. 13, De Lage (Oldfield); No. 15, Cooling (Chandler); No. 16, Dechennean (Brown).

today—tomorrow and Labor Day
San Diego

WINCHESTER

The Winchester 12 No. Repeater

Loaded Smokeless Powder

Cheap in price, but not in quality. Costing little more than black powder shells they are cleaner and are better in every way from a game-getting standpoint. Try the "Repeater" and you will surely like it. It's

THE YELLOW SHELL WITH THE CORRUGATED HEAD.

Winchester's Yellow Shell Cigarette is the greatest cigarette in America. It is made of the finest tobacco and is the only cigarette that is made in America.

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Burlington Through Sleeping Car Routes

Via Salt Lake Route-Burlington—3 days to Chicago and St. Louis. Via Southern Pacific, San Francisco-Burlington Route—3½ days to Chicago and St. Louis. Daily Standard and Tourist Sleepers.

via Salt Lake, Scenic Colorado and Denver

Salt Lake Route
To Omaha, Chicago and East—Every day through tourist sleepers; Personally Conducted parties Mondays and Saturdays. Standard sleepers to Salt Lake, thence through to the East daily.

To Kansas City and St. Louis—Through tourist sleeper service.

To Omaha, Chicago and East—Personally Conducted Tourist Sleeper Parties from Los Angeles leave Oakland the next evening. You can join these parties, after seeing the Exposition. Daily through standard sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago.

To Kansas City and St. Louis—Through tourist sleeper service.

Cheap Round Trip Excursion Tickets to East, September 8, 9, 22, 23

Have your ticket read "Burlington" to the East. Let me make your travel arrangements.

W. W. ELLIOTT, General Agent.
636 South Spring Street, Los Angeles
Phones: Home F1003 and Sunset Main 1003.

Burlington Route

Chicago AND THE EAST

LOW ROUND TRIP FARES

\$72.50	to Chicago	\$106.50	to Baltimore
72.50	to St. Paul	110.70	to New York
72.50	to Minneapolis	110.70	to Philadelphia
80.00	to Duluth	110.70	to Montreal
80.50	to Toronto	112.70	to Boston
105.50	to Washington	115.70	to Portland

Effective certain dates in August and September via CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RY.

Los Angeles Limited Lv. 1:25 p.m., St. Chicago 1:50 a.m.

Less than 3 days en route via Salt Lake Route—Union Pacific R. R.—Chicago & North Western Ry.

Via San Francisco you have the choice of four daily trains via Southern Pacific—Union Pacific—Chicago & North Western Ry.

Overland Limited Lv. San Francisco 4:00 p.m. (Union Pacific)

Pacific Limited Lv. San Francisco 1:25 a.m.

San Francisco L'd Lv. San Francisco 1:25 p.m.

Atlantic Express Lv. San Francisco 1:25 p.m.

Trains via the Southern Pacific making direct connections with these trains leave Los Angeles 5:30 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 8:00 p.m. and 10:15 p.m.

You may also leave Los Angeles 9:00 a.m. via Salt Lake Route and connect with Pacific Limited or Overland Limited at Ogden, Utah, or you may leave 8:00 p.m. and connect with Atlantic Express at Ogden.

For full information and particulars apply to C. A. THURSTON, General Agent

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RY.
605 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.
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today—tomorrow and Labor Day

San Diego

excursions

\$4.00 there and back

Good until September 11

Five daily trains—8:10 a.m., 9:10 a.m., 1:15 p.m., 3:00 p.m., 11:59 p.m.

San Francisco City Office, 224 S. Spring St.
Phone any time day or night
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Classified Times

TO LET—
Apartment, Furnished.
TO LET—

**THE BEAUTIFUL
POWERS APARTMENTS**

WILL BE OPEN ON OR ABOUT SEPTEMBER

THIS HOUSE IS UNIQUE IN THAT
IT HAS THE LARGEST FRONT ROOMS WITH
EACH SUITE OF ANY IN THE CITY.
ALSO DRESSING ROOM WITH CLO-
APARTMENT, FINE TENNIS COURT
LOCATION, CORNER TWENTY-SEVEN
AND NORWOOD STREETS FACING
SOCIETY WITH EAST AND WEST EN-
POWERS, GIVING EASY ROOM IN THE
HOUSE SUNLIGHT, BEAUTIFUL GARDEN
ON THE EAST, WITH FERRELL
SPRINGERY, FOUNTAIN, ETC. THE
BUILDING FACES THE ENTRANCE TO
ST. JAMES PARK, SURVEYED.

TO LET -
THE CARPENTERS APARTMENTS
New Building
2307 West Work.
Two blocks from Wurlitzer Park.
Single and double apartments.
Combination wall safe in each apartment.
Dinning room
Bath
Refr. Stove
Edward Ross
Apartment rates \$20 and up.
WILKINSON 6940; ABERN

TO LET -
SCARBOROUGH APARTMENTS
New, fireproof, 6 minutes walk from FURN
Broadway, 117 E. 17th St.
TO LET - THE EXCLUSIVE APARTMENTS RES
New, fireproof, 6 minutes walk from
place to secure reliable tenants. DIME L

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WANT- WANTED A YOUNG MAN TO REPAIR
 my front porch, single bed, rock table board
 No. 2262
WANT- A GOOD HOUSE FOR RENTAL. MUST BE
 IN LAWYER TOWN. HAVING THREE BEDS, LIVING
 ROOM, CUP.
WANT- YOUR OWN WARMEST SHAGGY WHITE
 mother, daffie and weebie price. \$14.25. CRANFORD

TO LET-
 Rooms and Board for Children.
WANT- GERMAN TRAINED NURSE LIVING IN
 the vicinity of Riverside. Must be able to
 speak English. Will board and take care of a sick child.
 Address
 or box 11711 THIRDS OFFICE.

WANT- WANTED. GIRL TWENTY TWO YEARS
 old. To be board by the hour, day or week.
 Call at Washington or University park. Write

WANT- DAY AND NIGHT WOOD, OUTFITTERS
 and equipment. Write, 1430
 UNIVERSITY BUILDING 896.

WANT- BOARD AND ROOM FOR COLLEGE
 person family. 615 main. VERMONT 471.

BUSINESS CHANCES

[illegible]

A dark, vertical, textured strip, possibly a book cover or binding, with a lighter, textured strip running vertically along the left edge. The image is oriented vertically and shows a close-up of the material's texture.

PITIFUL TALES OF SUFFERING.

Mexico's West Coast Starves Under Pillage.

Grain Crop is Failure and Importation Costly.

Better Classes Demanding Our Intervention.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LOS ANGELES HARBOR, Sept. 2.—Pitiful tales of starvation and suffering in Mexico were told today by passengers on the steamer Fort Bragg, which arrived from San Blas and Mazatlan. Many of the passengers expect to return when normal conditions are restored, but are reluctant to criticize either the factions fighting for control, and say they fare as well with one as another.

With the corn crop almost a total failure on account of drought and no money for imports Southern Mexico faces a desperate situation according to E. W. Carter, chief manager of the California South Sea Navigation Company, which has the Fort Bragg under charter. Already there has been much suffering, but the worst is yet to come. Added to drought and revolutionary disturbances the employees of the Tehuantepec Railroad are not on a strike, and the Fort Bragg was held up ten days at Salina Cruz before she could get cargo and then the company had to hire its own stevedores. The poverty of the strikers, according to Mr. Carter is almost insupportable to an American.

EXPORT DUTY.
W. A. Bosworth, a commission merchant from Los Angeles, was compelled to leave the country because of a prohibitive export duty. He had been shipping tomatoes but the Carranza representative at Mazatlan placed an export duty of 25 cents per box gold on his output and demanded American money. He was unable to pay and had to give up business.

"It seems to me that the end must be near," said he. "I don't see how the people can keep up the fighting much longer. Calico and muslin sell for 14 a yard and women have more than one dress to wear are fortunate. I have seen women come out wrapped in sheets with each waist the only garment she possessed. With no corn this year there will be famine within ninety days that will cause indescribable suffering and starvation. People have no money to import food and what little is left in the country is rapidly disappearing. The Indians are fast driving the better class of Mexicans who now hope for intervention."

"Out in the country towns there is little left now and the Chinese storekeepers have nearly all been robbed by one hand of soldiers or another and driven out. Conditions in the larger cities are not so bad as the larger merchants escape by paying tribute to whichever side happens to be in control."

TEN YEARS MORE?
Other passengers seemed to think the disturbances might last much longer unless there is American intervention. Santiago Godeiro, who has lived at Guadalupe for longer than thirty years says that the Mexicans can keep fighting for ten years. Guadalupe is among the most fortunate places on account of its size and influence although it has been captured and recaptured.

Miss Ida Finson, a school-teacher, who is on her way to England says she saw the city change hands six times in eight months. Each time the citizens witnessed pillage, and murder and on the way to Mazatlan she saw a railroad wreck where they lay the half-burned bodies of nearly 400 persons.

Henry Barnhart, Sr., and his son, with their families are among the most prominent Americans in Mexico. They would not discuss conditions as young Barnhart expects to return as soon as his family is safely quartered in Los Angeles. They have been prominent in both Guadalupe and Mazatlan for years, owning both large and wholesale houses.

The Fort Bragg brought twenty passengers, most of whom left the steamer here. After discharging a small amount of cargo she proceeded to San Francisco.

Try Coronado Tent City.—(Advertisement.)

Arrowhead steam and mud baths give relief to many ailments.—(Advertisement.)

VETERAN DIES OF A BROKEN HEART.

FAILS TO REALIZE AFTER WIFE PASSES BEYOND; HE SOON FOLLOWS HER.

Finding life a joyous, dreamy monotony without the comradeship of a wife, who died May 28, Charles W. Cole, Civil War veteran, 71 years old, who lived at No. 1127 East Twelfth street, died last night before last of a broken heart.

Friends and relatives of the veteran state that with the body of his wife, Mary Ellen Cole, all his hope and joy of living seemed to be buried. For several days after her death the old soldier was dazed, unable to realize fully that the comrade of forty years had passed beyond. Then he suffered a slight stroke of paralysis, and rallied in a few weeks, only to be stricken again.

He met for hours with the tears dropping from his eyes, murmuring over and over the name of his beloved wife, and all efforts of his daughter, Mrs. Harry Gerlach, and of his friends failed to give comfort. Friends called and took him out to their automobiles, but to no avail. He grew feebler steadily, and the paralytic stroke came at more frequent intervals. Only when the journey was to the grave of his wife in Inglewood Cemetery would he seem to rally.

The funeral will be held Monday morning at 10 o'clock from the Dalenbaugh & Draper chapel, No. 922 South Figueroa street. Interment will be in the Inglewood Cemetery, beside the grave of his wife.

Mr. Cole was born in New York in 1844. At the age of 18 he enlisted in Co. C, One Hundred and Fifth Illinois Volunteers, at Da Kalb, Ill. Although wounded several times, and sent to a hospital twice, he remained the same regiment on each occasion, and was discharged, a corporal, at the end of the war.

Several years later he married Mary Ellen Daly, a Louisiana belle, and the two came to Los Angeles, where for the past thirty years he conducted a rooming-house business. He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Harry Gerlach, No. 1127 East Twelfth street.

Ask Trial.

(Continued from First Page.)

be affected, should in any manner the fire department become weakened or its ability to cope with conditions be impaired.

The letter also says: "The experience of the insurance companies in underwriting risks in Los Angeles and which experience covers a period of a number of years, has become unsatisfactory and naturally the companies would hesitate to continue their present liability, especially in districts affected by the closing of these fire houses. We therefore feel that it is proper to call your attention to the relationship that your fire department has not only to rate but to the question of liability as well, and we respectfully submit that insurance interests cannot view the lessening of the fire protection to your city with indifference and without signally calling your attention to its ultimate effect upon the rate."

In bringing up the matter of the ordinance by the Fire Commission, Mayor Sebastian and Commissioner Franklyn Ide, who they believe the people should give the ordinance a fair trial. Chief Eley said that it would be only fair to try it out for a year and his reports on the working of the merit system showed that firemen are responding to calls while they are off duty.

THE RESOLUTION.
The resolution adopted by the Fire Commission is as follows: "Whereas, the voters of the city of Los Angeles at the recent municipal election stamped their approval by an overwhelming majority upon the two-platoon ordinance submitted by members of the fire department, and whereas, the question of such system now being proper and satisfactory, having been discussed both favorably and unfavorably by the press and the public at large, and whereas, it appearing from merit and demerit credits awarded in regular sessions, that the public be requested to withhold its approval of condemnation of the two-platoon system until such time as a fair trial sufficiently demonstrates its practicability or impracticability."

H. S. Ryerson, secretary of the Municipal League, said yesterday that the initiative petitions for the repeal of the two-platoon ordinance will be circulated next week.

TAKEN FROM MEXICAN RUN.
Publicity and excessive demands by owners end service of Prince Albert.

The boat has been plying between Mexican and California ports, bringing valuable cargoes of bullion, hides and other Mexican products to northern ports and returning heavily laden with supplies for the Mexicans. Recently much publicity resulted from the discovery aboard of a cargo of ammunition and rifles consigned to Mexico and the boat was held on suspicion of filibustering. Customs officials, acting upon instructions received from Washington, permitted the boat to sail after the munitions of war had been unloaded.

The traffic in which the boat was engaged is said to have been regarded as so hazardous that, in addition to the ordinary marine insurance and special war risk insurance carried, the owners of the ship insisted that an indemnity bond of \$10,000 be put up by the holders of the boat.

President Gibson of the Southwestern Steamship Company said last night that he expects to have two other boats on the run within a few weeks. He goes today to San Francisco to make arrangements to secure the services of one which will be placed on the southern run within a week or ten days.

The Southwestern Steamship Company is the only one that operates vessels to connect the local harbor and Mr. Gibson says he has carried shipments aggregating about \$250,000 from Los Angeles business houses to Mexico the past three months. The running time from the outer harbor to Mazatlan is seventy-six hours.

RAID BAKERY BOXES.
Five young boys who like pies and cakes so much they have gotten up at 4 o'clock in the morning to raid the bakery boxes on the street, were arrested yesterday. They are: Bennett Rabbitt, No. 925 East Ninth street; Emmett Stewart, No. 1241 Birch street; Ernest Miller, Eighth and San Pedro streets; Raymond Jarman, No. 567 East Fifth street, and Earl Vogel, No. 712 East Seventh street. Their mothers were not surprised when they learned of the practice. None of the children had been able to eat any breakfast and most of them were complaining of stomach aches.

Los Angeles Own Show
BROADWAY AUTOMOBILE and FLOWER SHOW

A combined exhibition of Science, Utility and Beauty; showing the latest Motor Cars, Graceful and Useful Masterpieces from the World's leading Factories and the Glowing, Floral Blooms of California.

"It will be the show of shows—The only down-town show."

BOSTON STORE BUILDING

Broadway, Opposite City Hall

October 23rd to October 30th.

WAIT FOR IT!

WANT LOT? THEN EXPLAIN THIS.

Remarkable Document of New York Man Bequeaths His Bit of Real Estate to Humanity in an Incomprehensible Torrent of Words—Deed is Filed.

"The People" are bequeathed a lot in Pasadena by Franklin Ide Dygert of Springfield, N. Y., who yesterday filed a deed to the property with the County Recorder. The deed came by mail, and all the consideration "The People" give is:

"Incomprehensible hundreds of dollars in hospital care at many times and places in the United States."

The remarkable document was received by Chief Deputy Hassen a month ago, but, as the filing fee did not accompany it, the deed was returned. Yesterday the filing fee came with it and it is now recorded.

Accompanying the deed is a manuscript of 10,000 words, which Mr. Dygert, evidently an ardent man, asks be filed. His wishes have been complied with by public servants of "The People," who now come into possession of the lot. The reality is not regarded as of great value.

Here is an excerpt from the deed: "As it is hereby made known with constitutional intent and purpose in accordance with accompanying analytical definition, may make comprehensive unto the People that I, Franklin Ide Dygert, a native of Springfield, Erie county, State of New York, United States of America, while a resident of California during eighteen hundred and eighty-four, did acquire in accordance with statute law title deed to that parcel of land designated as Lot 16, Brent Brothers and Crowell subdivision of Block M, Painter and Hall tract, Pasadena, which title deed being in direct line with the special privilege grant—grants and henceforth recognizing in contravention the necessity of progressive advance—in Federal Democratic Union—co-operative, as the fundamental basis necessity to higher advance; perfect Democratic equality, justice, true liberty, righteousness; Therefore to said aim do I of my own unbiased will, do deed, voluntarily transfer and restore title deed in statute quo into the Democratic Whole People—the aforesaid lot as a Democratic Central Earthly Base for all alike in all utilities; equality for all."

"Likewise is to be pooled, merged all such property I may have at death, to make you this proclamation—bring us a sample of ANY dentist's \$15 set of teeth and we will duplicate it for \$4.00 or make you a \$12.00 set free."

WE ARE MAKING
A special offer on a \$4.00 set of teeth that we know cannot be equalled elsewhere under \$12.00. We know it so well that we are willing to make you this proclamation—bring us a sample of ANY dentist's \$15 set of teeth and we will duplicate it for \$4.00 or make you a \$12.00 set free.

YALE DENTISTS, 444 South Broadway, Third Floor, Parmelee-Doberman Building.

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A special offer on a \$4.00 set of teeth that we know cannot be equalled elsewhere under \$12.00. We know it so well that we are willing to make you this proclamation—bring us a sample of ANY dentist's \$15 set of teeth and we will duplicate it for \$4.00 or make you a \$12.00 set free.

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New Office Block.

(Continued from First Page.)

cotta. Four-passenger elevators and a freight elevator will be installed.

Actual work on the building is expected to be started by October 1 and no time will be lost, as the excavations were made at the time the project was held up on account of the financial depression of 1914. Wymouth Crowell, who was awarded the general contract in April of last year, will erect the building and most of the subcontracts will go to the firms and individuals who received the awards in the first place.

Mr. Kerckhoff himself is out of the city, but a business associate, undertaking to speak for him, declared he was convinced that all really menacing financial clouds are dissipated and there was no longer any excuse for the retrenchment that has been practiced by capitalists and investors generally in Los Angeles during many months. The present cheapness of building materials is also declared to have largely influenced Mr. Kerckhoff to act at this time.

ROTARY CLUB LUNCHEON.
H. J. Atkins, an expert on business methods, addressed the Rotary Club at its weekly luncheon at the Alexandria Hotel yesterday.



Ending Today

\$14.65

Mens' Suits

Tonight at 6 p.m. prices jump back to normal. This is the last opportunity to buy these \$20, \$25 and \$30 suits at \$14.65.

Harris & Frank
437-441 South Broadway St.

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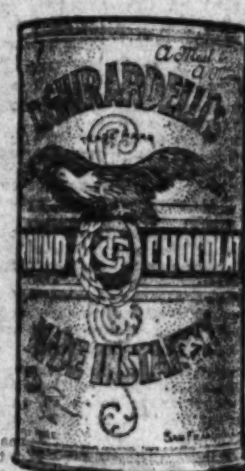
Protecting You

You are sure of protection when you buy Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate in the hermetically sealed can. It is made in a plant famous for its strict adherence to all sanitary requirements.

Purity is but one of its many distinctions—there's its delicacy of flavor never successfully imitated—its extreme convenience—its well known economy.

When used as a beverage, as a flavor for ice cream or candy, or as an aid to the making of delicious desserts, its natural richness in pure chocolate is once recognized.

Imitations of Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate always fall short in some vital particular. For your protection order from your grocer today.



Ghirardelli's
The Only
Ground Chocolate

In 1/2 lb., 1 lb. and 3 lb. hermetically sealed cans. There's a double economy in buying the 3 lb. can.

Since 1852

D. GHIRARDELLI CO.

San Francisco

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VICTORIES OF SEVEN YEARS.

Dr. Locke Gives Anniversary Sermon Tomorrow.

Progress of First Methodist Church.

General News of the Local Religious Field.

One of the remarkable advances of the First Methodist Church will be the anniversary sermon tomorrow morning, when Dr. Charles Edward Locke, the pastor, in his seventh anniversary sermon tomorrow morning, will give the anniversary sermon. Dr. Locke, who has been pastor of the church since 1908, will give the anniversary sermon tomorrow morning, when he will give the anniversary sermon. Dr. Locke, who has been pastor of the church since 1908, will give the anniversary sermon tomorrow morning, when he will give the anniversary sermon. Dr. Locke, who has been pastor of the church since 1908, will give the anniversary sermon tomorrow morning, when he will give the anniversary sermon.

TRAGEDY REVEALS HER GREAT LOVE.

CHILD WHO BURNED TO DEATH AND ANOTHER REARED BY FOSTER MOTHER.

Investigation by officers of the Humane Society yesterday in regard to the burning to death of four-year-old Robert Fairchild at the ranch home of A. L. Fairchild at Owensmouth, on Wednesday night, reveals the fact that the boy was not the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild. It appears that several years ago Mrs. Fairchild conducted a home for children at Florence, where she now resides. Finding that it would be necessary to secure a permit to conduct such a home, she made the proper application, but disappointment in collecting pay for the keep of the children she had discouraged her, and she withdrew the application. She had, however, one boy whom she received when he was 12 weeks old, and who is now 10 years of age, and who has been raised as her son. Later there was left with her the boy, Robert, then only 4 months old, and she also took him as her own child, but in neither case did she take any steps for legal adoption. Mrs. Fairchild lived on land near Owensmouth, apart from her wife. Her daughter, a girl about 18 years of age, who lived with Mrs. Fairchild, went to Owensmouth for a vacation, taking little Robert with her. She found it necessary to go to a ranch, about a mile away for some supplies, and thinking it was too long a trip for the little boy, she placed him in a rocking chair in the house, put everything harmful out of his way, and left for the mile walk. When she returned the child was dead. The coroner went to Owensmouth yesterday to investigate. Mrs. Fairchild was prostrated at her home when she learned of the child's death. She declared she loved him as her own son and had looked upon him as such since he was placed in her home.

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JOHN H. MILLER, Attorney-at-Law.

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SEPTEMBER 4, 1915.—[PART II.]

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TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.

CHIEF EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.
(At Home.) The securing of a "temporary loan" estimated to be \$100,000,000 by Great Britain caused exchange rates to strengthen and for the time being the financial crisis in foreign affairs seems over. It is said that England will ask for an additional credit of \$500,000,000, which, it is expected, will tide her over in this country for some time. Reports from all sections are that the improvement in business is sustained, though the present season is generally one of slackness. An increased fall business is anticipated by manufacturers.
(Abroad.) Gold in the German bank increased \$968,500 during the past week.
(For details see financial pages.)

THE LADY DECIDED.

After having one week of rest, one week of rehearsal and one week of playing in Los Angeles, William H. Crane, America's happiest exponent of bright comedy, has decided to make his home at the close of the present season. Mr. Crane has been a grand actor these past fifty-two years and he ought to make just as good a citizen the next fifty-two. We refuse to give him credit, however, for the idea of coming here to live. He was accompanied on this trip by his wife and it is Mrs. Crane who has nominated and elected Los Angeles as her home.

PREPARE FOR DEFENSE.

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce hit the keynote of the kind of military preparation that should be maintained in the United States, when it passed a resolution resolving that the ideal of America is and should be peace—and that we should prepare to keep peace, even if we have to fight for it. Defense is all that America needs; adequate defense is all that Americans are asking for. And in spite of the good opinion that the pacifists have of themselves, we do not believe that they are such agreeable gentlemen as to be able by their conversation and courtesy to ward off the army of an invader.

JUST QUIET.

There is no reliable information as to what terms of peace have been suggested by Pope Benedict, or what terms would be likely to prove acceptable to the combatants, but, in the absence of any decisive victory on either side, it could not well be claimed that either side has a right to claim the terms of a victor.

Under the circumstances, money indemnity is out of the question. Each power must bear its own financial burden and stagger under it as best it may. Germany and Russia may, without sacrifice of pride or prestige, consent to the re-creation of the nationality of Poland. England may return to Germany the possessions in East Africa, which the latter surrendered to her, and if Austria and Italy cannot agree with respect to a mutual revision and reformation of their frontiers, they may agree to disagree. As for Turkey—well, nobody cares what may happen to Turkey.

The fastest plan of peace would be an all-around return to the status in quo ante bellum.

In other words, let all of the combatants quit fighting, bury their dead, pension their wounded and go to work to restore their shattered industries and pay their debts—reimburse themselves according to their means and inclination.

LABOR UNIONS AND THE SCHOOLS.

A "Federation of Public School Teachers" otherwise plain teachers' labor union, affiliated with the group of unions that includes the dynamiting crews of the structural iron and steel workers and over all of which Sam Gompers presides, has been started in Chicago and already there's hell to pay. The union was organized ostensibly to obtain higher salaries for the school teachers who belong to it. Salaries have been increased since the union was organized, but the record shows the union had nothing to do with getting the increase, which was promised by the school board before Gompers and his agitators organized the thing for which they apologize by calling it a "federation" instead of a union.

The union meets once a week and talks nothing but trouble. Its agitators have so wrought upon the nerves of the teachers as to cause a condition of hysteria calculated to disqualify them for their real work. This in turn inspired Member Loeb of the Chicago school board to father a resolution (which was adopted) to discharge all teachers who refuse to withdraw from the Gompers union. The teachers have thirty days from last Wednesday night in which to make the great decision whether they are to be loyal to the schools or loyal to Gompers and his agitators.

Thus the situation is as bad as bad can be. The teaching force is demoralized. Violent prejudices have been aroused. The labor union bosses who attempt, by means of strikes, boycotts and the bomb, to dominate the business of employers of labor are now trying to tyrannize over the body and the soul of the public school system in the second greatest city in the western hemisphere. But if the school board of Chicago stands firm by the Loeb resolution the labor-union tyrants will be balked.

This endeavor of labor unions to dominate the educational system of a great city is one of the boldest and most menacing moves yet attempted by these impertinent organizations. The Times believes it will fail; and not only that, it will serve to kindle fresh resentment in the public mind against such interference with the rights of the great body of the people.

SLIGHT CHANCES FOR PEACE.

Germany's alleged peace terms, as announced by Cardinal Gibbons, seem moderate. They practically amount to restoration of the status quo in Europe with the exception of a free Poland, an undefined predominance for Austria-Hungary in the Balkan region and territorial concessions to Germany in Africa. This would argue a sincere desire for peace on the part of the Teutons. At the same time these terms may have been formulated, knowing the allies will refuse to accept them. For there is little hope of bringing the belligerents into line for practical peace talk till the allies have obtained some military advantage to offset the victories of the Teutons. At present they have nothing to dicker with.

The notion that any European power by overwhelming force will ever be in a position to dictate peace terms may be placed in the discard. At present the deadlock is not sufficiently pronounced to warrant a cessation of hostilities through mutual exhaustion. At any rate the good services of this country are always at the disposal of the European nations in any feasible plan to bring order out of chaos.

So far the only victory worth while since the war started is the moral victory won for humanity by the United States. Perhaps, too, Germany has shown her courage at its best in frankly admitting the justice of our stand. To ask the allies to show the same moral courage in agreeing to discuss peace while still smarting from military reverses is to expect a display of Christian spirit the world hardly seems to possess.

Knowing the temper of the allies, President Wilson apparently is unwilling to take the initiative in the proposed appeal to the belligerents to accept mediation. We fear the well-meant and heartfelt efforts of the Pope to bring about peace at this time will prove futile.

OUR RELATIONS WITH HAITI.

In taking hold of Haiti, the Washington administration has caught a Tartar. President Wilson thought he would have no difficulty in handling the Haitian rumpus, but the situation has become somewhat alarming—another thorn in the flesh of Uncle Sam.

For years both Haiti and Santo Domingo were tossed like shuttlecocks between the battlefields of England, France and Spain. In 1804 Santo Domingo proclaimed its independence and elected Dessalines Governor for life. He immediately proclaimed himself Emperor and in 1806 was assassinated. The Spaniards regained their lost colony and rechristened it Santo Domingo. In 1810 Gen. Christophe proclaimed himself King with the title of Henry I. In 1820 he committed suicide. In 1821 Santo Domingo proclaimed its independence. It was attacked by Haiti and was conquered by Gen. Boyer, who was proclaimed as President of the whole island and remained in power until 1843, when he was ousted by a revolution and compelled to fly the country. The Spaniards made an attempt in 1861 to regain Santo Domingo as a colony, but failed, and since 1862 it has remained an independent republic.

In 1870 the Baez-Babcock treaty was negotiated by the administration of President Grant, the result of which would have been the acquisition of Santo Domingo by the United States, that would probably have been followed by the annexation of the entire island. But Senators Sumner and Schure bitterly opposed the ratification of the treaty and it was lost.

Haiti since 1839 has existed as a separate government under a constitution adopted in that year. It has had a number of revolutions or attempts at revolutions and a job lot of executives, nearly all of whom have harked back to the political practices of a former century.

As a result of the revolution late in July ex-President Zamor and 160 other political prisoners were executed by government officials; then President Guillaume Sam and a number of supporters were put to death by the revolutionists.

Only one President of Haiti ever served out his term, and he was re-elected and murdered during his second term. During the past four years the affairs of the country have been directed, or misdirected, by eight Presidents. Three of the eight were killed, three others saved themselves by flight, one died an apparently natural death, and the eighth is still in office. The aim of all insurance-revolutionists in Haiti is the control of the customs revenue, a matter of nearly \$5,000,000 annually. More than half of this should be paid out as interest on the public debt; and last year German, French and British warships—acting separately, and on different occasions—saw that Haiti's financial obligations to Europe were not overlooked. The Haitian "general" in the executive chair controls the expenditure of the remaining \$2,000,000. It is not recorded that any portion of this sum is devoted to the public improvements which the unfortunate republic so much needs.

The cost of arms of Haiti should bear the motto of ancient Pistol—"Base is the slave who pays." With more than double the population and but six-tenths the territory of her neighbor, Santo Domingo, Haiti has a public debt of \$50,000,000, while Santo Domingo owes but \$14,000,000. Haiti stands proudly pre-eminent among all the nations of Latin America for not paying its debts. It has owed France \$6,000,000 since 1825 and for many years has discontinued paying interest.

Revolution after revolution has almost destroyed the sugar industry of the island. The total production of both Haiti and Santo Domingo at last advices was one-half that of the Philippines, one-fifth that of Hawaii, one-third that of either Porto Rico or Louisiana, and one-fifth that of Cuba.

The American warship Washington arrived recently in Port au Prince, soon after a mob had violated the French Legation and murdered the Haitian President, who had taken refuge there. American sailors and marines were landed to prevent further bloodshed. Two of these were killed by snipers. Rear-Admiral Caperton then assumed control, disarmed the people and brought about the election by the National Assembly of Sudre Dartigues as President. He will probably remain in office as long as the Washington is anchored in the harbor of Port au Prince.

The Review of Reviews says: "It has been hoped that some day a Haitian government might be convinced of the desirability of having the United States either supervise the republic's financial affairs, as is being done for Santo Domingo, or undertake the larger task that was per-

Can't Cover It Up.



formed so quickly and so well for Haiti's other neighbor—Cuba. But a definite agreement has never been reached. It is believed that Secretary Lansing favors firm action now; and the energetic, yet tactful, course pursued by Rear-Admiral Caperton has inspired such confidence among the Haitian people that the renewed proposals of our State Department may be accepted by those in authority and power.

Haiti presents an exceedingly difficult problem to deal with. After the annihilation of the whites early in the last century there was for a time mulatto government succeeded by black rule, and since then there has been continued revolutions, assassination and plundering. It would be a godsend to the people of the island to apply to their government a Platt amendment, guarantee them against revolutions, and protect and help them in the handling of their indebtedness and public finance.

BRING OUT THE REPUBLICAN BAN.

Why should not the Republican party be returned to power? What has it ever done or left undone; what are its sins of omission or commission that should warrant its exile from legislative and executive control of the nation and every part of the nation? It found a land rent with civil feuds and divided into warring factions; it left it a compact and homogeneous nation. It found slavery with its despotic scepter waving over courts and camps and Congress and its ugly clank choking the utterances of all who dared to raise their voices for freedom; it left it with Freedom dominant everywhere.

Democracy accidentally achieved a brief lease of power in 1892 and legislated so as to wreck the industries of the land, close the hands of recovery, cause bankruptcy of the merchants, and the red flag of the auctioneer to flutter from the cottages of the workers. Republicans rallied in 1896, elected McKinley and restored protection as a policy of the nation, and for sixteen years we enjoyed marvelous prosperity and wonderful growth. The conditions created by the European war were all that prevented such a disaster as that of 1892 revisiting us in consequence of the election of Wilson and a Democratic Congress in 1912.

But the war will be over sooner or later, and sooner, it is to be hoped, rather than later. Then we shall need a protective tariff again and need it sorely.

Will the voters be ready to inflict upon the country another four years of Democratic rule—for a Progressive victory is of course utterly impossible? Will they again invoke industrial ruin because once upon a time, somewhere or other, somehow or other, some Republican boss controlled a nomination?

Listen, brethren, to the slogan of the Old Guard—"To your tents, O Israel!"

DEMAND COMPETENT DRIVERS.

A conference is being held between city and county officials to devise means for stopping automobiles from running down pedestrians. In the meanwhile the Chief of Police of Los Angeles asks everybody to watch out for traffic law violations and to report them. We imagine that this is a problem of many angles, but that the essentials can be reached through severe sentences where carelessness is proved. The ordinance demanding that automobiles shall stop to the rear of street cars which are discharging passengers ought to be enforced, since a great many accidents occur through this violation. Parents should not trust their machines to children, especially not to careless boys. The owner of a car should be made to pass an examination if he wants to drive, and so should members

of the family. Every person who handles a machine should be made to qualify and should carry a license. Until this measure is taken the whole community will suffer from a multitude of accidents. "People who are just learning should do their practicing somewhere above all things, women who should practice continually on distances, because this lack of distance-measuring is the principal defect of women drivers. They are not naturally good judges of distance, and when one goes to stop a car, a matter of two or three feet may make the difference of a human life, or at least of a smashed vehicle. Automobile drivers are not criminal in their intent, but they are sometimes almost criminal in their ignorance, and the result is the same.

CURT COMMENTS.

Germany is boasting that she has no Siberia. She hasn't any Southwest Africa, either.—[Philadelphia North American.] Our idea of neutrality is a man walking to avoid showing partiality to a jitney or street car.—[Nashville Tennessean.]

The first woman jitney-driver appeared in Washington. Before long they'll carry Congress.—[New York Evening Sun.] What a relief it must be for those "tired business men" at Plattsburg to escape from Broadway musical shows for a whole month.—[Philadelphia North American.]

This country probably will never be wholly on a basis of preparedness until Capt. Hobson and the colonel get together in the same party.—[Boston Transcript.]

The prudent man will not postpone laying in his winter's supply of anthracite through hope that the prices will tumble much after that rate-decision.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

President Wilson as schoolmaster-in-chief is in a familiar, if not in a genial, role in signing the order of dismissal of the midshipmen who cheated in their examinations.—[Springfield Republican.]

German hints that Spain might have Gibraltar as a reward for entering the war on the Kaiser's side lend new aptness to the old proverb about the indispensable priority of hare-catching.—[New York Evening Sun.] The "regulations" now being issued for the enforcement of the seamen's law will probably finish up that part of the American merchant marine which the original law overlooked.—[Wall Street Journal.]

The peace-at-any-price movement is making alarming headway. Only two men were killed and one wounded in the Kentucky primary.—[Charleston News and Courier.]

Carranza's warning amounts to this, that he will not permit his country to be disturbed. "Do not feed or annoy the Mexicans," as it were.—[New York Evening Sun.] Before finally making up his mind to stand in the way of pacification, Carranza ought to note the fact that residence in Europe is growing more and more disagreeable and expensive.—[Chicago Herald.]

Uncle Abner.

[Roy K. Moulton in Topeka State Journal:] "Franklin Handy has invented a new method of getting rid of the festive yet pestiferous mosquito during the summer months. She has combined some chemicals which, if injected into the neck of the mosquito with a hypodermic syringe, instantly and permanently dulls the sensibilities of the animal. All that is necessary to do is to catch the mosquito, inject the chemical and, while the mosquito is in a comatose condition, go out in the 'odshed and get a club or an ax and end the animal's life.

James Sping went out in the corn field yesterday with a celluloid collar on. The funeral arrangements will not be announced until some of the relatives in the East have been heard from.

CONSCIENTIOUS CONFESSIONS.

BY ALMA WHITAKER.

"Kiss but never tell" is a proverb replete with discretion and gallantry. But it is a dictum that frets many consciences. Or so we must presume from a marked tendency to confess all on the part of both sexes.

There have been a collection of news items in the daily papers to this effect lately. The case of a certain gentleman who had been consoling somebody else's neglected wife, you may remember. After several weeks of intimate consolation he appears to have suffered from pangs of conscience which successfully urged him to visit the lady's husband and make a clean breast of it. Husband acted on the information, hence our hearing of the whole affair via the divorce court news.

Then there was the young lady who had been accepting the attentions of a visiting baseball star. He failed to proclaim the fact that he was attached elsewhere, but a good friend duly warned the lady. Righteous indignation and a clear conscience lit the way. She lost no time in writing full details and explanations to absent spouse—with the usual result.

Then there was another lady whose peccadilloes included masculine company other than her own better half, who likewise had a spouse of his own at home. When the pangs of conscience began to gnaw the lady radiated confessions over two householders—with the usual results.

Now we are led to understand that open confession is good for the soul—and we hope it is. We are also assured that truth will out and that it is preferably our duty to assist at the outing.

Ignorance may be bliss, but the aim of civilization is to dispel ignorance. What the eye doth not see and the ear doth not hear, the heart doth not grieve, but a good conscience scores concern for good.

And there is an awful fascination about confessing—if there is no immediate danger to one's person likely to ensue. Righteous persons often suffer from a perfect passion for confession—at other people's expense. Having few sins of their own, they hasten to make the very most of what they have and establish their righteousness by getting in first with the confession. And it makes them so interesting. There are no many righteous people whose only chance of creating a mild sensation is through sinful confession.

But perhaps, just as a matter of good sportsmanship, you know, we might pause to reconsider the whole question of righteous confession. Circumstances do alter cases—just a bit. Of course it would take a great deal of the glamour of confession if we only confessed such sins as we are likely to suffer for personally and exclusively. Especially those connected with the tender exchange of sentiment.

A good many of us hold an instinctive faith to this effect. We sacrifice romantic and improper ecstasies by holding our peace, when confession would involve too many heartaches for other people. Actually, confession is a luxury, and one should not be too self-indulgent.

On those occasions when we feel that we must confess or burst, it would frequently be the nobler way to lock ourselves in the cellar and whisper it to the cockroaches.

And, really, confession is a two-edged knife, very dangerous to handle. There was the case recently tried in San Francisco, where several young men testified that a certain husband had accompanied them on a highly-dubious escapade. It was through their conscientious confession that his wife first heard of the affair and brought the divorce proceedings.

Divorce proceedings so often follow confessions—and it is almost most unpleasant when they don't. But somehow, while reading that case, we were conscious of a rebellion against righteousness. It was doubtless highly creditable of the young men to confess, and yet—well, we had a sympathetic understanding of the wife when she declared her contempt and utter distaste for these masculine friends of her recalcitrant spouse.

Masculinity is rather more prone to confession than femininity. You see, there are so many more sins they can afford to confess. Get a collection of wives in confidential mood and you will find that pretty well all of them were the recipients of romantic masculine confessions prior to the final, binding step. That may or may not be good for the masculine soul, but it certainly obviates future recriminations and looks a little like "playing safe" with husbands at a premium, quite nice girls seem prepared to overlook the past and trust in the future.

An English person wrote a play a few years ago called "Should a Woman Tell?" He managed to show what awful havoc a feminine confession can cause under similar circumstances. Since for the goose is so very saucy for the gander. The person certainly drew the unusual conclusion that under the present standards, madame would be wise to indefinitely postpone anything in the nature of a confession.

But we are on very delicate ground and it will become the unrighteous to lay down any laws on the subject.

Still, a certain compromise with conscience might be in order. When in doubt—don't confess. We might do worse than follow Somerset Maugham's lucid dictum.

"Never sin. And, if you must sin, never repent. And, oh, if you must sin, never confess!"

RIPLING RHYMES.

SHABBY GENTEEL.

How poignant is the lot of one who would conceal financial woes, and try to make their neighbors think their fortunes are not on the blink! They live on crusts and cabbage soup, and have no comforts in their homes, they have to save and skimp and pinch, still slipping backward inch by inch in want's hard lessons. They are schooled—and think they have the neighbors fooled! Their front is brave, but all in vain; in vain the pinching, and the pain that's sharper than a serpent's tooth—the neighbors know the truth. The poor man's grub is never sure, and yet you'd think them millionaires, the way they put on foolish airs. They are so proud that they would die before they'd take an offered pie, or we would send them things to eat—they'd throw such handsome in the street. How happy are the abject droves, who huddle round their empty stoves, and make no secret of their grief, but loudly clamor for relief, compared with haughty folks like these, who try to rid their miseries!

WALT MASON.

Senator J. Ham Lewis is mentioned as a likely successor to Thomas Riley Marshall on the Democratic national ticket. J. Ham's pink whiskers would add a color to the campaign.

Pen Points: By the Staff

One of the ways not to eat a watermelon is the harmonica fashion.

Greece has promised to jump into the fighting pan. Probably will be used to keep Turkey.

The chitrepodists of this city will use an association for protection. But the other people will foot the bill.

When it comes to capturing American tankers, the police of Los Angeles are no bad imitation wasps of the sea.

The United States is raising bumper crops of all kinds this season, and may later relieve the distress of the world.

It is now understood that the European war and the New York constitutional convention will knock off at about the same time.

A few illacs and the honeyuckle are in their second bloom, quite happily out of season. It is as if the illacs were talking in their sleep.

When Gen. Mackensen and Von Hindenburg meet Gen. Winter there will be things in Russia.

As we understand the prescription of Doctor McAdoo, the ship purchase bill will cure anything. When taken by the sea it must be well shaken.

The London World predicted that England would be at war with the United States by September 20. Aw, well, our vacation is over, and we need some exercise.

If the useless army posts are not to be abandoned, why not use them for military training to young men. They must be put to a worse use.

The country is so determinedly bled President Wilson that the war trouble we are willing to endure his golf playing. And that is a strong test of friendship.

The English have been warned to be careful how they use coal sugar because a little of it is left. Sure enough, there is not been much sweetness in the cup of allies here of late.

James J. Hill estimates a population of 400,000,000 in this country at the end of the century, but Jim will not be here at that time. Those in search of elbow room should invest in California real estate.

Folks living near the war munitions factories in this country are complaining there is too much noise after dark. They ought to be glad that they are not compelled to listen to the sound of exploding shells.

Business is so poor among the hucksters at Niagara Falls, that a lot of them are thinking of coming west to Yellowstone Park and robbing the bandits that hang the place.

The merciful Mexicans, being compelled by the exigencies of war to shoot the spy, lessened the terrors of the last year by tying him to a post on the wall and leaving him there all night during a storm. In the morning he welcomed the shot as a change.

To be a lonely grass widow for three years and then to marry a man who was subsequently charged with burglary for stealing a gas meter was hard luck, enough. But why did he steal the meter? As Duvalier says in one of his novels, "What will he do with it?"

A licentious German says that the soldiers will not retreat areas where they are overpowered, because they are so laden with alcohol, so muscle benumbed, a low standard of living and so laden with they prefer to die in the trenches than undergo the fatigue of running away. Not bad for blither-humors!

A minister at Pasadena says that colleges are turning out fools as graduates. In the name of the colleges we solemnly aver that the fools were not originated in the colleges of learning—they merely were not little learning some men receive in college only emphasizes the fact that they're fools to begin with.

A Georgia grand jury has decided that the Franklynchers are unknown. Georgia is not a state of mind, but the state mind in which some Georgians and themselves is not an impenetrable mystery. They have evidently decided not to sue age either family or party feuds by cutting this unfortunate episode beyond the grave of Leo Frank. They are concerned more about keeping the peace of the state than avenging the law of the past.

THE HEART OF A WOMAN.
Laughter and sunshine and wit.
Beauty and sweetness and trust;
Courage and grandeur and glory,
Shadows and darkness and dust.

All things of light and of love,
The heart of a woman contains.
Grand virtues, great sweetness and glory,
Peace, happiness, passion and pain.

One moment it blooms like a garden.
With every sweet blossom life gives.
A vale of the peace of the ages.
A pathway through violet and rose.

And then o'er the darkness and dust,
The wings of a storm sweep the dust.
And the garden is tossed in the tempest.
And the vale in a dark rain lies.

One moment so pitiful, tender,
And then all the rage and the hate.
Fill its beating with infinite shadows.
As it raves against infinite fate.

One moment so true and so loving,
So clinging and gentle and sweet,
All the song of life sweeping its gains.
Every blossom of life in its best.

And yet, with all changing and true,
All sorrow and aching and cross.
All sunshine today, then tomorrow
Cast down in the grief of some loss.

And yet with its battle and thunder,
Its April of showers and of shine,
God give me the heart of a woman,
And take all the rest that is mine.

—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Making a

Store Open

The holidays are over, have returned to their places and a finer appreciation have aided in making possible during the summer.

Comprehensive

New Dress Trim

Imported, of course—despite of securing them—and quite will have an opportunity to from, we are sure.

Among the very newest of the rose trimmings, which sprays or in single flowers by the various shades in present.

All new trimmings in opal bands, edges, appliques, tassels, etc., are also shown.

It seems unnecessary to state first quality only, since the Coulter's.

New Velvets

Black Chifon Velvets, our

Clearance of

Suits, Dress

Very few garments of which will well repay your deed!

The Coats—are in gossamer of rose, pinks, there are also a few

Wool Coats and blazer stripe jackets; to \$13.50 at \$5.00.

The Suits—in tan, gray, blue and pinks; worth double and more.

A New Peter

For women who like to weight serge, with patch pockets or all-black, at this price.

A Special Dress—in white, \$18.50, is now offered at \$10.00.

Jewelry Sale

15c, 2 for 25c

25c and 35c Veil Pins
25c to 50c Scarf Pins
50c to 75c Jet Ear Rings
35c Black Neck Beads
25c to 50c Hat Pins
35c to 75c

Making a Notable Saturday With Good Sales and News of Fine Fall Fashions

Store Open Till 5:30 Today

The holidays are over — and thousands of workers have returned to their places with a better liking of each other and a finer appreciation of their customers, who have aided in making possible the days of rest and change during the summer.

Comprehensive Announcement

New Dress Trimmings

Imported, of course—despite the difficulty of securing them—and quite the prettiest you will have an opportunity to make selection from, we are sure.

Among the very newest and cleverest are the rose trimmings, which may be had in sprays or in single flowers by the yard, in all the various shades in present demand.

All new trimmings in opalescent and jet bands, edges, appliques, tassels, ornaments, etc., are also shown.

It seems unnecessary to state that all are of first quality only, since they come from Coulter's.

New Velvets for Fall

Black Chiffon Velvets, our own impor-

tation. From \$4.50 to \$8.00 a yard. Black Velvet Brocades, imported goods, at \$6.50 and \$10. Velvet Brocades on chiffon, in evening shades, \$6.50. All of these materials are imported, and represent the highest qualities obtainable.

New Imported Gloves

Are here from Grenoble, France; novelties with contrasting fourchettes, made from finest kid, in finest fashion, and in all sizes.

New Wash Materials

In both the sturdy goods for school wear, and the softer and sheerer fabrics for formal occasions. The assortment is particularly complete even thus early.

Clearance of Odd Coats, Suits, Dresses and Skirts . . \$5

Very few garments of any one kind, but a wide diversity in the assortment, which will well repay anyone to look over, for the values are extraordinary, indeed!

The Coats
—are in golfines of rose, pink or tan; there are also a few

Wool Coats
and blazer stripe jackets; values here to \$18.50 at \$5.00.

The Suits
—in tan, gray, blue and Palm Beach linens; worth double and more.

The Skirts
—are in navy and black serges and poplins; regularly \$6, \$6.50 and \$7. Palm Beach and cretonne skirts in different colors also included.

The Wash Dresses
—come in linens of pink, tan or white; values in white with colored figures; values here to \$15.

A New Peter Thompson Suit at \$13.50

For women who like to wear this style of garment; it is shown in a light weight serge, with patch pockets on the blouse and skirt; may be had in navy or all-black, at this price.

A Special Dress—in wool serge—a middie with separate skirt—regularly \$18.50, is now offered at \$12.75 (Garment Section; Second Floor)

Jewelry Sale 15c, 2 for 25c

25c and 35c Veil Pins
25c to 50c Scarf Pins
50c to 75c Jet Ear Rings
35c Black Neck Beads
25c to 50c Hat Pins
35c to 75c Brooches
35c Vanity Vases
35c Coin Holders
50c Fancy Neck Beads
25c Enamel Bar Pins

35c, 3 for \$1

\$1.25 Jet and Pearl La Val-
Jeres
\$1.50 Sterling Ear Rings
35c Jet Neck Beads
50c Pearl Ear Rings
50c Hat Pins
50c to \$1 Jet and Pearl
Brooches
75c to \$1 Fancy Neck Beads
50c to \$1 Pearl Neck Beads

85c Each

\$1.75 to \$2.50 Slipper
Buckles—\$1.25 to \$2.50 Pearl
Neck Beads—\$2.75 gold neck
beads.

Neckwear worth to 75c for 10c

These are slightly soiled from handling; their styles are exact duplicates of those that we have been selling, from complete assortments for 50c and 75c.
Choose from organdie, lace and voile collars, lace-trimmed and hand-embroidered; flat or soft roll styles; pleated backs and others.
Ten cents each, or three for 25c (Neckwear; Main Floor)



Undermuslins Reduced a Quarter to a Half

Few women will care to overlook such values as these—made upon incomplete assortments of undermuslins which were remarkably good, even at the higher prices.

Combinations
—size 34 and 36 only; were \$5.00, now \$2.50
La Grecque Drawer Combinations
Similar sizes; were \$5.00, at \$2.50
La Grecque Skirt Combinations
Were \$5.00, now \$2.50
Drawers
Were \$5.00, now \$2.50
Corset Covers
Were \$5.00, 50c, 75c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$4 and \$5, now 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.50.
Skirts
Were \$1.50, now \$1.25
\$2.50, now \$2.25
\$3.50, now \$3.25
\$4.50, now \$4.25
\$5.50, now \$5.25
La Grecque and Muslin drawers, camisoles and envelope chemises also included in this sale.
(Undermuslins; Second Floor)

Parasols \$1

Values to \$3.50 . . \$1
Fine messalines, taffetas, with brass frames; natural or ebony handles; all plain colors such as cherry, king's blue, purple, brown, Kelly green and plain white linen.
Such parasols at a dollar are good as gold.
(Parasols; Main Floor)

Summer Kimonos Are Reduced

Pretty lounging robes in crepe, lawn and figured voile must make way for the warmer winter styles. Many of you prefer these—note the reductions—
Were Now
\$1.25 and \$1.5095c
\$2 and \$2.50\$1.75
\$3 and \$3.50\$2.50
\$5.00\$3.75
(Kimonos; Second Floor)

—Home of Oostermoor Mattresses—
Coulter Dry Goods Co.
(Founded in 1878.)
U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station. W. U. Telegraph Branch. American Express Branch.

PEOPLE who want the best of merchandise at the fairest prices will find at Coulter's a sales organization that will aid them courteously and efficiently and make their visit a pleasure to be remembered.

We value "satisfaction" in every purchase just as highly as we value the quality of the merchandise we sell.

The sooner you discover that it pays to buy the best—and that the best costs little, if any, more than so-called "bargains" from "seconds" and inferior qualities—the sooner you will avail yourselves of Coulter merchandise and Coulter service.

\$1 \$2

All Summer Millinery at These Two Prices

Simply because we will not carry over styles of one season into the next. There is good variety to be had both in trimmed and untrimmed shapes of the smartest styles of summer and early autumn.

Choose as early as convenient, for it means wider selection.
(Millinery; Main Floor)

Silk Crepe de Chine Negligees Worth to \$8.50, at \$5.95

These are very handsome negligees, made of rich silk crepe de chine in light blue, maize, Copenhagen, wistaria, American Beauty and other delicate shades. It is seldom that an opportunity presents itself to secure them so advantageously.
(Negligees; Second Floor)

Ivory Toilet Ware at Half

Because the articles are salesman's samples—included are all sorts of articles for toilet table and dressing room—mirrors, brushes of all styles, manicure articles, thermometers, clocks, perfume bottles, hair receivers, shaving stands, pin boxes, glove stretchers, etc., all at half price.
(Toilet Goods; South Aisle)

Bathing Suits That Were \$3.50, Now \$1

Now is certainly the time to purchase bathing suits, because we are determined to close every one out before the fall season.

Styles at \$2.75
Were \$5 and \$6—of mohair, in sizes for misses and small women only—32 and 34.
Quantities in these are necessarily limited; early buying is advisable.
(Bathing Suits; Second Floor)

Automobile Veils and Caps Now \$1

The veils in all colors; various widths and lengths; hemstitched and satin bordered; the caps in plain colors, plaids, polka dots, checked and striped silks; worth to \$2.50, all at \$1.00
(Automobile Veils; Main Floor)

Brass Bed Specials \$1.75 Flouncings, 50c yd.

Guaranteed Brass Beds, selling regularly for \$16.50, now \$12.50
Heaviest Steel Beds; regularly \$8.00, now \$5.75
Springs, Special
Best Coil Springs, reg. \$9. \$6.50
Best Link Fabric Leggett supported; regularly \$7.50 \$4.95
Coulter's Special, regularly \$5. \$2.85
(Bedding; Rear South Aisle)

Store Closed All Day Monday

Labor Day—our announcement in Tuesday's papers will contain news of such interest that there will in all probability be two days' business in one. We urge you to read these very carefully—they will justify your perusal.

of Fashions for the Autumn

New Woolen Materials For Fall

In every new weave and coloring—chief among them in favor is broadcloth, in dark colors or black, at prices from \$1.50 to \$6.00 a yard.

Peau de Souris is a soft chiffon finish cloth which will enjoy great popularity as a material for suits and skirts; at \$3.50.

Scotch Mixed and Plaid Suitings will again be in favor for costumes or separate skirts; \$2 to \$3 a yard.

Fine French Serges, in all colors, are obtainable from 85c to \$2 a yard.

New Tailored Suits For Fall

You will note the Russian style which characterizes these garments—they are fur trimmed, in many instances, with high military collars and flaring coats, which are medium or longer in style.

Gabardines, poplins, broadcloths and whipcords lead in favor, in navy, brown and green tones.

We offer really remarkable values at \$22.50 to \$47.50.

For College Girls

We offer a novel dress—the Drez-wellsley—in navy or black; it is made of fine serge and sells at \$17.50.

Wonderful Values in Coats for Girls of 6 to 14 Years at \$5

Mothers who have girls of school age to be outfitted, will do well to look at these particular five dollar garments, for we have never seen their equals at the price!

They are obtainable in zibeline mixtures or plaids, with patch pockets and belts; or in plain materials in garnet, navy, greens and browns.

Wool Dresses
—for school wear are here in all-black serge, for convent usage: one style has pleats with belt, yoke and collar, in Peter Thompson style, for girls of six to fourteen, at \$9
Another shows a belted Middy with separate skirt, in black or navy; sizes 12 to 16, at \$8.50

Separate Skirts
—without waists, in a variety of materials and styles, at \$5 and \$6

Navy Serge Dresses
Pleated, with yoke and sailor collar and sleeve emblem, sizes 6 to 14, at \$9.50

Blue Linen Dresses
—in heavy quality, very pretty and durable; pleated and belted, with sailor collar, sizes six to fourteen years, sell for \$5.50

Separate Skirts
—on waists, pleated styles, at \$5.00

(Children's Wear; Second Floor)

Miscellaneous Special Items

15c Guaranteed Tooth Brushes 5c
10c Pure Toilet Tissue (Bents All brand,) in either roll or flat, each5c
50c Wizard Polishing Mops, fully treated and complete with handle25c
5c Turkish Knit Wash Cloths: 8 for25c
With every purchase of any 10c bar of Toilet, Bath or Laundry Soap we will include one 5c wash cloth without extra charge.
15c Wire Hairpin Cabinets, two for15c
5c Invisible Wire Hairpin Cabinets3 for 10c
5c Pin Sheets, 240 count 3 for 10c
5c Safety Pins, twelve to a card3 for 10c
10c Pearl Buttons, assorted sizes, card5c (Six for 25c.)
15c to 25c guaranteed Dress Shields, odd lots in sizes 3 and 4, for quick clearance offered at, pair5c (Notions; South Aisle)

Ribbons, yd. 20c

Warp prints and stripes, suitable for children's hair bows or for ribbon novelties; widths 4½ to 6 inches and values to 50c a yard.
Many people are buying ribbons now, while they are so inexpensive.
(Ribbons; Main Floor)

35c and 25c Handkerchiefs 20c

Some of these are very sheer quality, with four corners embroidered; others have design in one corner only; the work is beautifully done; there are included a few lace trimmed fancy handkerchiefs, too, all of the 35c and 25c qualities to be sold for 20c each, or six for \$1.00.
(Handkerchiefs; Main Floor)

Our Hygienic Cafe

Situated on the fourth floor, daily between 11 and 3 o'clock serves a splendid fifty-cent luncheon, or offers a very comprehensive a la carte menu, of the finest foods, temptingly prepared and correctly served.
Why not try it, today?
(Cafe; Fourth Floor)

\$1.50 to \$2 Hand Bags for 85c

Clearance of odd and incomplete assortments of many desirable kinds:
\$1.50 to \$2.00 handbags now85c
\$1.50 genuine leather Collar Bags95c
One-fourth reduction on all Automobile Restaurants, fitted for 2, 4, 5 and 6 people, now \$5 to \$35, cut¼
Odd lots of women's Novelty Bags, in all leather, silk and leather combinations and some all silk, assorted colors and black; these were formerly \$3.50 to \$7.50, but will be closed out in no time at all at, each\$1.85
(Leather Goods; Main Floor)

WEAK FEELING IN THE P

DAILY EASTERN CITRUS MARKET QUOTATIONS

VALUES		Average		Average
Mars, Amer. Ft. Dia.	4.00		Gabriola, Ind. Ft. Co.	4.00
Nara, Amer. Ft. Dia.	4.30		Freedom, Ind. Ft. Co.	4.00
Jupiter, Amer. Ft. Dia.	2.85		Shamira, S.T. Ex.	4.00
Violet, D.M. Ex.	4.00		Lemoine, S.T. Ex.	4.00
Golden Beaver, O.S. Ex.	4.50			LEMONS.
Reed-Ridgeland, S.D. Ex.	4.75		Cream	
Charlton, S.D. Ex.	4.50		Minnesota	
Quality, S.T. Ex.	4.00		Blue Bell	
Cambridge, S.T. Ex.	3.60		Sundance	
			Waverly	
			California	

St. Louis Market.
[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]
ST. LOUIS, Sept. 3.—Market steady on Valencia, easier on lemons. Five cars sold.

Growers85	September 2	25	14
Palm Tree, plain wraps	1.05			
Cleveland Market.				
[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]				
CLEVELAND, Sept. 3.—Market un-				
changed. Live cattle sold				

CINCINNATI, Sept. 3.—Market strong on Valencia, easier on lemons. Two cars sold.

Cornmeal, yellow	3.85	3.65	3.55	3.45	Chic. B. & O. Joint co.
Granham flour	4.10	3.90	3.80	3.70	Chicago & Gt. Western co.
Rye flour or meal	4.10	3.90	3.80	3.70	C. M. & St. P. conv. 4½%
Oatmeal, ground	3.15	2.95	2.85	2.75	C. M. & St. P. conv. 4½%
Oatmeal, steel cut	3.15	2.95	2.85	2.75	C. M. & St. P. conv. 4½%
Hominy, large, small	3.95	3.75	3.65	3.55	Chic. & N. W. Joint co.
					Colo. Southern 4½%
					Gen. Gas Co.

HAY—Alfalfa, 15.00@13.00 ton; barley hay, 12.00@15.00; tame oat hay, 13.00@16.00; timothy hay, 14.00@17.00; wheat hay, 12.00@14.00; straw, 7.00@9.00.	M. R. & T. Co. Mo. Pacific No. 1911 New York Cent. Co. New York City Northern Pacific Northern Pacific
---	---

17	U. S. Steel
18	United Ry. of
19
20	Pennsylvania
21	Pennsylvania
22	U. S. Steel
23	U. S. Steel
24	U. S. Steel
25	U. S. Steel
26	U. S. Steel
27	U. S. Steel
28	U. S. Steel
29	U. S. Steel
30	U. S. Steel
31	U. S. Steel
32	U. S. Steel
33	U. S. Steel
34	U. S. Steel
35	U. S. Steel
36	U. S. Steel
37	U. S. Steel
38	U. S. Steel
39	U. S. Steel
40	U. S. Steel
41	U. S. Steel
42	U. S. Steel
43	U. S. Steel
44	U. S. Steel
45	U. S. Steel
46	U. S. Steel
47	U. S. Steel
48	U. S. Steel
49	U. S. Steel
50	U. S. Steel

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Following are closing quotations on active short-time notes today:

	Bid.	Ask.	Yield.
to 6 P. M. (mbs) 8% of April			

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH]
NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Sat.
Bank clearings in the United States for the ending September 2, as reported to *National Journal*, aggregate \$9,724,147,000, against \$9,405,000 last week and \$9,709,000,000 in the

15	Krie R. R. Iss. of Apr. 1, 1915	100	5.30	Philadelphia	108,431.00	23.1
16	Wabash Co. of May 1, 1915	100	5.30	Boston	128,747.00	27.2
17	Hocking Val. Co. 1, 1915, 100%	100	5.30	St. Louis	69,000.00	14.6
18	Int. Mary. Se. of Dec. 15, 1914	100	4.00	Kansas City	45,930.00	10.0
19	L. F. & M. R. Se. of Feb. 1, 1915, 100%	100	2.75	San Francisco	40,000.00	8.7
20	Maine Central Se. of May 1, 1915	100	4.00	Pittsburgh	48,357.00	4.8
21	New Eng. Nv. Se. of May 1, 1915	100	7.85	Cleveland	32,046.00	26.3

GO	Westhouse Sec. & Mfg. Co.	100%	101%	2.25	9,947,000	7.5
	Oct. 1, 1917				9,337,000	
	Argentina Govt. Co. of Dec. 15,	100%	100%	5.45	8,941,000	4.5
	1915				7,750,000	
b.	Afrimex Govt. Co. of Dec. 15,	100%	100%	5.90	6,815,000	5.5
	1914				4,425,000	
GO	Argentina Govt. Co. of Dec. 15,	100%	100%	5.90	4,061,000	4.5
	1914				3,815,000	
	Dmitri				3,815,000	

Deposits.	
August 1914	\$3,038.25
August 1913	\$3,590.56

FIDELITY SAVINGS BANK.

[illegible]

ALSO EXECUTE COMMISSION ORDERS IN UNITED STATES
LOS ANGELES PASADENA SAN FRANCISCO

LOGAN & BRYAN
BROKERS—STOCKS, BONDS, GRAIN, PROVISIONS, COTTON AND COFFEES
W. 1000 MARKET ST. CHICAGO, ILL. C. 1000 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



11. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 273:1225-1226, 1995

Market.

WEAK FEELING IN THE PIT.

Table with market data including various commodities and their prices.

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STOCKS AND BONDS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table with stock and bond prices in San Francisco.

Table with stock and bond prices in San Francisco.

Table with stock and bond prices in San Francisco.

Table with stock and bond prices in San Francisco.

Table with stock and bond prices in San Francisco.

Table with stock and bond prices in San Francisco.

WOOL MARKET MUCH QUIETER.

DEALERS AWAIT OPENING OF THE AUCTION SALES. PRICES FIRM.

Text describing the wool market situation and dealer activities.

Text describing the wool market situation and dealer activities.

Text describing the wool market situation and dealer activities.

Text describing the wool market situation and dealer activities.

Text describing the wool market situation and dealer activities.

Text describing the wool market situation and dealer activities.

SPOT COTTON.

NEW ORLEANS QUOTATION. (BY DIRECT WIRE-EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

Text describing the spot cotton market in New Orleans.

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Text describing the spot cotton market in New Orleans.

Text describing the spot cotton market in New Orleans.

THE PLANNED MARKET.

(BY DIRECT WIRE-EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

Text describing the planned market situation.

Text describing the planned market situation.

Text describing the planned market situation.

Text describing the planned market situation.

Text describing the planned market situation.

Text describing the planned market situation.

The Los Angeles TIMES

Illustrated Weekly Magazine

HUNTINGTON HALL

CLAREMONT SCHOOL FOR BOYS

SAN DIEGO ARMY AND NAVY ACADEMY

URBAN ACADEMY

ORTON School

Advertisement for business improvement and bonds.

Advertisement for business improvement and bonds.

Advertisement for business improvement and bonds.

Advertisement for business improvement and bonds.

The arrangement of the case of George E. Home to the Supreme Court at a salary of \$10,000 a year, for a term of years, has been a subject of much discussion. Home, who was a detective, is now a member of the U. S. Marshall's office and is a well-known figure in the city.

COURT TO STAY

ON AGAINST PROPOSAL TO MOVE TO UNION LEAGUE BUILDING.

Several and city attorneys have filed a petition with the Board of Appeal yesterday, asking that the court remain in its present quarters in the Union League Building instead of moving to the proposed new location. The Board of Appeal, which is the body that decides on the location of the court, is now in session and will decide on the matter in a few days.

The attorney's petition was filed yesterday afternoon and was immediately taken up by the Board of Appeal. The board is now in session and will decide on the matter in a few days.

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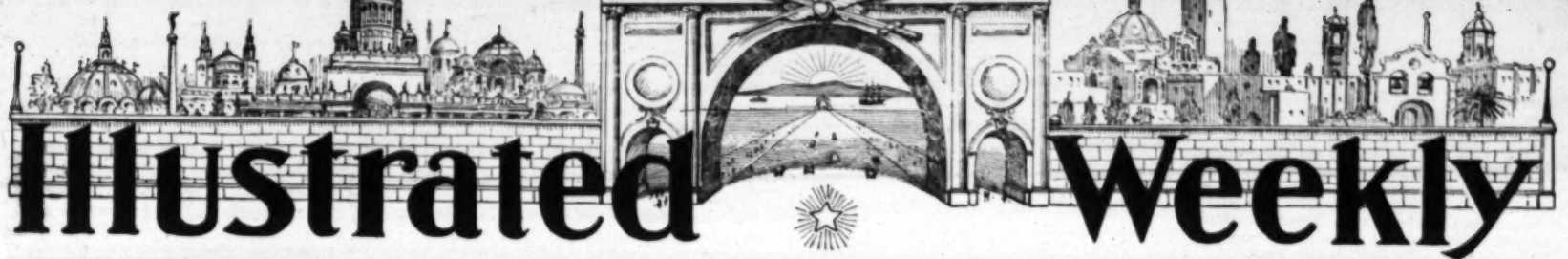
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heon, 60c

SATURDAY, SEPT. 4, 1915.

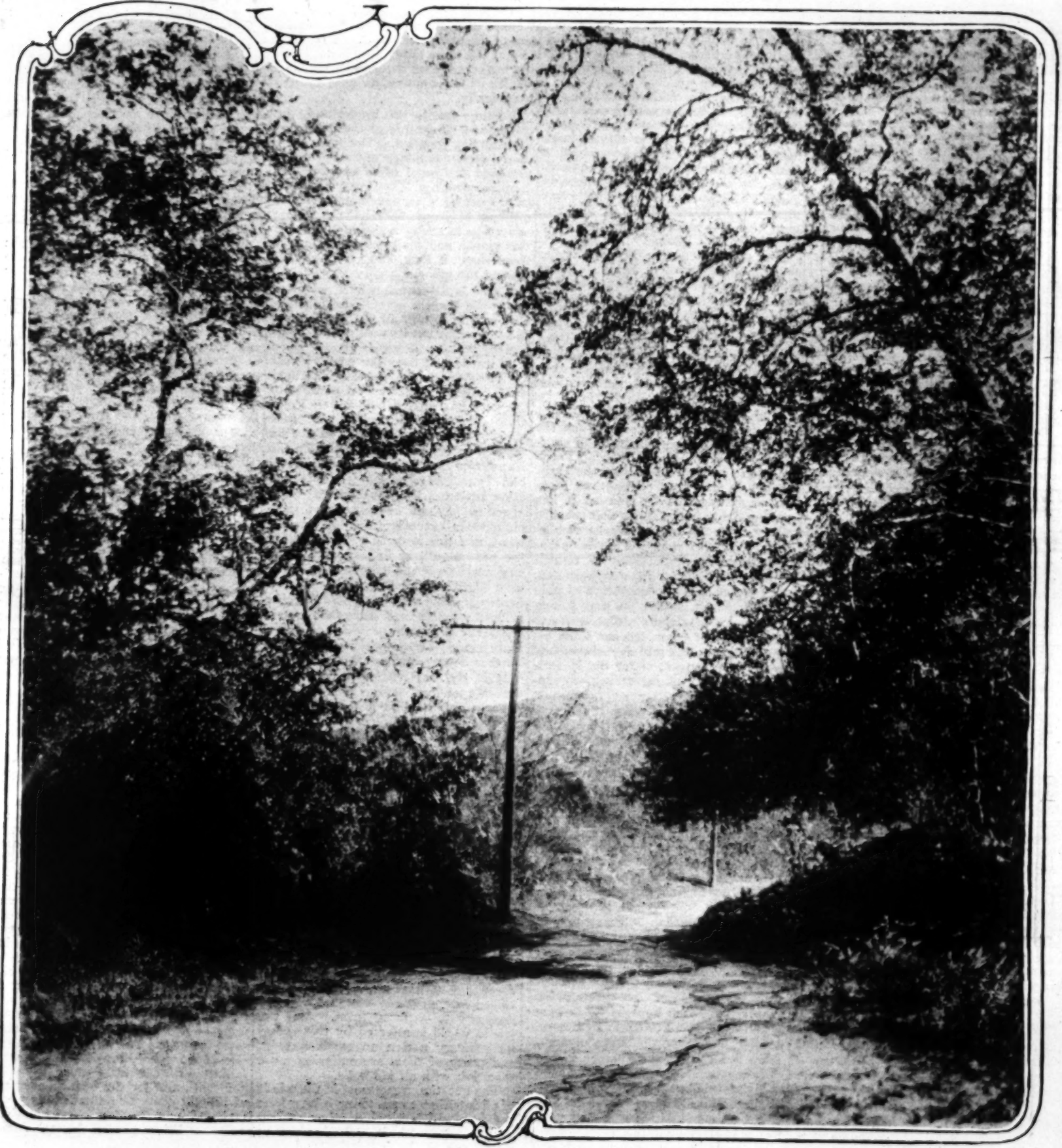
CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Times



TEN CENTS. THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST 1781-1915.

On the Old Ventura-Nordhoff Road.





PLANT THESE SWEET PEAS NOW H. & S. New Winter Flowering Spencer Type

A magnificent strain of Winter flowering Sweet Peas, equal in length of stem and size of flower to the best late varieties. Flowers borne three and often four to the stem, with the beautiful waved form characteristic of the late Spencer sorts. Colors from pure white to dark crimson with the intervening shades of pink, rose, salmon, lavender, scarlet, etc.

Sow in early Autumn for Winter flowering, and in October for a succession of bloom preceding the late sorts. One-half an ounce of seed. Price 25c.

SWEET PEA—Mrs. William Simms. A delicate shade of salmon pink. Exquisite under artificial light. Per packet 15c.

SWEET PEA—Mont Blanc. The earliest pure white in cultivation. As pure in color as driven snow. Per packet 15c.

SWEET PEA—Flamingo. Rich, lustrous crimson. The best of its shade in the early flowering varieties. Per packet 15c.

SWEET PEA—Florence Denger. A little later in blooming than the variety Mont Blanc. Pure white in color. Being late, it extends the flowering season several weeks. Per packet 15c.

SWEET PEA—Le Marquis. A lovely shade of deep violet blue. It offers a splendid contrast to the light colored sorts. Per packet 15c.

SWEET PEA—Earliest of all. One of the oldest of the early Sweet Peas and still one of the best. Pure white and rich rose. Per packet 15c.

SWEET PEA—Mrs. A. Wallace. In separate color sorts there is nothing better than this beautiful lavender colored variety. Per packet 15c.

\$1.00 SPECIAL OFFER \$1.00

The above prices are our regular catalogue prices. For this week we will mail you one package of each of the above separate named varieties, and a half-ounce package of our new, giant orchid-flowering strain for \$1.00. Our regular catalogue price on these, if purchased separately, would be \$1.30 for the set.

MRS. WALLACE H. BOWE—A superb flower of wonderful size and substance. The color is a splendid shade of deep pink. It is ideal in shape both in bud and expanded bloom. The petals are of thick velvety texture. Among recent novelties which we have tried out we regard this as one of the finest and one we can recommend to every lover of fine Roses.

Price each \$1.00

EARL OF GOSFORD—One of the finest dark crimson Roses ever introduced. A strong vigorous grower not unlike Ulrich Brunner in habit of growth, and well furnished at all seasons with glorious dark crimson flowers. It is intensely fragrant, free of mildew and a rose which will prove a worthy addition to any garden.

Price each \$1.00

GRANGE COLOMBE—This elegant free blooming variety recently introduced from France marks a great advance in light colored Roses. The buds are long and pointed with petals of enormous width and substance. The color is a delightful shade of salmon yellow shading lighter at the tips of the petals, and merging as the flower ages to creamy white. It is not very double but is absolutely unsurpassed in the bud form as cut flower.

Price each \$1.00

OPHELIA—A new English Rose of superlative beauty and worth. It is one of the most remarkably free blooming varieties in all of the new ones which we have. The buds are ideal as to shape, being long

and pointed, produced on the ends of long stems with the crops of flowers following each other in constant succession during its blooming period. This variety has made its appearance in the Eastern cut flower market and has captivated the general public with its beauty.

Price each \$1.00

MAD. EDOUARD HERRIOTT—A sensational Rose which won the \$5000.00 trophy given by the London Daily Mail at the great International Horticultural Exposition held in London two seasons ago. The color is absolutely novel, being a superb shade of coral red shaded with golden yellow, and passing as the flower ages to rosy scarlet and shrimp pink. We have had this magnificent novelty under test for some time to determine its value for Southern California. It is all that is claimed for it and more. The flowers stand out distinct from anything you have ever had in your collection. We have only a very limited number of plants to offer at the present time, but these are strong two year old balled stock, and will give you an abundance of flowers this coming Autumn.

Price each \$1.00

MRS. GEO. SHAWYER—Probably one of the largest and most striking pink Roses yet introduced. The buds are simply perfect as to form, mammoth in size, expanding to glorious blooms of splendid form and substance. Remarkably free for such a large Rose. One of the strongest growers we have yet found. Grand for cutting purposes.

Price each 75c

SPECIAL OFFER.

One strong, balled plant of each of the above six varieties for \$5.00. Do not overlook this offer. They are especially fine.

Howard & Smith
9th & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES

NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO

MAIN 1745-10957

NEWMARK'S
PURE
HIGH GRADE
COFFEE

Rich, Aromatic, Delicious and it Never Varies

The Pride of the Southwest

NEWMARK BROTHERS LOS ANGELES

—for Your
Auto Party

For your noon-day lunch a Thermos filled with iced Coffee. And for the outdoor supper your Thermos filled with steaming hot Ben Hur. It is steel cut, chaffless, dustless and a perfect beverage whether served iced or hot.

Joannes Bros. Company
Importers,
Roasters,
Manufacturers
Los Angeles.

BEN-HUR
BRAND
JOANNES BROS. CO.
QUALITY MARK

THE COLONNADES - AT THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION -

more difficult to take a turkey than a
bird. Sometimes I have fancied that it was
hold attention but create it.
denk over the place. They not only
quiltive family of young turks was
N ONE can be wholly idle with an in-
petty busy prying the continents apart.

Amid the Young Turks.

By Eugene Brown.

[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY (THE TIMES MAGAZINE)

18th Year—New Series. Single Copies, by mail or at
Volume VIII, No. 16. News Agencies, 25 Cents.

Established Dec. 5, 1897. Reconstructed Jan. 6, 1902.
Jan. 4, 1913; May 31, 1913; March 27, 1915.

OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great
Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural
resources and the world-pointing of their wonders and
beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles
strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant
editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures: the
Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

Not partisan-political in character or additions, it is an
independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, ex-
planation and description; a journal of views, opinions
and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law
and Freedom in the Industries, holding up the hands of
all good men and women, without distinction, who are
honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to
serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

California in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and
character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the
mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the
"Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of
the Sunday Times—more than 100,000 in num-
ber—and being complete in itself, is also served
separately and apart from The Times news sheets
when desired. Advertising rates based on circula-
tion. Write or ask for them.

The Illustrated Weekly is under the editorial direction of
HARRISON GRAY OTIS, and is published by THE
TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, New Times Building.
Price, with the Sunday Times, \$3.50 a year; without,
\$2.00 a year in advance, post-paid. Single copies
mailed free on request.

A handsome present to a distant friend is a yearly mail
subscription to the Sunday Times, including the
Illustrated Weekly (or 52 copies of each) or even a
quarterly mail subscription to both (13 copies of
each) costing only \$1.00, post-paid. An extra
copy of the Weekly will be sent to any separate
address, post-paid, for 65 cents additional, or 6
months for \$1.50 additional, in advance.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you
are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manu-
scripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not
found suitable; otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1915, at Los
Angeles (Cal.) P. O., under Act of March 3, 1879.



Average Week-end Output, exceeding 100,000.

THE CITY AND THE COAST.

THEY say that more visitors will
come out West this winter than
have yet arrived during the fair year.
It would be gratifying to have both
fairs continue until next spring, but
Los Angeles will be here just the same
whether they remain open or closed.

A LOS ANGELES immigration in-
spector has for the third time re-
fused the important post of deputy
Vice-Consul at Shanghai. There doesn't
seem to be money enough to tempt Mr.
Nardini to swap Southern California
for China, even temporarily.

SARAH BERNHARDT has made
her first public appearance since the
amputation of her leg. Los Angeles is
particularly glad of her recovery, be-
cause it was from an automobile acci-
dent near Santa Monica that her
trouble originated.

LOS ANGELES people who have
been to the exposition at San
Francisco are almost jealous of Cana-
da. The Canadians have a wonderful
agricultural and fruit exhibit. It looks
as if their apples could not be beaten
in all the world.

WHEN Dustin Farnum was posed in
a big picture called "The Iron
Strain" they found plenty of Alaskan
scenery for him within fifteen miles of
Los Angeles. Southern California is
nothing if not versatile.

IT is the luck of Los Angeles to have
a large colony of Scandinavians.
When one sees the exhibit that
Sweden makes in steel and in art he
begins to realize what splendid people
the Scandinavians are.

Adam's Profession.

THE earth is the Lord's and the
fulness thereof," and He has given
it to man and to the sons of men as a
perpetual possession. It is the inheri-
tance of humanity. All the wealth in
the world has come from the earth, and
yet it is still teeming with wealth.
There are the facts.

"The world owes every man a liv-
ing." This is another fact. But one
that Weary Willie, Dusty Dennis, Rag-
ged Robin, Lazy Larry, Hungry Joe, nor
any of that tribe catches the full mean-
ing of. The world owes every son of
man a living, and has never welched on
her obligations nor ever been a debtor
to any human being for a single minute.

The earth owes every man a living
and is at all times ready to pay her
debt. But between two men a note
made to secure a loan of money stipu-
lates a particular place where the
money is to be paid, and unless the
creditor is on hand when the note falls
due the debtor is under no obligation
to go hunt him up.

That's the way with the world and
its debts. It teems with wealth, but
the creditor has to come and collect
his debts. The world is a thing with
neither hands to gather her crops, a
basket to carry them in, feet to walk
with, nor any other way of delivering
goods. This wealth is there for every
man who will to gather it, and the
man who does not collect his debts has
only himself to blame.

The savage lives like the beast of the
field, and is simply a beast of prey.
The half-civilized man just scratches
the top of the ground and does not
put his hands deep enough to collect
the debt of wealth the earth is ready
to pay. The civilized man makes the
earth give up her treasures in abundant
measure by cunningly-devised schemes,
by great skill, patience, perseverance
and enterprise.

The Lord who made the earth and
the fulness thereof made men, and He
made them with certain traits of char-
acter called human nature. These
traits are as fundamental as the earth
itself. It has been understood from
the beginning among men as it has
among the beasts of prey that what a
man gets by his own enterprise and in-
dustry is his to enjoy. That is one of
the underlying principles of human
nature. The earth teems with wealth,
and no man and no generation of men
can exhaust it or use all that is col-
lectable. That gloomy old philosopher
Malthus many years ago cut short his
morning meal, his mid-day dinner and
his evening supper, under the impres-
sion that man was increasing too rap-
idly and that the human race must
starve before many years because of
the inability of the earth to pay her
debts by supplying every man with the
living she owed him.

The man who makes two blades of
grass grow where one grew before has
an absolute right to both blades. When
Mr. Bessemer invented a new way of
making steel, the invention was worth
first and last to the inventor \$50,000,-
000, and he had a right to every cent of
it, because his brother men had been
enriched by his invention by billions of
dollars.

In little more than half a century the
United States government, through the
Department of Agriculture, has spent
more than \$70,000,000 teaching Ameri-
can farmers how to make two blades of
grass grow where one grew before.
"Twelve hundred boys in the summer
of 1914 added \$20,000,000 to the pro-
ductive wealth of the State of Ohio." They
had raised "the average yield of
corn per acre from thirty-five bushels
to eighty-one bushels." Jerry Moore, a
boy in South Carolina, raised 228 bush-
els of corn on one acre of land. This
was in 1910, and within three years "the
corn crop of South Carolina jumped
from 17,000,000 bushels a year to
50,000,000 bushels a year." The present
champion for corn-growing is a boy

named Walker Lee Dunston, who in
1913 raised 232 bushels of corn on one
acre at a cost of a little less than 20
cents a bushel. So the good work goes
on, in corn-growing, hog-raising, and
many other branches of agriculture.

We rise to ask, who has a right to this
increased corn production—the boy by
whose skill and industry it was brought
about, or Lazy Larry or Hungry
Joe who never turned a sod nor dropped
a grain of corn into the ground? We
pause for a reply. Where is Mr. Mal-
thus and his theory of men starving
through the welching of the earth to
pay every man a living for which she is
indebted to him? Again we pause for
a reply, and will keep on pausing for
ages to come.

Two Expositions.

IT was a great undertaking for the
State of California to face the prob-
lem of financing not one world fair but
two at the same time. The State is on
the outer edge of the population and
wealth of the country, as well as geo-
graphically.

Fortune favors the brave, and the
courage of the people of the State has
been amply justified. The fairs have
been a great advantage to the State this
year and will be of more advantage as
the years pass by. They have furnished
an opportunity to not thousands but
millions of people to acquire a liberal
education in the arts and industries of
the world, and really to see more of
these than if they had taken a tour
around the globe.

There is a proverb which says "all
the world loves a lover," and whether
that is true or not, all the world loves
to see courage get its own reward. The
United States will rejoice greatly when
it is learned all over the country that
California fairs are proving an abun-
dant success. Nearly two months of
the year had passed before San Fran-
cisco opened her fair gates, and four
months of the year remain. In the six
months in which the Panama-Pacific
Exposition has been in operation in
San Francisco the gate receipts and
other revenues have enabled the man-
agers to pay off every cent of their
obligations excepting the last install-
ment, and this is to be paid off within
the next month or in less time. The
city undertook the payment of more
than \$1,000,000, and by the middle of
September the managers will be able
to hold a jubilee and burn their notes,
contracts or whatever form of paper
represented the obligation shouldered
by that courageous people.

It is the western spirit that dared
the stupendous task, and it is the
American spirit that has justified the
courage of the Californians.

The War and After.

NO man can have a sore toe and not
be uncomfortable in every fiber of
his body. A pimple on a man's nose
often makes his heart sick. So it is
with war among the human race. No
two nations can get into a quarrel, nor
one nation into civil war, without af-
fecting every member of the whole
family of nations.

The greatest war that ever cursed
humanity has been raging in Europe
now for thirteen months. It involves
more people, larger armies, with more
numerous and larger cannon, and in
every way with larger expense in blood
and money, than any war that ever the
human race suffered from. And the
whole world is affected by this strug-
gle. Every nation on earth feels it,
and many of them are suffering more
than Job with all his boils.

The question uppermost in the minds
of all intelligent men today is how long
the war will last, what other nations
will be engaged in it, and what will be
its effects on the industries and com-
merce of the world when it is over.
England's debt today amounts to
\$9,000,000,000, and if the war lasts

another year it may be \$15,000,000,000.
The debts of the countries generally
engaged in the war must run to \$15,-
000,000,000 now, and if the war lasts
another year they may reach \$25,000,-
000,000 or \$30,000,000,000.

How they are going to pay it nobody
can foresee. The people in all the
countries are pouring every dollar of
treasure they have into the war bud-
get, enthusiastically, if not cheerfully.
Governments are impersonal things
and have nothing to pay with and
therefore can not pay. The people
must tax themselves, and the beggar
having nothing to pay taxes on will
bear none of the burden. In other
words the creditors who are giving this
money to the government must pay it
back to themselves during the next
half-century. Possibly it will take
them a century to do it. It is just tak-
ing it out of one pocket and putting it
back into the other.

Great Britain's natural gain in nor-
mal times measured by the excess of
exports over imports amounts to about
\$2,000,000,000. At this rate she could
pay off her debt, even if the war should
last another year and her obligations
should amount to as much as we have
guessed, by using all her natural gain
in a matter of seven or eight years. Of
course this will not be done, nor will
it be possible. If the debt of Great
Britain is reduced in twenty-five years
to where it was when the war began
it will be a wonder.

The question is as to the effect the
war is going to have in changing the
currents of commerce and the centers
of industry. In our opinion the effect
in this line will be very small. Indus-
tries center where population is thick-
est, and commerce goes and comes to
and from the most populous nations
in proportion to their wealth. The
great mass of population and the
great accumulations of wealth will
still lie close to the shores of
Western Europe, and there the indus-
tries will center, and there the com-
merce will come and go.

There will be some shifting of the
commerce of the world and of the in-
dustries of it by the war, but not radi-
cal. For the first five months of the
war all commerce and industries were
in chaos, but since then things have
adjusted themselves, and while the
United States is gaining in commerce
largely, it is not radical. The Ameri-
cas for August gives statistics for the
first six months of the current year
showing the trend of trade in and out
of this country. The imports from
January to June showed a falling off
of from nearly 60 per cent. to 64½ per
cent. The exports showed increases
each month of from 133 per cent. to
150 per cent. This between our coun-
try and European countries.

Our trade with South America
showed a decrease of nearly 95 per
cent. one month to an increase of 153
per cent. another month, the general
trend being a large increase. The ex-
ports of these countries showed a
decrease of nearly 77 per cent. to an
increase of 181 per cent. Here again
the general trend was a great increase.

From Asia the imports showed de-
creases of nearly 62 per cent. to an
increase of 125 per cent., the general
trend being below normal. The ex-
ports showed from a little over 89 per
cent. decrease to 188 per cent. increase,
the general trend being a large in-
crease.

From Oceania the imports for the
worst month showed a falling off of
nearly 43 per cent., and for the best
month an increase of 164 per cent.,
most of the months showing a hand-
some increase. The exports to this sec-
tion of the world showed at the worst a
falling off of a little more than 86
per cent., and for the best an increase
of 128 per cent., one month being nor-
mal and four showing increases. The
same conditions prevail through Africa
in the main as in Oceania.

South American trade shows the
greatest changes. From Argentine the
imports for the six months in 1914

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

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GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

Are We Ready?

While we're longing for redemption,
 From the hills that seem to be,
 We should purify our thought-home,
 For the Guest we long to see.

Do we tell the flesh that licks us
 'Tis a fleeting, mortal sense;
 And believe God's Word, once uttered,
 Has all-power, Omnipotence?

Have we truly tried to live as
 Jesus taught upon the Mount?
 Do we daily work steadfastly—
 One by one our mercies count?

Have we lost self-condemnation?
 Looked at thought and not at deed?
 Do we really trust our Father
 To supply our every need?

Do we thrust out thoughts that hinder;
 Voice no error; have no fear?
 Stand expectant—He is coming!
 Lo! The Healing Thought is here.

ALICE HARRIMAN.

Complete Works of Caesar.

When Caesar took an eastward ride and
 Grabbed the Gauls of Rome,
 What was the first thing that he did to
 Make them feel at home?

Did Caesar put the iron heel upon the foe-
 man's breast?
 Or did he try to make them feel that Roman
 rule was best?

What did he do, to make them glad he came
 their lands amid?
 He built good roads in place of bad—that's
 what old Caesar did.

He built good roads from hill to hill, good
 roads from vale to vale;
 He ran a good roads movement till old
 Rome got all the kale.

He told the folks to buy a home, build
 roads their ruts to rid,
 Until all roads led up to Rome—that's what
 old Caesar did.

If any town would make itself the center of
 the map,
 Where folks would come and settle down
 and live in plenty's lap,

If any town its own abodes of poverty would
 rid,
 Let it go out and build good roads—just as
 old Caesar did.

—[From the town report of Stockbridge,
 Mass.]

Battle Sleep.

Somewhere, O sun, some corner there must
 be
 Thou visitest where down the strand
 Quietly, still, the waves go out to sea
 From the green fringes of a pastoral
 land.

Deep in the orchard bloom the roof trees
 stand,
 The brown sheep graze along the bay,
 And through the apple boughs above the
 sand
 The bees' hum sounds no fainter than the
 spray.

There through uncounted hours declines
 the day
 To the low arch of twilight's close,
 And, just as night about the moon grows
 gray,
 One sail leans westward to the fading
 rose.

Giver of dreams, O thou with scatheless
 wing
 Forever moving through the fiery hall,
 To flame seared lids the cooling vision bring,
 And let some soul go seaward with that
 sail.

—[Edith Wharton, in the Century.

The Pedomania.

A man with a spirit and foot like a cork,
 Walked down from Vancouver, B. C., to New
 York,
 He had never a roof but his battered old
 hat,
 But he gets five thousand dollars for hiking
 like that,
 Which is pretty good pay for an overland
 stroll
 With a city like Gotham the Gay for a
 goal:
 But hereafter, no doubt, when he travels
 so far
 He will sit at the wheel of a racy new
 car.

But Dora, the debutante fair, whose de-
 light
 Is to kick up her little French heels every
 night,
 And trip through the maze of the maxixe
 all day
 Between cocktails and tea in her pet cab-
 aret,
 Who tangles her number two slippers to
 shreds
 While other folks sleep in their comfortable
 beds,
 Whose life is a fox trot from dansante to
 ball,
 Dances double the distance for nothing at
 all.

—[Minna Irving, in New York Sun.

A City Smithy.

Outside my office window ledge
 That skirts a narrow street,
 Where shabby walls of ancient brick
 And dangling clotheslines meet,
 A sooty vulcan plies his sledge
 On anvil at a farrier trick.

The distant roar of urban din
 Assails the patient ears,
 The children's cry, a stray dog's bark,
 And all the sounds one hears
 At ebb and flow, as waves roll in,
 Until the day grows dark.

And yet that smithy's iron chant
 Struck with a craftsman's art
 Brings memory of a village green
 That lures the wandering heart
 With a fair vision of a haunt
 Youth's idleness has seen.

—[Findlay Sackett, in New York Sun.

At General Grant's Tomb.

Upon the river's silver tide
 The warships, stern and gray,
 At anchor patiently abide
 The word to go or stay.

Perchance within the marble tomb
 Where stately columns soar,
 A spirit troubleth in the gloom
 For the old days once more.

Perchance a warrior lying cold
 With sword in mailed hand,
 Sees what dark clouds of doubt enfold
 His well beloved land.

Soldier, from chariots of the sun
 Still may thy spirit lead,
 And may thy mantle fall upon
 One worthy to succeed!

Let not the vision pass away,
 Nor thy throng influence cease,
 Till, foul wrong righted, we may say
 With thee, "Let us have peace!"

—[M. E. Buehler, in New York Sun.

[Kansas City Journal:] "I heard you
 caught a forty-pound catfish in your gillnet."
 "We did."
 "Make much of a fuss?"
 "Tore the net all to shreds. For a while
 we thought we had shared a submarine."

[Houston Post:] "Why so sad and down-
 cast?"
 "My wife has threatened to leave me."
 "Cheer up; women are always threatening
 something like that, but they hardly ever
 do it."

"That's what I was thinking."

HUMOR.

[Buffalo Express:] "Is this a first-class
 postoffice?" inquired the stranger.
 "It's as good as you'll find in these parts,"
 retorted the native with justifiable local
 pride.

[Judge:] "There are nice folks you waited
 on, Mamie, ain't they?"
 "No, no, dear! Appearances is deceitful.
 They didn't have no charge account. Paid
 cash for everything."

[New York Globe:] Magician: I can read
 minds.
 Engineer: You ken? Ken you read mine?
 Magician: Certainly.
 Engineer: Why don't you hit me, then.

[New York Sun:] Girl (reading letter
 from brother at the front): John says a bul-
 let went right through his hat without touch-
 ing him.
 Old Lady: What a blessing he had his hat
 on, dear.

[London Mail:] Teacher: Yes, the ruler
 of Russia is called the Czar. Now, what
 is the ruler of Germany called?
 Young Bill: Please, miss, I know what my
 father called him, but I don't like to tell
 you.

[Punch:] Goldsmith: Would you like
 any name or motto engraved on it, sir?
 Customer (who has chosen an engagement
 ring): Ye-yes-um, Augustus to Irene.
 And—ah—look here, don't ah—look here,
 don't ah—cut Irene very deep.

[Philadelphia Record:] "What's your
 idea of an honest man?"
 "An honest man," replied Mr. Kimp, "is
 one who likes the same music in private
 that he says he likes when his wife is giv-
 ing a musical evening."

[Browning's Magazine:] "Where're you
 living now, Podgers?"
 "Nowhere. Boarding at the same old
 place."

[Judge:] Hokus: Closest claims that
 when charity is needed he is always the first
 to put his hand in his pocket.
 Pokus: Yes, and he keeps it there till
 the danger is over.

[Buffalo Express:] "Jiggs has a board of
 useless information."
 "In what respect?"
 "He is considered an authority on inter-
 national law."

[Chicago News:] Miss Sweetleigh: Me
 marry you? Why, you're old enough to be
 my father.

Mr. Oldtime: Far from it. But I'll ad-
 mit that you seem young enough to be my
 daughter.

[Lehigh Burr:] She: Why do they
 paint the inside of a chicken coop?
 He: To keep the hens from picking the
 grain out of the wood.

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 the VERY BEST obtainable for
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 747-749 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

[London Sketch:] Recruiter: What's
 your age?
 Bluffer (determined to do the patriotic
 thing and get to the front): 22.
 Recruiter: I said your age, not your
 chest measurement.

[Michigan Gargoyle:] She: Oh, Charles,
 it is so cold! I would like to have some-
 thing around me.
 He: What would you care to have?
 She: Oh, anything—
 And he brought a shawl.

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "Why do
 they call 'em fountain pens? I should say
 reservoir pen would be the better name. A
 reservoir contains liquids; a fountain throws
 'em around."
 "I think fountain pen is the proper name,"
 said the party of the second part.

[London Punch:] Lady: The captain
 seems off his game.
 Caddy: Yes, Mdy. He was a very good
 twenty-four, but he spoilt himself digging
 trenches. This war's a terrible thing.

[Buffalo Express:] "Did you give your
 son a liberal education, Mr. Tite?"
 "Well, I don't know as you'd call it
 liberal exactly, but there wasn't a month
 passed while he was in college that I didn't
 send him two or three dollars."

LOS ANGELES WEATHER.

[From The Times of September 1, 1915.]
 THE SKY: Clear. Wind at 5 p.m., south-
 west; velocity, 10 miles. Thermometer,
 highest, 88 deg.; lowest, 67 deg. Forecast:
 Fair.

People of Ex-
perience Who
Appreciate
Good Glasses!

Mr. Richard H. Ewarta, director of
 the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital,
 New York City, says: "I have been
 fitted by the most celebrated oculists
 in the world, but I never knew what
 comfort glasses could afford until I
 had the doctors of the Los Angeles
 Optical Co. fit my eyes." Mrs. W. T.
 Lewis, formerly president of the Ebell
 Club, says: "The glasses fitted by Dr.
 C. C. Logan, of the Los Angeles Opti-
 cal Co., are simply perfect, and I take
 pleasure in recommending him to any
 one in need of glasses."

SO DIFFERENT.

Mr. Joseph Cook, druggist on Dow-
 ney avenue, says: "I never knew what
 sight and comfort glasses could afford
 until I had Dr. C. C. Logan fit my
 eyes with his special ground lenses.
 I hardly realize that I am wearing
 glasses."

WHEN PROPERLY FITTED,
GLASSES ARE VALUABLE

A prominent lady on South Figueroa
 St. says: "I would not take \$100.00
 for my glasses." (Her reference on
 demand.)

DR. LOGAN HAS MANY LIKE THIS.

Mr. Frank Sellers of Fort Dodge,
 Kansas, says: "I lost one eye 15 years
 ago and was stone blind in the other.
 Dr. C. C. Logan, now of Los Angeles,
 operated on me for cataract with com-
 plete success."

Dr. C. C. Logan's Office,
 442 S. Spring St.

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of fine-looking, healthy lawns lies in the
 way they are watered. Install the fa-
 mous Thompson Atom Sprinkler.
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 sprinkled perfectly. Cost little. Write
 for folder.

THOMPSON MFG. CO.,
 8th St. and Santa Fe Ave.

Amid the Young Turks.

By Eugene Brown.

NO ONE can be wholly idle with an inquisitive family of young turks wandering over the place. They not only hold attention but create it.

Sometimes I have fancied that it was more difficult to raise a turkey than a baby. The turkey certainly has more pin feathers and a more fickle appetite than a baby.

While there is sustained interest in the business of supplying toothsome fodder for the Thanksgiving board, I am compelled to differ with some of these exuberant writers, who tell us that there is plenty of pleasure and profit in the turkey industry as a sideline for the small householder. I am afraid they raise their birds with a steel pen instead of in a wire one.

Affectionate souls, who dote in the companionship of young turks and glory in their society, learn to love them so well that they cannot bear to see them pass under the ax in the dark November days.

Yet if the birds are not treated as members of the family they may lack the tender ministrations so essential to their well being. They have to be coaxed and cozened. The average person thinks he could raise turkeys in a stone quarry, with barley straw for feed. Not so. The turkey has a good appetite, but it is a frolicsome one. He likes to flit from one thing to another. Wheat and alfalfa may do as staples, but he insists on frequent changes. If he had his way he would board at a first-class hotel instead of furnishing part of the larder himself. When he is young he is fed chopped onions, asafoetida and other fragrant delicacies. The idea is to make him strong, and they accomplish this end—especially in the breath.

The last flock of juvenile turks we had at our place required almost as much attention as a case of appendicitis. If the birds thought they were being neglected they would hunt me up and after forming a circle about me would gobble and peep in the most reproachful manner. Every hour or so a delegation would climb the steps to the screen porch and push the buzzer for watermelon and Dutch cheese. This formed a combination salad of which they seemed desperately fond.

Turkeys are not great thinkers, but when they do get an idea into their heads you cannot take it out with a monkey wrench. These birds of mine had formed the impression that I was sent on earth for their entertainment, and if I failed in my duty they would fix their beady eyes on me in piteous appeal. I would just have to do something for them. Perhaps I would whistle or do some tricks with cards, or maybe I'd throw a fit. Whatever it was they would regard me with almost passionate interest and at the conclusion of the entertainment refreshments would be served. They all seemed willing to wait for that.

Turkeys are hard to educate. I have tried hard to teach them different things, but with indifferent success. They do not care for the classics, or biology, or embroidery. I used to think that a turkey ought to sing as well as a canary, but after spending several of the best years of my life trying to get a herd of bronzes to chant the Miserere I gave it up as a bad job. About the only thing I could teach a turkey was to walk across a piece of string after a sunflower seed.

But, as I said before, when they do get a thought in their noodles they hang to it as does a miser to his treasure. When a turkey hen forms the idea that she wants to sit, naught but copious discharges of blasting powder can remove the thought. She will hunt up a hole in the fence corner and camp out for four weeks on a couple of door knobs and an ink bottle, and all the time her beady eyes will be staring stonily into space. It is a fanaticism of expectant motherhood.

The male of the species has a prehensible lip like a bull moose. It dangles in his victuals when he eats but he doesn't seem to mind it. But, when a pair of huskies get to scrapping they take pleasure in getting hold of this excess baggage and drawing it out till it looks like a sirloin steak. When a couple of hearty young gobblers get the idea that they dislike each other they seem to be hunting for trouble all the time. I was ringmaster for a pair of mid-dleweights all last season, and it kept me

pretty busy prying the contestants apart. We kept the rivals at different ends of the ranch, but when they came off the roost in the morning they began a persistent movement that would bring them together before noon. When they got a grip on one another they would hang to it like a pup to a root and they would usually have to be pulled apart by main strength. Put them on opposite sides of a fence and they would rub wishbones against the barrier until their bosoms were as bald as a nut. They would strut and inflate their chests until they looked as if blown up by a bicycle pump. If you gave them a jab with a hat pin the air would come out with a wheeze and their front would collapse like a busted tire. Sometimes in a spirit of jest I would fasten clothespins over their beaks or tie socks over their heads and then let them spar eight or ten rounds. But they never tired, and the grudge lasted to the end. Even on the way to the place of execution they had strangle holds on each other.

When a turkey gobbler weighs about thirty pounds and gets to be lord of the flock he is the personification of arrogance. His strut is as terrible as any army with banners, and his features take on the livid purple of royalty. He doesn't seem to be much afraid of anything, and he hesitates about yielding passage to the steam roller on the highway.

The turkey is subject to more diseases than the wife of a millionaire. These range all the way from rheumatism to the blind staggers, with a bunch of dinky ailments that are peculiar to the family. The young birds need more attention than a motor car. It won't do for them to get their feet wet or their crops empty, and so they persistently stand in the water trough and refuse to eat anything until their curd arrives. They always do what they shouldn't and go where they are not wanted. When it comes roosting time the grown turkey looks for the high places. If you give him a stepladder you will find him on the topmost round. If it is a tree he will swarm as high as his strength and agility will permit and he is likely to break a leg when he comes down in the morning.

The turkey is not considered a good risk by any insurance company—life or fire. The mortality from sickness, accident and execution is very heavy.

What makes me think there is no money in raising turkeys by the ordinary householder is the fact that after I had reared a couple of dozen birds through the vicissitudes of youth and filled them with costly provender some fiend in human form visited my roost one night in early November and swiped the whole bunch.

Anybody who writes pieces about profit in young turks can get an argument with me at once.

The Lewis Machine Gun.

[Pearson's:] Most of the machine guns used in the British army are water-cooled. The steam given off by the water, which is boiled through the heat of firing, is liable to betray the position of the gun, however, and for some time inventors have been busy inventing an air-cooled machine.

They have been successful, and the Lewis air-cooled gun is now used by our soldiers. The Lewis gun weighs only twenty-six and one-half pounds, and it can be fired from the shoulder.

It very much resembles, indeed, an ordinary rifle, but it has a horizontal revolving magazine above the trigger, and the barrel is four inches in diameter on the outside, appearing much bigger than that of a rifle. The gun is air-cooled by a sheath of aluminum, with radiating wings, like an electric fan. This sheath extends beyond the actual barrel of the gun.

As the gases, caused by the firing of the cartridges, come out of the barrel they act on these fans and drive them around, causing a continual draught of cool air to pass along the barrel.

The Lewis takes forty-eight cartridges at a time, but it can be reloaded in a few seconds.

[Washington Star:] "That man quit drinking years ago."
"Yes, but the reform is not yet complete. He hasn't quit bragging about it."

named Walker Lee Dunston, who in 1913 raised 232 bushels of corn on one acre at a cost of a little less than 20 cents a bushel. So the good work goes on in corn-growing, hog-raising, and many other branches of agriculture. We rise to ask, who has a right to this increased corn production—the boy by whose skill and industry it was brought about, or the man who has come from the earth, and yet it is still teeming with wealth.

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amounted to about \$38,000,000, and for 1915 to \$50,000,000. The exports for the first year were \$16,000,000 and for the second year \$22,000,000. The trade with Brazil showed in imports very little change, but exports rose from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000. With Chile the import trade was not very much different in the two years, and the exports showed a falling off in 1915. The trade with Uruguay showed an increase for 1915 of about \$1,000,000 in imports and of \$7,000,000 in exports. With the smaller countries of South America there is not much change, but with Cuba the imports jumped 50 per cent. and the exports showed a handsome increase, too.

That Glorious Climate.

A WOMAN moved is like a fountain troubled. We have in mind a communication from a lady correspondent who declares that she is going back to Chicago and tell the truth about California.

The odd thing is that she breathes it as a threat.

She writes: "I shall make it my business to warn any and everyone that the climate here is a joke."

Although we take issue with our scribbling friend, we insist that if the climate of Southern California is a joke, it is a good one. It is one of those mellow pulse-warmers that flood the bosom with mirth. Furthermore, it is a jest that would be appreciated by a million dwellers in the wind-swept, ice-bound or sun-baked Sucker metropolises.

In the beginning California had little else but climate and scenery. Now it has population, business, agriculture and dozens of other items of contributory assets.

But climate was here first and was the magnet which attracted society, trade and adventure.

As a joke our climate must be considered a pretty fair one.

Because people cannot freeze to death, or get sunstruck, or mangled by cyclone or smitten by the bolt of Jove we have a tame and uninteresting climate. In the New England winters there was joy in frosting one's fingers while shoveling a passage through the snowdrifts to the barn.

That was some climate, heh?

Then there was the Fourth of July with its fanning and feverish throng of celebrants with tongues dangling in thirsty anticipation of the lemonade.

That was climate for you!

When April was all rain, March all wind, August all blister and November all gloom we were having some climate in the East.

Nowadays if a leaf is curled by frost or withered by sun it is accounted almost a tragedy in Los Angeles and the word goes forth that the so-called sunny Southland is direly afflicted.

That's the joke about our climate. So much is expected of it that the slightest variation from our normal 75 degrees and a blue sky is marked as a disaster.

We sometimes have a little pretty warm weather here, to be sure, but it lasts only long enough to make us appreciate better our usual temperature and cooling breezes. We have had a few warm days the past week, but at the same time lots of people east of the Rockies, where they were having frost and snow, would have been mighty glad to exchange some of their temperatures for a slice of ours.

There was never a day so cold, so hot, so dry or so wet in Los Angeles county that it would have been considered unusual or extraordinary in four-fifths of the States of the Union.

Any peevish person who is about to depart for the East for the purpose of telling the truth about the climate of California should find an interested but unexcited audience. Some millions of easterners who have never before sampled our hilarious climate or mingled with our spacious scenery are trying it out this year. Their judgment,

almost without exception, is that the climate is to be desired and the scenery enjoyed. They can't get too much of either one and they are coming again.

A failing with many souls is the belief that they can live on climate. It is a delightful hallucination, but it cannot be developed into fact. One can go out on the screen porch every morning and soak up a double portion of our genial climate and live for a long time, but nevertheless the occasional visits of the bread man are necessary.

Real prosperity can only be found when each person contributes some of it himself. The climate of the Southland drew to it many persons who are unable to offer other recompense than their presence. That is doubtless worthy and pleasing, but in time of stress something more is to be desired.

The correspondent we have in mind adds that she came here "expecting to find the instant prosperity that had been heralded."

Those expectations were possibly too high-keyed. One can hardly hope to step off the California limited into unlimited prosperity. A great many people believe that purgatory must be passed through before heaven is attained. If purgatory is a mental condition it may be experienced in Los Angeles as easily as in New York.

If the Southland furnishes sunshine, soil, scenery and opportunity the dweller must furnish the rest. If there is a hitch in the programme it is unkind to take it out on the climate.

A threat to tell the truth about it, however, cannot hurt.

If it is a joke, it is a good one.

Things on the Up-Grade.

WE are now a little way into September. The summer is past, and the city exiles are returning in streams to their homes. They are coming from mountain resorts and seaside, from fairs, and from rambles here, there and yonder. Visit the rental offices of the real-estate people of the city and there will be found busy clerks locating tenants in vacant premises. Visit the city water company's office, and some days there is a veritable mob signing contracts to get a supply of aqua pura from the big aqueduct for all domestic purposes and for irrigating lawns. Visit the offices of the gas and lighting companies and you will find a dozen windows with a queue of a dozen persons at each waiting to be served with the opportunity of signing contracts for light and heat.

The banks have been full of money all summer long, but the bankers have been very conservative because of the anxiety about the war. Well, mankind is like eels and gets used to everything except being skinned. The bankers have made up their minds that the war across the ocean is not going to draw all the funds out of their vaults, and so money is more easy to be had. We find in the papers reports of real-estate deals increasing in number and great increases in the value of the trades being put through. They are no longer all swaps, but there are actual purchases.

The East is busy as a beehive, and the farther East one goes the louder the hum of industry. Depression is a thing of the past there, and prosperity smiles on every man, and smiles back from the face of every man. These improved conditions are working westward, and like the waves of humanity will at length find their ultima thule over which they can not go, and then normal prosperity will smile upon Los Angeles and smile back from the face of every happy Angeleno in the magnificent city that crowns the hills that once constituted the old pueblo. Selah. Amen. So mote it be.

The best part about the great sweep of tourists to California this good year 1915 is that nobody seems to feel that he is in California until he has reached Los Angeles.

Joaquin Murrieta.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY)

reward of \$5000 for his capture, "I will give \$10,000. Joaquin."

Among the many who had unavailingly sought to capture Joaquin was Harry Love of Los Angeles, an express messenger of the Mexican War. Finally, in May of 1853, he secured a commission from the State to capture the bandit chief, and promptly he set upon the long trail with a small number of picked men, among them, Lieut. Byrnes. Stealthily the experienced Love trailed. Joaquin had had traitors with him. Panchito Daniel, he whom they hug in Los Angeles several years later, had deserted with a woman of the band and they, fearing for their lives, had told much that should aid in the capture of the famous outlaw. For months Capt. Love followed a trail that carried him to San Jose, then down the Coast through the Benito Valley country and, finally, across Salinas Valley to the mountains on the eastern side. Here he saw Mexican horsemen streaming through the unfrequented passes, who told him they were going to capture mustangs in the Tulare region. And Love followed until he came to the Arroyo Cantoovera, where she saw a great array of horsemen gathered. At last he had reached the back of his man, but, in the face of numbers, he rode aloof and waited. Soon he saw that the bandits, for these men were that he felt certain, separated—some going to the north and a few to the south, and, dispatching some of the rangers to the northern trail, he followed the south.

Three months before that three men had stopped one evening at a ranch house in the Salinas Valley. They had demanded refreshments, which were cheerfully given. They were asked if they had seen the famous Joaquin. One of them said: "I am that Joaquin, and no man shall take me alive."

Joaquin kept his word. Love came upon the bandits' camp one July morning by following a distant circle of rising smoke. Ere the alarm of the lookout, who saw them from the brow of a hilltop, could prepare them for resistance, Love and his rangers rode between the desperadoes and their horses. One of them, an elegant fellow with diamonds on his fingers, was washing down a superb bay horse with a pan of water. Love asked one of them where they were going and he responded, "To Los Angeles."

Another of the band gave another reply on being asked the same question. At this the man washing down the horse said, "I command here; address yourself to me!" It was Joaquin at bay. At the same instant Lieut. Byrnes, who knew the bandit leader, came up and, Joaquin, knowing he would be recognized, swung with a bound to the bare back of the horse beside him. With a great bound the animal was off like the wind. A short distance away he leaped over a precipice twelve feet high, violently throwing his rider, who, however, in an instant was again upon the rising animal's back. Joaquin would have again had his liberty, for he was fast getting beyond reach of the pursuing rangers when a well-aimed bullet killed the horse from under him. Afoot the race was futile, and as three shots from the rangers' pistols entered his body he sank to the ground. As the blood left his features he raised his hand. "It is enough; the work is done," and he passed out.

They brought his head to San Francisco that it might be shown that this greatest of outlaws had been done to death at last, but there were those who long afterward vowed Joaquin still lived.

Life.

Have I yearned and suffered and called in vain?
"What is your own you cannot lose,"
Sang the roses out in the rain.

I, the lover of life, have missed the Light!
"The Light is above, above and within you,"
Sang the stars of the misty night.

Though I search the Light it is night and I die
"They cannot die—the children of Light,"
Sang the hills to the far blue sky.

I suffer and out of my pain I cry!
"There is not that can harm the Spirit of Life"
Sang the winds in the storm clouds high.
—[Clara Moorman, in September Nautilus.

Yaqui Indian Outbreaks.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN.)

A telephone warning was sent to all the outlying ranches and the telephone receiver was left hanging so that those at the company headquarters at Esperanza could hear the meles, but the Indians shrewdly cut the wire before making the attack. However, the Bronchos didn't anticipate the fusillade that welcomed them. Well-directed rifle fire came from all points of the ranch, and after a few hours of spirited fighting, the band withdrew, leaving many dead and wounded on the field. Sheldon and Jones escaped injury but several of their peons were killed.

This reception undoubtedly kindled a desire for vengeance in the Yaqui nation, but no further attacks upon the settlers were again made until May 10, when reports were received in the valley that the Indians were again on the warpath and had crossed the Yaqui River at a place called Torim. A telephone warning was immediately sent through the settlement, scattered over three hundred thousand acres of land, and all methodically prepared for an attack. The Hammond ranch reported the band as it passed through but it made a wide detour of the scene of the previous fight and then continued on its way into the lower valley.

Deaths of Donivan and Wilson.

Two Americans, J. J. Donivan and Charles Wilson, receiving the warning decided they would make an effort to recover a plow that had been left some distance away. The mission apparently had been successfully accomplished and the two men came bounding homeward over the rough road when a volley of bullets greeted them as they passed an old, vacated, adobe ranch-house situated about ten feet from the road. Donivan fell from the wagon. The mule team leaped forward on the dead gallop, swaying the wagon from side to side. Crash! Into a telephone pole went the wagon throwing Wilson into the roadside. When found, both bodies had been mutilated and the clothes had been stripped from Wilson and carried off.

An appeal was immediately sent for military assistance, and a small detachment of Mexican soldiers was ordered up from Fundicion. The soldiers were agumented by a company of Americans and the entire party started on the trail of the Indians. About four miles had been covered when the expedition ran into an ambush. Three Mexican officers and ten men were killed and twelve wounded of the 130 soldiers, and of the American contingent, W. A. Fay was killed. The remainder of the party withdrew to the small town of Yaqui, where another appeal was made to the military authorities for help, but the soldiers refused to operate against the Indians—remaining at a point twenty miles away.

The Americans were offered a safe escort to a place of safety out of the valley by the Villa military commander, but they refused absolutely to leave their farms. The day following this attack the Indians left the valley, leaving behind the remains of twenty warriors.

Showing their determination to destroy everything completely, the savages on June 11 again entered the American settlement and attacked the abandoned town of Yaqui, burning all the buildings, carrying off as much telephone wire as they could gather together after chopping down and burning all the telephone poles in the vicinity.

This rapid series of outrages caused the Governor of Sonora to start in motion the squeaking wheels of his military machine, but as most of his troops are Yaqui Indians, the settlers do not expect much relief.

Resolute Americans.

The farmers on the outlying districts, with few exceptions, abandoned their homes immediately following the numerous raids and withdrew to the more thickly populated section of the valley, where the company permitted them to occupy other blocks of land. The exceptions were Jones and Sheldon, on block ninety, four miles to the nearest neighbor, and another American named H. F. Brusa, who lives five miles to the nearest neighbor.

Brusa is the type of man that you would expect Daniel Boone to have been—absolutely fearless and a typical frontiersman. Like the other foreign settlers in the valley, his home is virtually an arsenal. Rifles are kept in racks on the wall ready for instant use, and a row of short-barrelled shotguns rest near at hand. When asked what the shotguns were for, the reply was quickly forth-

coming: "Oh! We will use them when they make the final rush."

All the adobe houses in the American settlement are fitted with loop-holes and most of them are equipped with a loop-hole observation tower over which is hung branches of trees to obscure the holes from an approaching enemy.

When asked what preparations had been made to prevent a surprise attack by night, Brusa said:

"You see, I've found they don't like to operate at night, but as a precaution, I've rigged up a shotgun signal with a trap-line, knee high, running along in that part of the block that I expect they will attack from."

"I had a good scare one night, though," he said as he took the cigar from his mouth and rammed his thumbs, chest high, under his suspenders, and his eyes sparkled with glee. "The shotgun signal brought me to with a jump, and I grabbed my rifle and prepared for business."

"The night was blacker th'n pitch and I just peered out through the loop-holes, imagining I could see all the Bronchos of the nation. My every nerve was keyed up, but there wasn't another sound. So after a bit, I started out to investigate and what do you suppose I found?"

"Well," he said, "one of my darned old milk cows crossed the line and I found her lying there all tangled up in the fool thing."

One ranchhouse, that of Mr. Grigsby, has a barricade constructed of bags of wheat piled high, with loose grain thrown in behind upon which to stretch out and fire. This, like the other farms, showed every evidence of being prepared, not only to repel an attack, but to withstand a siege.

Without exception, all of the foreign settlers state positively that under no circumstances will they leave their property, but will make a determined stand and fight to the last; and this they state without bluster or brag, but with a determination that is evinced by their every action.

The principal complaint against the Mexican State appears to be the fact that the troops are not permitted to take the offensive against the Indians, due to fear or other causes. But when it is taken into consideration that practically the entire army of Sonora is composed of Yaqui Indians their lack of spirit when operating against men of their own nation can better be appreciated.

The Troubles of the Railroads.

The foreign settlers are not alone experiencing serious losses at the hands of the Indians. The Southern Pacific Railroad of Mexico, although a Mexican corporation, is actually a part and continuation of the American system of the same name, and runs from Nogales, Ariz., south through the States of Sonora and Sinaloa, into the territory of Tepic, and is projected to eventually run on to Guadalajara, Jalisco, the richest State of the Mexican republic.

At Empalme, a town built on the outskirts of Guaymas, the railroad company has erected an extensive plant with yards and shops, representing an outlay of \$10,000,000, and intended to take care of all the rolling stock of the Mexican system.

Under the Diaz regime little trouble was experienced from the Yaquis, but during the present revolution, the Indians have burned bridges, ambushed work trains, cut telegraph lines and committed depredations of a similar nature, when least expected. These attacks, the Indians claim, are merely part of their campaign to eventually drive the foreigners from the tribe lands, especially the rich Yaqui Valley, where the company contemplated extending a spur into the agricultural belt now being developed by the American settlement.

The necessity for maintaining open lines of communication has compelled the controlling military factions to afford the railroad more protection than has been given the foreign settlers, but this has been, as a rule, inadequate, as the lack of funds and organization has made it impossible for the factions to carry on a systematic campaign.

This year, finding but little active opposition, the Indians have become bolder in their tactics. The first casualty occurred February 25, when Jean Cameron, an American lineman, returning to Empalme alone on a small gasoline work car, was run into a siding unexpectedly at the village of Corral in the Yaqui Valley. Thinking that the switch had been thrown by some section-hand, Cameron ran back on the main line and then went forward to set the switch, but before he could accomplish this, a volley was fired from the thick chaparral. The

clothes were stripped from the body and the car rolled into the ditch and burned.

Since then, railroad men have ceased to operate singly and the military authorities have sent out guards on all of the work trains. These guards, however, have, like the rest of the troops, lacked spirit. A work train was attacked at a small town in the valley June 15 and two Americans were wounded and of the train guard two were killed and eleven wounded. One of the Americans wounded, W. E. Bach, who served as a sergeant in the American cavalry during the operations of our army against the Apaches in Arizona, in speaking of the attack, said, as he gesticulated with his bandaged right hand, which had been shattered by a Yaqui bullet:

"The soldiers simply lacked nerve and the Lieutenant in charge lay flat on the car floor, behind a pile of iron rails, plumb scared to death, and during the entire fight he never uttered a sound."

Relief Train Attacked.

On Sunday, June 20, a relief train, with a guard of eighty soldiers, was sent out from Empalme to rescue a construction party that had been cut off while repairing a bridge across the Yaqui River near Corral. No opposition was encountered until a brickyard on the outskirts of the Indian village of Jori was approached. By good fortune, five warriors showed their heads from behind a pile of bricks that had been thrown up to form a breastwork. The train was immediately stopped and the guard disembarked. Seeing this, the Indians swarmed on to the track and a lively battle followed, as the train backed off to a safe distance, leaving the soldiers to show their metal.

Twenty-seven of the guard were killed, twenty-four wounded and twenty-two reported missing. The Indians then withdrew and after picking up the wounded and the few remaining members of the guard, the train returned to Empalme, abandoning the expedition.

Admiral Howard made his appearance with a strong expeditionary force of marines and bluejackets aboard the cruiser Colorado at Guaymas, on the evening of this attack, but since his arrival the Indians have either withdrawn to the mountains or are apparently peaceful citizens.

After an interview with the admiral, the military commandant of Guaymas dispatched a relief train with a guard of 250 soldiers and rescued the construction gang, but the train was not molested. A garrison was also sent into the valley to protect the settlers and again peace and quiet reigns, but for how long, is a question highly problematical.

To Admiral Thomas Benton Howard, commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet, has fallen the duty of pacifying the Indians in the most diplomatic manner possible and, besides his years of experience, he is equipped for the task with a 15,000-ton cruiser and a regiment of marines and bluejackets; but the present is but the latest of many Indian questions along the West Coast of Mexico and the cessation of hostilities upon the admiral's arrival in the troubled district would indicate his coming had been heralded to all the tribe.

The Yaqui is a highly sensitive creature and ability is required in handling him. Fair and square treatment must be given and consideration shown, but firmness must be ever evident.

During the attack on Mazatlan when so many of the Indians were wounded, the medical force of the flagship was landed for the sake of humanity. Wounds were dressed and medical necessities were supplied to hundreds of warriors. This, apparently, was highly appreciated, for after the capture of the city the chief of the Indians sent word to the admiral requesting an interview. A time was promptly set and the chief appeared unaccompanied aboard the flagship, and to the admiral set forth the ambitions of the Yaqui nation.

This friendly interview proved of real value, for when a second expedition of 700 Indians was sent to the French mining town of Santa Rosalia, Lower California, immediately after the Indian mutiny at that place, the same Indian chief found Admiral Howard in port to welcome him. A conference was arranged and after a thorough discussion, the chief decided that the logical procedure would be to abandon operations in Lower California, and to the surprise of the populace, the army of warriors set sail for Guaymas next morning and since that sixteenth day of October, 1914, Santa Rosalia has enjoyed a period of peace and quiet.

It's on the Way.
The way of conventions, but Los Angeles led them all. During the months of June and July a total of 17,413 delegates came to this city to attend various conventions. Seattle was second, with a roll of 14,972. The meeting of the Mike brought the biggest crowd in Los Angeles, 10,571. The by all signs the main army is not far behind. The warhead is here already, and with each revolving week it draws nearer. The warhead is here already, and with each revolving week it draws nearer. The warhead is here already, and with each revolving week it draws nearer.

California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. [Saturday, September 4, 1915]



DEAR FRIENDS, your Eagle has never been able to decide in a manner satisfactory to his own mind how long you have been on this earth. According to the cosmogony of Moses, or rather of Bishop Ussher, accepted by nearly everybody until quite recently, our stay on earth is not more than 6000 years. But nobody any longer believes in the Mosaic cosmogony, alias Ussher's chronology, any more than they do in Milton's theology, including his hierarchy of heaven. This, by the way, is responsible for as much, if not more, of your conception of the Christian religion as the Bible itself is.

Going into the records of the rocks you have never been able to decide satisfactorily for yourselves the age of the earth. Archaeologists, especially those very learned in Egyptian lore, tell us that there are civilizations buried under the sands of the Nile successively, the lowest one yet reached indicating the existence of men at least 10,000 years ago. The geologists put the age of man at hundreds of thousands of years at least, and running up into millions of years.

For the Eagle's purpose at this time it is unnecessary to solve these puzzles, and reach any definite conclusion. It is accepted by all whose intelligence entitles them to any consideration whatsoever that you have been on the earth at least 10,000 years. That is quite long enough as a basis for the thoughts in the Eagle's mind.

Conceding that you have been here 10,000 years, surely you ought to have learned how to think clearly, how to reason to proper conclusions and not go very far astray.

You have reached this stage of thought on many subjects, but you are as far away as the brute creation in other lines of thought. You are just as illogical as children, some of you as much so as puppies, kittens, calves, or even geese of tender years. Do not misunderstand the Eagle. He never "knocks" his superiors, primarily for the reason that he admires you humans with all but an unlimited admiration. Note, all but, not quite. Whenever he expresses any criticism adverse to you it is always done kindly and for your own good. Let your Eagle say that he is often perfectly amazed at your utter lack of clear reasoning or the power of consecutive thought leading you to just and fair conclusions. You are as blind as kittens 3 days old.

Down in Georgia the other day a mob, made crazy by race prejudice and misled by some influence or other, took a wretch out of jail and lynched him. This is the trouble. When prejudice or passion gets into your mind it acts on you like strong drink and puts your reasoning powers to sleep or drives them out into limitless space where they are no good.

The lynching of Leo Frank was bad enough. Every man engaged in it was guilty of murder. They were well-known citizens and it is no guess but a practical certainty that hundreds, if not thousands, of men and women in the community know just who the murderers are. They will never be discovered to justice and never be punished, for the reason that the whole community is bereft of reason in the matter, and peace officers, the judiciary and the executive officers of the community do not want to find out, and would not if they could. This is not all through prejudice. A good deal of it comes from cowardly, despicable lack of courage that does not dare to face public opinion, although the cowards know that public opinion is utterly wrong.

Your Eagle says the murder of Leo Frank was bad enough. But what awful aberration of mind must have taken possession of that whole community to permit the deed of the tree on which the murder was committed to the community and the building of a cement wall around that tree to commemorate forever the horrible deed. Even if the perpetrators of this murder

were in part justified by having facts that would establish in absolute certainty the guilt of their victim, yet it would have been better for the community, better for the people of all the United States, and better for the aggregation of humanity, to let the memory of the deed die out and pass into oblivion as quickly as possible. It reminds the Eagle of a remark made ages ago by an Eagle type of man and preserved in the Scriptures, which runs thus: "Whose glory is in their shame."

It may be said that the community guilty of this act were not the highest types of humanity. Perhaps they were not. But let the Eagle remind you, friends, that it was not done by a lot of poor, ignorant negroes, nor poor foreigners, uneducated and lacking the high civilization you Americans boast of. They were, at the least, just average typical Americans.

But the best of you, the most exalted among you, those who have had the most advantages of school, education, of experience of life, often show perfectly amazing lack of the power of right reasoning, clear thinking, analytical reflection, such as lead you to just conclusions. No one will excuse Col. Roosevelt's aberration of mind on the ground of his being in any way degenerate, much less would the colonel plead such a condition of mind as an excuse for any act he might commit. Words, to be sure, are not acts, but they show the trend of thought just as clearly as if they were. Think you that Col. Roosevelt was right the other day, when, like the fiend on the burning mountain in the pit, after Satan and his angels had been thrust out of heaven, rising up and saying, "My voice is still for war," he clamored for an instant declaration of war against Germany? The Eagle is always for peace when peace can be had with honor, and not otherwise. Your Eagle, fellow-Americans, sees that our country may have to fight with some of those engaged in the war in Europe, or may have to go into Mexico to pacify that war-torn country. But he is for doing this as the last extremity, after the most careful consideration of the subject and after every step has been taken, short of sacrificing the honor of the country, to avoid war.

Your Eagle flatters himself that Col. Roosevelt knew what he was doing when

he criticized the President for not calling Congress together before breakfast to declare war on Germany. He thinks the influence that produced aberration of mind in the colonel's brain was the idea of bringing himself forward prominently in a way that he vainly thought would please his countrymen and advance his own political chances for the year 1916. Col. Roosevelt is a good deal like the Irishman, Maloney, in the song, who "forgot that he was dead." The American people are behind the President, almost to a man, in his reasonable, commendable efforts to preserve the peace of the country with all nations. If it comes to a breach of the peace between this country and any other they will be behind the President, to a man, on the firing line.

Then to compare small things with great, there is a fellow who wrote a letter to The Times the other day, calling all newspapers and newspapermen liars because they print perhaps flamboyant articles of the glorious climate of California. This chap, in his aberration of mind, produced by disappointment in his own ambitions, confessing that he was from Chicago, seriously called our climate "a joke." Now, think of that for a man from the Windy City. His experience was just this one summer, when we have not had one excessively warm day, not a shower of rain nor a puff of wind of any severity, with one day following another in calmness, quietness and general clearness. His complaint seems to have been that the climate here was too cool in summer.

He has got a bunch of articles from the papers to take back to Chicago to have them printed to set the people's minds right as to the huge joke about the Southern California climate. He forgets that there are 3,000,000 people in California who have been here as many years or as many months as he has been weeks, who are here because of the climate, and who are continually writing back to friends "in the States" lauding the climate.

Yours,



THE LANCER

WE SHALL MISS our charming and courteous police force. But it will soon be sheer wasteful extravagance to keep them. Once the city is happily and thoroughly tagged and every citizen is under the necessity of doing his name credit, we shall all be so good that even the nicest of policemen will be an affront to our morals.

Perhaps our police department has not seen it in this light yet, but can they really afford to make us a moral city? Even Los Angeles would hesitate to keep them for purely decorative purposes.

On the whole we think the Arkansas method of identification is better. The Town Council of Hermitage has just passed an ordinance which provides that any negro found intoxicated shall be ducked in the blue vat at the dye works.

Of course the dye works people invariably inform us that we cannot dye blue over brown—we know this to our sorrow, for we had fondly supposed that we could issue forth in a new fall navy suit in this simple and inexpensive manner—but Hermitage feels that the change of complexion will suffice, even if it doesn't turn out a really rich ultramarine.

But the majority of our own sinning population is of another color. We might dye our immoralists a bright vermilion. If this plan were conscientiously carried out, the police would have a flaming testimonial of our need of them, and the punishment would gaily and sympathetically fit the crime.

Many a sinner, who is amiably satisfied to pay a lordly fine, or even do a spell in the city jail, would hesitate to jeopardize his complexion to that extent. The plan would do away with the necessity for jails and prove quite a saving to the taxpayer. At present the average man will fret and fuss horribly over a mere carmine nose. With the certainty that his whole person would take on that hue, his self-control would receive considerable moral support.

Scarlet sinners! The idea appeals to our artistic instinct. Then we really should know who's who. The tag idea could never be half so illuminating. Its authors seem to think that the mere name of the proprietor over a door will inform any sweet maiden as to the morals of the house she is visiting. But really, you know, what's in a name?

We, ourselves, are quite bright and intelligent but we frankly admit that "Thomas J. Smith" neatly engraved on a tin tag over a door would not convey any idea of the morals of its inmates to our observant perspicacity. How then could it inform a fair and innocent maiden?

But, if, on the other hand, we duly marked every sinner we caught by changing his complexion to radiant hue, it would simplify matters considerably. A child could pick them out. We might do much worse than develop the Arkansas idea.

A Dollar a Room.

IN THE meantime we see an enterprising gentleman is offering to clear any room of bed bugs, roaches or other unsanitary vermin for a dollar a room. He seems to anticipate a roaring trade, which is impolite of him. Still, he tickles our vanity by assuming that none of us really like these things.

It's a matter of taste, however. I once shared a room with a Boer farmer—and sat up killing 'em all night. He was very annoyed with me. After I had gained his permission to exterminate them with carbolic acid, he said I could jolly well occupy the room to myself, as he frankly missed their company. He had been used to them all his life and felt cold and lonesome without them. The entire family marveled at

my taste, and I heard afterward that it was one of the first things they told of me.

The Boer farmer is much more hospitable than he is given credit for. But he frankly admits that a hygienic guest gets his goat.

"Big fleas have other fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em
And little fleas lesser fleas,
And so ad infinitum."

And, of course, those of us who believe in the transmigration of souls can never be quite sure he won't be a flea in the next evolution. If we have expended our surplus wealth in the extermination of fleas it would be but poetic justice that we should suffer a like fate.

Those Ammunition Workers.

IT IS DREADFUL to think that the same innocent and industrious hand that makes a corset could, with equal facility, make a shrapnel bomb. Yet it seems that it is so. For when the corset-makers went on strike last week it transpired that, owing to shortage of corset hands, so many of the girls having gone over to the ammunition factory, those that remained had to work harder, and felt justified in demanding higher pay.

And the girls declared that the ammunition making was much pleasanter work, not nearly so hard, and really quite attractive. They conveyed the impression that they would all go over bodily to the ammunition factory if their demands were not granted.

A nice state of affairs, when such an intimate thing as madame's corset is in competition with shrapnel. And in France we hear that the artificial flower makers are all engaged on ammunition work now—a far cry from rosebuds to cordite.

But how about the women's peace movement and the feminist assertion that all women naturally abhor war? From all accounts they seem to be tumbling over one another to take a hand. England, Germany, France and these United States must have millions of women engaged on the deadly task—and reveling in it.

Why not Christabel?

AND THE quality of the ammunition seems to be the only thing that is above reproach in the conduct of the war. If they could only get enough of it the belligerents would be happy.

But the quality of the leadership, especially in England, leaves everything to be desired. Columns are filled in the English papers crying out for a great organizer, decisive, unswerving, unshamed. They accuse the present government over there, including the iron Kitchner, with feeble ineffectiveness, muddle, chaos.

Now there is no question that Christabel Pankhurst is a great organizer, decisive and unshamed. She succeeded in organizing night upon a couple of million women, supposed hitherto to have been unorganizable, and showed such appalling strategical ability that she made woman's suffrage the one live issue in Great Britain for several years, in spite of the concerted opposition of masculinity and Parliament.

There is nothing like her genius for mischief and orderly irritation in power in Great Britain today, and if the aim of a belligerent is to harass the enemy, we can't think of anyone more capable of organized unpleasantness than Christabel. Frankly militant and diabolically well posted on international law as her oft-quoted editorials prove, who knows but what she might not prove a modern Joan of Arc. Joan, knowing nothing of war, saved France. Christabel may be called upon to save England yet. And she could be relied upon to give them a run for their money.

Last a Long Time.

[Baltimore Star:] Mrs. Murphy's husband was extremely ill, so she called the doctor and then anxiously inquired as to the sufferer's state.

"I am sorry to say, madam," replied the doctor gravely, "that your husband is dying by inches."

"Well, Doctor," said Mrs. Murphy, with an air of resignation, "was good thing is my poor husband is six feet, three in his socks, so he'll last some time yet."

...hold his age" much better. He not only among savages. Moreover, civilized man among civilized people is much greater than ten grains to the dose, given at mealtime, the hypophosphites of calcium and sodium, little water. The other is the solution of given at bedtime in teaspoonful doses in a tent. One is the phosphate of sodium.

Since the introduction of vaccines it has been more and more evident that certain diseases were unknown—when most diseases were supposed to be caused by evil spirits or other equally intangible things. We know now that the poisoning from insect and snake bites is due to a toxin injected into the system.

...the amount of fat in the individual. It does in some unexplained way, tend to reduce the amount of fat in the individual. It is a general tonic to the nervous system, and it is a general tonic to the nervous system, and it is a general tonic to the nervous system.

ESPIE the fact that the present modes of living in civilized communities undoubtedly shorten life, particularly after 45, the average length of life is much greater than ten grains to the dose, given at mealtime, the hypophosphites of calcium and sodium, little water. The other is the solution of given at bedtime in teaspoonful doses in a tent. One is the phosphate of sodium.

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Saturday, September 4, 1915.

"Home, Sweet Home" - For Wife and Mother. For Daughter and Maid.

WARM WEATHER REFRESHMENT Fruit a Good Basis.

[New York Sun:] Fruit may make the basis of many meals in warm weather. It is used in its natural state with stems and plenty of foliage and sent to the table in quaint silver baskets, or bowls of blue and white china or Japanese ware by those who study out the coolest and most inviting effects for the home table. If kept in a refrigerator some time before serving fruit is cool enough for most tastes, but in very warm weather many persons like ice placed in direct contact with grapes, peaches and plums.

Icing Hurts Flavor.

Others object to the icing of fruit very strongly and say that cantaloupes are spoiled if ice touches the interior in the manner in which melons are usually sent to the table. Raspberries are better without either icing or washing when their condition is dry and perfect. This applies to strawberries, also, when they are selected and carefully boxed and to other fruits that come in the special cartons and boxes that keep them free from grit or soil. But in the case of the less expensive wares, which, in too many cases are displayed outside shops and on stands, washing is necessary.

THE CHILDREN.

How the Teeth Come.

[Today's Magazine:] The two lower center teeth are the heralds of the ones to follow. The next to become manifest, between the eighth and twelfth months, are the four upper center teeth. Between the twelfth and eighteenth months the other two lower and the four front double teeth appear. Then, between the eighteenth and twenty-fourth months, come the four canine teeth, the two upper being called the eye teeth, and the two lower the stomach teeth. Finally the four back double teeth pierce the gums. Therefore, at one year a baby usually has six teeth; at a year and a half, twelve teeth; at two years, sixteen teeth, and the entire twenty at the age of two and a half.

Common Mistakes.

The common idea that the molars that come through on either side of both jaws at 6 or 7 years of age are also temporary teeth, is a serious mistake. These are permanent teeth, and since they are generally the first to decay they should be closely watched, and promptly filled at the very first indication of trouble. Modern dentistry lays great stress upon the fact that it is essential that decay in even the temporary teeth should be checked with temporary fillings of cement, for otherwise the shape of the dental arches is so materially altered as seriously to interfere with the symmetrical and healthy development of the permanent teeth. It is also known that the habit of thumb or finger sucking definitely injures the shape of the arch.

THE COUNTRY HOME.

Design to Fit Site.

[Building Age:] A type of house that is suitable for almost any suburban locality is the frame house, with the exterior walls of clapboards or shingles. In building a frame house, however, it is necessary to have a design that is fitted for the site. With either clapboards or shingles, an exposed foundation of brick or stone is correct. Solid concrete, as well as the stucco finish on a wooden frame, also lend themselves to certain styles of architectural work.

Concrete and Shingles.

Another attractive combination is the first story of concrete or stucco with an upper story of shingles. A good combination is a dark red stucco lower story with green or weathered shingles above. The roof of this type of house should be tile and should be of a sloping and rambling construction so as to bring into play all the color in the roof material to offset the upper story of the house.

KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

Gelatine Instead of Eggs.

[Indianapolis News:] When eggs are high one hesitates to make white cake, especially if she does not care to use up the Kitchen Shower for Brides.

Kitchen utensils are looked upon as a minor item of household expenditure, when, as a matter of plain fact, they are exceedingly expensive if good, desirable ware is purchased. The bride who has a kitchen shower given in her honor is exceedingly lucky, for she will be saved a good many dollars by the thoughtfulness of her hostess.

The duty and pleasure of giving a bride a shower fall on the shoulders of her young girl friends, and such a party should be made a very happy and merry occasion. Originality must mark the entertainment, and a clever girl can sometimes think out a very ingenious method of giving such a party. Of course the shower idea must be uppermost, and for this reason an umbrella upturned is often used as a form of decoration. The gifts are put into this receptacle and in some novel method its contents are showered upon the bride.

NEEDLE NOTES.

Nosegay Pincushion.

[New York Evening Telegram:] Here at last is a pincushion that is really pretty! None of your ribbon-embroidered, ribbon-threaded eyelets about this dainty accessory for the dressing table. It is exactly like the old-fashioned nosegay that is coming back to its own with hoops and flowered taffetas, but instead of the central posy there is tucked a wee, silk-covered cushion that will hold as many pins as any respectable button and hook sewing lady could use in a year. And such a simple little article to make.

The "Frillier" the Better.

A small bran-filled cushion for the center, a stout wire run through this, then a ring of roses about the cushion, then a frill of fine lace—the frillier the better. The wire stems of the roses may be wound around the central wire and the whole thing wound with pink ribbon or silver braid, a loop being left near the top for hanging on dressing table or bureau. Blue-headed pins, in groups of five, suggest an inner wreath of forget-me-nots on the pin cushion itself. Commencing operations with cushions about the size of a small walnut will result in the daintiest nosegays, which, as favors for the shower luncheon, will prove both useful and attractive.

PACKING POINTS.

When Moving Rugs.

[The Mother's Magazine:] In packing rugs, when moving, I always sprinkle with powdered alum and fold a few moth balls in when rolling them. Then, if not used immediately, as is sometimes the case, there is no danger of their being destroyed by pests.

Placing Books in Cases.

To pack books in small packing cases stand the parcels on end with the edges next to the sides of the cases and the back of the bindings pointed inward, and pack them with crumpled newspapers to ease the pressure on the round part of the books, which may otherwise be pressed flat. Line the case with wrapping paper. Lay a thickness of wrapping paper over the top and fasten on the cover with screws in preference to nails. Or if nails are used take care to see that they do not slip and injure the contents.

Both Were Needed.

[Baltimore Star:] A druggist lately received a hurried call from a small girl, who desired to purchase some linament and some cement.

"Linament and cement?" repeated the pharmacist, puzzled by the unique order. "Going to use 'em at the same time?" "Yes," promptly replied the youngster. "Ma she hit pa with a pitcher."

FOR THE VERANDA.

To Steady Chinese Lanterns.

[Pictorial Review:] When using Chinese lanterns for decorative purposes, put a few handfuls of sand in the bowl-shaped bottom, around the candle. This will keep the lanterns from swaying and also tend to prevent their catching fire.

Ornamental Screen.

For piazza use an ornamental screen is invaluable, as it can be placed to shield the tea-making apparatus from the breeze and its reverse side can be fitted with hooks for the holding of teacups. All projections must, however, be limited to the outer panels, as otherwise the screen would not fold easily and thereby would lose one of its chief advantages.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[New York Press:] Condensed milk is cheaper and as good as fresh milk for the making of cocoa, puddings and ice cream.

A small piece of camphor in the water in which cut flowers are put will make them last much longer.

If stockings are turned inside out when they are put with the general laundry, they will not be linty.

The efficient housekeeper knows that sharp knives save time, patience and give better results than dull ones.

When iodine is spilled on the sheets or clothing, simply soak the article in water for twenty-four hours.

A delicious drink for hot weather is made by squeezing the juice of two limes into one bottle of ginger ale.

To prevent milk from curdling when used with tomato, mix a little bicarbonate of soda before mixing the two.

A slice of potato is an excellent thing to clean white oilcloth which has become disfigured by hot cooking utensils.

There is economy in stocking the pantry with groceries that can be bought when the stores offer a few cents' reduction.

If the wire mattress becomes rusty, try rubbing it with tarriffine; then dry thoroughly and give both sides a coat of black lacquer.

If a layer of sawdust is placed on the floor before laying the oilcloth, it will make a much softer tread and increase the life of the cloth.

Raisins will stone much more easily if they are placed in the oven until they are heated through. They can then be easily split and the stones removed.

"Sempre Giovine Keeps My Complexion Soft and Clear."

Peggy O'Neil
"Peg O' My Heart"

THIS charming favorite of the stage has given to the "Pink Complexion Cake" her unqualified and enthusiastic indorsement. Everywhere, women who guard their complexions carefully are using this convenient skin cleanser in cake form.

Sempre Giovine

At All Toilet Counters

"The Pink Complexion Cake" owes its great favor to the friends it has made after a single trial. Go to your favorite toilet counter today and ask for a cake. Or better still, phone now.

Marietta Stanley Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.



Pronounced
Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay,
meaning
"Always young."

HEARTSEASE.

Mother's Responsibility.

[Mother's Magazine:] Don't allow yourself to get angry, petulant, or even impatient.

Don't allow envy, malice, revenge or resentment a place in your mind. Such emotions set up cross-currents in the consciousness that reflect upon the body and its tissues, coagulating the blood and demoralizing the nervous system. Many cases are recorded where the milk of a mother recently angry has poisoned the nursing child. Abscesses, tumors, cancers and like appearances are the vents on the innocent body of the violent mental throes within. Remember that every thought and emotion must in due time express itself.

Mother O' Mine.

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

—[Rudyard Kipling.]

KEEP COOL—WEAR A



California Ventilated Sun Hat. Superior to any Sun Hat ever made. Will last indefinitely. Made of Jungle Grass, hand woven. For children, misses and women. Regular price \$1.50. Introductory offer 49c. If your dealer can't supply you, we will send one direct prepaid on receipt of 49c. California Sun Hat Co., 5935 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. See Exhibit, 222 E. Bldg.

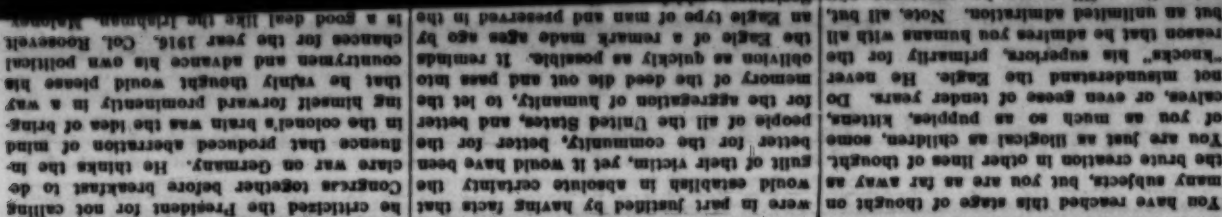
THE MILK DIET TREATMENT

is good for any wrong condition of the body, such as anemia, indigestion, common stomach troubles, liver and kidney affections, rheumatism, eczema and other skin diseases, high and low blood pressure and certain forms of heart disease, constipation, etc. Those wishing to gain weight address

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DO YOU ITCH

From Any Cause—Instant Relief by
MILLS' ECZEMA REMEDY
FREE For Sale by Druggists.
Sample and Advice at
Laboratory, 223 W. Second St., Los Angeles.



It's on the Way.

The Convention City.

These facts are pretty well appreciated by all the American people, more so this year than they have been in the past, but will be better appreciated next year and then more so the year after, pretty nearly world without end. All the cities of the Coast reaped benefits during the year in

Concrete Signs.

Let It be so Ordered.

A Good Programme.

Is this Citizen Correct?

Let It be Done.

[293]

Go In and Get It.

Notes of Progress.

The Hanover Company, makers of Venetian blinds, have secured a site on Raymond avenue for a factory.

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

Civilization and Prolonged Life.

DESPITE the fact that the present modes of living in civilized communities undoubtedly shorten life, particularly after 45, the average length of life among civilized people is much greater than among savages. Moreover, civilized man "holds his age" much better. He not only appears to be younger for his years than the lower type of savage, but the state of his anatomical organs prove that he is actually so. The Australian native, for example, shows the same age changes at 45 that the European does at 65.

The explanation of this difference lies in civilized man's immunity to food poisons, due to the variety of his diet. Throughout the ages he has been sampling all manner of foodstuffs, and countless numbers have been killed by these experiments. But those who survived, and their descendants, gradually acquired immunity, until today civilized man is less susceptible to food poisons than any savage or animal. If the Australian savage were to eat and drink the food and liquids consumed regularly by an American as routine diet, he would quickly succumb to the unaccustomed poisons.

Energy and Longevity.

But food-poisons are not the only factors curtailing longevity. Inactivity of the brain cells with the resultant lack of energy tend to shorten life and, conversely, the opposite condition tends to lengthen it. "Longevity usually goes with much energy and power of work, which are qualities displayed by and necessary for famous men," says Dr. C. W. Saleeby, the celebrated English physician. "So we find that a large proportion of famous people live to be old, and can usually do work in their later years. Recent examples like Spencer and Meredith, Kelvin and Galton, Lister and Booth, can be multiplied to any extent."

We hear a great deal these days about men "working themselves to death." In point of fact, the danger from "rusting out" is far greater than from shortening one's life by excessive energy.

Controlling Your Weight.

Generally speaking, most persons over 35 years of age fall into one of two classes: (1) Those who think themselves too fat and wish to be thinner; and (2) those who think themselves too thin and wish to be fatter. Of these two conditions, the first appears to be the more prevalent, more easily controlled, and to a far greater extent dependent upon the will power, than the latter. It is a relatively simple matter to lessen the weight of the fat person, whereas it is often impossible to add to the weight of the person who is "naturally thin."

Fat reduction is largely a matter of intelligent and persistent dieting, aided by a little judicious medication in certain instances. Some practical suggestions made recently by Dr. Beverly Robinson are easily carried out, and produce the desired effects in most instances. "Potatoes are fattening for many," says Dr. Robinson, "and to be deprived of them is a sacrifice, but a needed one. In my judgment, well boiled rice, with very little butter or gravy, takes their place with great advantage. Fresh bread should not be eaten; toast, crisp and brown, or zwieback, must take its place.

"A moderate amount of roast or broiled meat, mutton or beef, is proper; so is poultry. Many of the green vegetables, well cooked and seasoned, are healthy and proper food. So are eggs—two in the morning, two at night. If milk is taken, it should be fermented as in kumiss or matzoon. A light dry wine, such as Moselle or Hock or Bordeaux, is permitted. Brandy and whisky and above all, beer should be forbidden, except some times to aid a sluggish digestion or to promote sleep.

"Water is preferably to be drunk between meals. Tea or coffee at breakfast and tea in the evening, freshly made, not strong, with very little sugar or milk, in small quantity, may be permitted.

Medicines That Reduce Fat.

"Personally, I have found two remedies of unquestioned value in reducing flesh and that, too, without causing injury to the pa-

tient. One is the phosphate of sodium, given at bedtime in teaspoonful doses in a little water. The other is the solution of the hypophosphites of calcium and sodium, ten grains to the dose, given at mealtime, as a general tonic to the nervous system. It does in some unexplained way, tend to reduce the amount of fat in the individual. The phosphate of sodium is particularly indicated in persons whose livers are engorged by numerous dinners and indulgence in rich wines and pure alcoholic drinks.

"I would urge strongly in many instances the use, after meals and at bedtime, of the Bulgarian culture in tablet form, to be taken two at a dose. I am confident in many cases of obesity, the increase in fat is due in a degree, more or less important, to fermentative processes going on constantly in the bowels and from which poisonous results are constantly derived. Corpulency is, as I view it, certainly a morbid condition not infrequently, and here we have a clear indication for remedial treatment."

Chronic Deafness Increasing.

It is a curious commentary on our twentieth century enlightenment in medical and hygienic matters, that one of the oldest and most distressing afflictions, deafness, is increasing. Moreover, this condition is just as incurable now as it was a century ago.

At the recent meeting of the American Medical Association in San Francisco, Dr. D. Harold Walker pointed out that some of the popular hygienic fads of the present time tend to increase the amount of deafness. "One of the most important actors in early life," said Dr. Walker, in referring to the cause of deafness, "is the belief that a child cannot live too much in the open. In the strenuous climate of the East much harm results from the modern method of putting babies and small children out of doors to sleep, in all kinds of weather. If, for the past generations, we were accustomed to live in the open for the entire twenty-four hours, no harm would follow, but sleeping in the damp, cold winds of the winter and spending the waking period in a room generally overheated, establishes conditions most favorable for trouble in the future. The child often lies on its back, with its head low; a position which favors mouth breathing, congestion of the turbinates, development of adenoid tissue and infection of the eustachian tube by gravity. I have often noticed in a certain hospital where children are obliged to remain in the recumbent position because of orthopedic apparatus, that the number of aural affections is very large, unquestionably due to the unnatural position.

Too Much Fresh Air.

"Ill effects from sleeping in the open in all kinds of weather are as marked in the adult as in the child. Persons who at night have the extreme fresh-air habit, often are obliged to spend their days in close offices, or in badly-ventilated and overheated rooms; they wonder why the nose is usually closed and breathing difficult. When one sleeps the circulation is at its lowest ebb. The body is recumbent, and during respiration the nasal mucous membrane and the turbinal tissue hypertrophy in order to warm the abnormally cold, damp air. After a time the swelling becomes permanent, and a chronic passive congestion and a hypertrophic rhinitis (chronic catarrh) results. We should have plenty of fresh air, but it is not necessary to sleep in a wind to get it. The head should be protected from drafts and a pillow used. Our forefathers used pillows, and high ones; it is to be remembered that they had fine figures and flat backs."

It should be remembered, also, that sleeping in the recumbent position, like standing in the erect one, is a human trait of comparatively recent development. Our remote ancestors, living in the open, or lurking about caves, slept mostly in the sitting posture, just as the bushmen and the apes do at present. When, therefore, the habit of sleeping in the prone position was acquired, certain marked physiological changes must have taken place, particularly changes in the circulation in the head. We are paying the penalty of these changes in catarrh, earaches, deafness, and a dozen other maladies unknown to our remote ancestors.

Vaccines and Eczema.

Since the introduction of vaccines it has been more and more evident that certain stubborn cases of eczema, which resisted all ordinary methods of treatment, sometimes yielded to specially made vaccines. Recently, Dr. L. S. Medalla of Boston has reported the results of about fifty cases treated in this manner. The exact number treated was 51, and the results are summarized as follows: Cured, 43 patients; improved, 6 patients; no improvement, 1; results unknown, 1.

Undoubtedly these figures show a higher percentage of recoveries than can be obtained by any of the older methods of treatment, and Dr. Medalla's method of treatment is, therefore, of more than passing interest. It consists essentially in determining the germ that is causing the eczema in each case, making a vaccine from that particular germ and using it to cure the patient. In the series of cases it was found, for example, that about half were caused by a certain kind of germ, the others being the result of the action of several bacteria in combination.

The treatment consisted in obtaining some of the germs from the pustules, scales or crusts in the skin, and developing the vaccine from these in the laboratory. The usual method of making such vaccines consists in cultivating the germs in test tubes, then killing them with heat, and, after certain manipulations, using the dead germs and their products as hypodermic injections. In the vaccines used by Dr. Medalla, six thousand million germs or over were given at a single dose; but his results seem to have justified the means.

The Brain as a Phonograph.

The brain system has been likened to a telephone system. From another viewpoint it is even more closely comparable to a phonograph.

But the brain is a far more sensitive and universal recorder of impressions than the phonograph, because the latter takes note only of the sound waves, whereas the brain makes permanent record of every sensation that comes to it—not alone of sound waves, but of the impressions that are registered as sensations of touch, of taste, of smell and of sight.

Each individual cell is a tiny storage battery that accumulates energy and the cells are grouped together by connecting fibrils. From earliest infancy, vibrations of various kinds are being sent into the brain centers along the various nerve paths and channels of action are being worn smooth as it were, so that particular types of action in response of these specific impulses become more and more easy and "natural." This is what we really mean when we say that certain habits of thinking and acting are being established.

It is all-important for the individual that the channels of nervous action thus early established should be those that result in right rather than in wrong action.—[Adding Years to Your Life.

Madstones.

A reader makes the following inquiry about "madstones": "Will you kindly inform me if there is such a thing as a genuine madstone? I have one, guaranteed to me from southern people, to be genuine. I have had no opportunity to use it for either snake bite or dog bite. It is supposed to be boiled in milk before applying to the bite."

Belief in the virtue of the "madstone" for curing the bites of insects and reptiles and

preventing hydrophobia is a reminiscence of ancient superstition. It is simply a "hang-over" from the days when the causes of diseases were unknown—when most diseases were supposed to be caused by evil spirits or other equally intangible things. We know now that the poisoning from insect and snake bites is due to a toxin injected into the blood, and that hydrophobia is the result of a germ.

There is just one way in which the application of a madstone might be beneficial. If it were boiled in milk and applied to the wound made by a mad dog, piping hot, it might cauterize the tissues and thus destroy the germs. Otherwise it could have no possible effect, except in the mind of the victim. But there are several other methods of cauterizing and disinfecting a wound that are simpler, better and less painful. The tincture of iodine, or pure alcohol, or dilute carbolic acid are the modern substitutes that are much more effective than even a thoroughly boiled madstone.

Malpractice.

About one thousand years ago Sadi wrote: "A man had sore eyes. He went to a horse doctor, who applied to his eyes what he used for his horses. The man became blind. He took the case before the judge, who said: 'No damages; if this fellow were not an ass he would not have gone to a farrier.'"

LEWIS HOWELL ROGERS Discovers the Mainspring of Life

and without asking, is awarded a DOCTOR'S DIPLOMA OF HONOR BY STATE OF NEW JERSEY CHIROPRACTOR'S ASSOCIATION. This greatest discovery of the century shows that "Good health is good circulation only," and nothing more is required in any sickness or supposed incurable disease. Consumption, Typhoid Fever, Paralysis, Heart Disease and other "bugbears" vanish like a dream. (All can do it.) Everybody, without cost, can reach the Electric Center of their own body without a moment's delay and obtain relief from the numerous ills of life, as recorded of the ages of mystery, but grossly withheld for speculation by the most civilized nations.

Mr. Rogers finds this ancient practice to be strictly natural and used daily by California Indians, also by the sturdy Swaps, who are models of health and the women strong like men. The Times Printing Co. has printed the full method with free trial in 16-page booklet, which will be sent free to all who are interested in the subject of health. Read the wonderful book. Address Mr. Rogers, 303 Ave. 61, Los Angeles, Cal.

HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits **BRAIN AND BRAWN**, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

Are You Suffering from Painful Afflictions of the Feet, Broken-down Arches, Callouses, Bunions, Etc.?
Call on us for relief. There are numerous Arch Supporters put on the market to correct flat feet are made over a form, and in some cases answer the purpose. There is no ready-made Arch Support manufactured in this way that will give the desired results in more than 10 per cent of the cases. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the foot that may be affected and thus cause pain in the various joints. Our Arch Supports are made by perfect measurements and are guaranteed to relieve every case.
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731 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles

FOUND AT LAST
A Drugless, Painless means of curing all Diseases. "Radio," which is a mineral from a spring and your Vital Nerves, which is the Dynamo of Life, when used in conjunction, will relieve your disease, it does not matter what it is called, or your money is refunded. Good circulation of the blood means Good Health—that is all.
D. JAMES WASKELL, "Radio" Specialist,
612 West 8th St. Hours 9 to 6. Phone F1224. Women especially. I have a special message of Life, Health and Happiness for you.

DR. FRANK LAMB WILLSON
NATUROPATHIC PHYSICIAN
Practice limited to Eye and Nerve Disorders. Suite 432 and 433 Exchange Bldg., Cor. 3rd and Hill Sts., City, Astoria. Formerly 340 Broadway Bldg.


TRUSSES
Properly Fitted and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
At the
SUN DRUG CO.
Surgical Store
759 South Hill St.

Many of the Brazilian industries are operated with foreign money, and the country is open to Americans as never before. The amount of foreign capital already invested is more than \$1,000,000,000, and this must be added \$500,000,000 in Brazilian stocks and bonds. The amount invested in the State of Rio de Janeiro and parts of Sao Paulo and Minas Geraes only are well served by rail, and tens of thousands of miles of new tracks will be required to open the country.

Just south of these two States and bordering on the west by Bolivia and Paraguay is Mato Grosso, a great undeveloped region. Just south of these two States and bordering on the west by Bolivia and Paraguay is Mato Grosso, a great undeveloped region. Just south of these two States and bordering on the west by Bolivia and Paraguay is Mato Grosso, a great undeveloped region.

100,000 inhabitants. Belem has been one sugar and some millions of pounds of tobacco. The whole State has just about as many people as Chicago and of these perhaps one-fourth, a little more than 500,000. It is the city of Sao Paulo. The State has many millions of people, and it is altogether about the most progressive State in Brazil.

South of Sao Paulo are three States of considerable size, all of them high, healthy and fitted for the homes of white people. This includes what is known as West-Deutchland, or German Brazil, some parts of the country being largely settled by Germans and the chief farms and industries being picked out by them. They are the ones to pick just for to chop, and that takes place at that. They're the ones to come along in the season, and the high and low bush, early blues, the fact why chopper? Well, sir, for instance, in this here lay of timber, for instance, of huckleberries, the way we know, and for huckleberries. Chopper and swamp-mought be for huckleberries, but not for huckleberries, said Joe. They cracker names for huckleberries, but ain't chopper and swamper and black

The New World of Brazil. By Frank G. Carpenter.



The Republic of Brazil showing the States.



Sao Paulo raises three-fourths of the world's coffee.

A Mighty Nation.

FOURTH LARGEST COUNTRY ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

GREAT PLATEAUS FIT FOR WHITE MEN—BIG RIVERS AND THEIR WATER POWERS—THE AMAZON AND ITS 30,000 MILES OF NAVIGATION—5,000,000 ACRES OF COFFEE AND 2,000,000 SQUARE MILES OF TIMBER—MOUNTAINS OF IRON FOR OUR STEEL TRUST—OVER ONE BILLION DOLLARS OF FOREIGN CAPITAL ALREADY INVESTED.

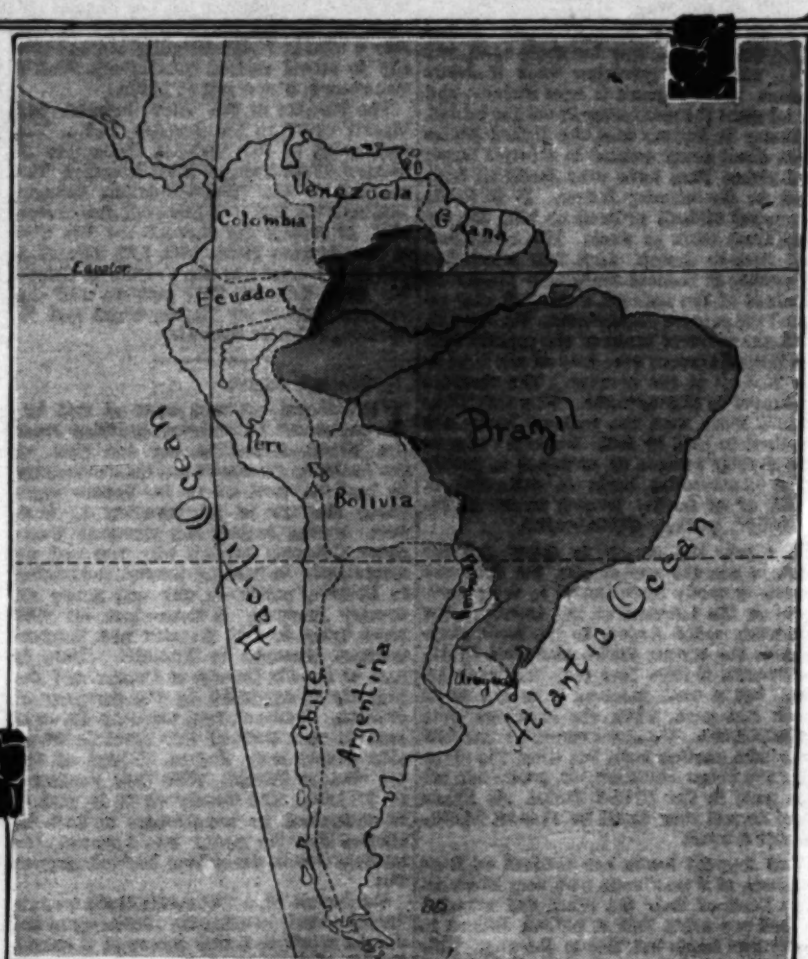
From Our Own Correspondent.

RIO DE JANEIRO (Brazil).—The new world of Brazil! I write of one of the mightiest countries on earth and of one of the least known. Brazil has an individuality of its own and it is a world in extent. It is so large and so rich that it could feed the whole human race and have exports enough left to load an aerial fleet for the planets of Mars. If Brazil were as thickly populated as Italy she would have more people than the continent of Asia. If she had as many people to the square mile as France her inhabitants would be one-third more than those of all Europe, and if as many as Germany the number would be equal to all the people of our hemisphere and Europe, Africa and Australia, leaving 200,000,000 to spare. If she were as well settled as Belgium at the time the war began, her population would be more than 2,000,000,000, or

more than all the people on earth, with enough added to equal every man, woman and child now on the continent of Europe. This gives you some idea of Brazil's possibilities.

Now look at the size of the country compared with that of certain lands we know well. I might give it in figures, but figures slide off the back of the intellect as water slides off the traditional duck. In equal square miles the number is more than 3,200,000. This means that Brazil is greater than the United States, excluding Alaska. It is fifteen times as big as Germany or France, thirteen times the size of Italy and about 290 times as big as Belgium. It has more land than all Australia and Oceania. It is eight times as large as Argentina and one and a half times the size of Russia in Europe. Brazil touches every country in South America except Chile. It has almost half of all the land on the continent, and more than half of the lands fitted for population. The country is so wide from east to west that if it were laid on the United States it would extend from New York to far beyond Denver, and its Atlantic Coast line would equal the distance between Boston and San Francisco, with 500 miles and more added thereto. It is longer from north to south than from Pittsburgh to Los Angeles, and its climate includes those of the tropical, semi-tropical and temperate zones.

The common idea of Brazil comes from



Map of South America showing size of Brazil. This country covers about one-half the continent.

the Amazon Valley. Many look upon it as a low plain, hot and unhealthy. The truth is the most of the country is made up of highlands, and more than half of it is an elevated plateau, the mean altitude of which is just about that of our Appalachian Mountains. The plateau is 2000 or 3000 feet above the sea, with peaks here and there that run up to 7000 feet and one that reaches 9000, or higher than any peak on the eastern side of our country. Brazil has four different ranges of mountains. There are some at the north between the Amazon and the Orinoco. There are the Andes at the west, and also the several ranges that run through the eastern part of the country. The latter come close to the sea and you jump from the tropical lowlands to a climate that is fitted for white men. There are vast tracts which are similar to California or our Southern States. Take the port of Santos, which, until the new sanitary work was inaugurated, was so unhealthy that it became known as the white man's grave. Santos lies on the sea in a land of bananas, pineapples and sugar plantations. You can take a train there and in two hours be on the plateau of Sao Paulo, whose climate is as fine as that of Los Angeles.

Brazil is one of the best watered lands under the sky. It has small regions of drought, but there are no great deserts like our highlands of the west, the Sahara and Kalahari in Africa, or like Gobi, Arabia and the Plateau of Iran. The Plateau of Brazil is cut by great river systems, and as to the Amazon, its waters carry much of the floods that fall from the heavens. Two-thirds of the main streams of the Amazon run through Brazil, and the country has other mighty streams, the names of which we hardly know. The waterways of the Amazon alone are long enough, if stretched end to end, to reach around the world, and its navigable length, if laid upon the United States, would form a mighty canal from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate. The Amazon has 1100 tributaries in addition to the River of Doubt, which Theodore Roosevelt has exposed to the world. The main stream and the tributaries have over 30,000 miles of navigable waterways. If you could confine them in

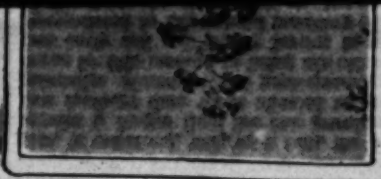
one canal, starting at San Francisco, they would go clear around the world and leave enough over to reach on to China.

Great Rivers.

But the Amazon is only one of the rivers. Brazil has a score of others outside the Amazon basin, the length of which, added together, would give a total waterway amounting to 50,000 miles. It has some rivers a thousand miles long, the names of which are not known to the man on the street. The Parnahyba is longer than from New York to Chicago, and the Araguay would reach from Chicago to New Orleans. The Parana, which is a part of the Brazilian system, is as long as from Boston to Salt Lake, and the Rio Sao Francisco has a length of 1820 miles, and you may ride upon it in steamships for days. Some of these rivers have mighty waterfalls. The Sao Francisco has one drop of 268 feet, or 100 feet more than that of Niagara. The Iguazu Falls are said to surpass those of Zambesi in South Africa, and in the State of Sao Paulo alone there are 2,000,000 horse power in the yet undeveloped cascades. The length of the Iguazu is 792 miles, the Itapicuru flows 990 miles, the Juguinoh measures 1670 miles. The Doce, or Sweet River, if it could be lifted to our country, would reach from Washington to Cleveland.

This world of Brazil is one of enormous resources, and its crops include almost every product grows upon God's green earth. The highlands are temperate and they will raise wheat and corn. The lowlands are tropical and fitted for sugar and tobacco, while between them we have the vast coffee fields that tickle the stomach and stiffen the backbone of the human race every morning. The coffee plantations cover more than 5,000,000 acres. The cattle number something like 30,000,000 and the possibilities in cotton, cacao, sugar and tobacco are enormous. The country is growing in manufactures. The capital already invested in industrials is something like 250,000,000, and of this the cotton factories alone have a capital of \$90,000,000 and more. There are 194 cotton mills now working.

PLANTSMEN GATHER.
ENTHUSIASTIC OVER THE BOTANICAL
BEAUTY SEEN IN LOS ANGELES.
THURSDAY, August 29, 1912, will be a
day half a nation of North America, for on that
and section of North America, for on that



THE OBSERVANT plant students marvel
at the resourcefulness and efficiency
of the Cedrus, or true cedar. These are
three in number: Cedrus Atlantica, the
Mt. Atlas cedar; Cedrus Libani, the cedar of
Lebanon, and Cedrus Deodara, the Indian or
Himalayan cedar. The Indian or
Himalayan cedar is the most common of
the Cedrus, and is the one which is most
valued for its timber. It is a tree of great
size, and its wood is of great strength and
durability. It is a tree of great beauty,
and its foliage is of a deep green color.
It is a tree of great utility, and its wood
is used for many purposes. It is a tree
of great value, and its wood is of great
importance. It is a tree of great beauty,
and its foliage is of a deep green color.
It is a tree of great utility, and its wood
is used for many purposes. It is a tree
of great value, and its wood is of great
importance. It is a tree of great beauty,
and its foliage is of a deep green color.

THE MANAGERS of large concerns, such
as department stores and factories,
have themselves assumed the task of provid-
ing decent, clean recreation for their em-
ployees. Very large sums have been spent
on such concerns as the Dayton Cash Reg-

The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Brautnon.

Streets, Parks, Lakes,
Gardens, Grounds.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 4, 1912.

[Saturday, September 4, 1912.

The Labor Cost of Living From a Garden.

By M. V. Hartranft.

LOOKING AHEAD.

POPULAR belief as yet only grudgingly accepts the evidence already accumulating that a good living can be "taken" from a single acre of ground in Southern California by large masses of people. Just why the superior climate and soil of California cannot accomplish more for vast millions than is accomplished in so many other countries would be hard to explain. Our climate and our government are both less oppressive; hence the ultimate result to be achieved in Southern California will be such as to command a new mark in human history.

Other nationalities, versed in the art of deriving a comfortable living from areas so small as an acre of irrigated land are short of land in their own country; therefore, shall we not in time be confronted with occupancy of these vast acres by foreign races unless we occupy and enjoy them ourselves? Is there any public policy so important to California today as this question of economic reorganization—getting our people back to earth?

A letter published last week objected to a landward movement of the city population, because of their inexperience, and because crops in all our large valleys are rotting upon the ground. "Even broiler chickens are bringing but half the cost of production."

The acrecultivist meets this situation by feeding himself, and stopping right there. He refuses to send into the congested cities products which merely go to the support of an excess middleman population, and do not return the cost of growing. This is accomplished through a plan of keeping house by the year and knowing by schedule what one should produce for the exact needs of the family. Growing broilers to eat is profitable; so end it there. Sell none. The "buying of money" to take care of taxes, shoes, clothing and the like is a distinctly different problem. An entirely different part of the day must be set aside to this, and sometimes an entirely different part of the acre. The first question is to ascertain how much to plant for the needs of an individual—and if perchance, the "money buying" plan embraces a rural pursuit, then that must in no wise be merged with the living from a garden. A strictly separate set of accounts is really needed to keep an American from drifting back into the old haphazard methods.

Three Beans and Six Grains of Corn.

Up in our section, where the real estate agents have finished the work of "luring city people" to their economic salvation, our folks are getting into the revolutionary undertaking of feeding themselves; we hold two committee meetings every week and a town session every Friday night, just to work out such problems as how many beans one should plant every Tuesday morning, and how many grains of corn, in order to have succotash until frost comes. And, ultimately to know exactly how many hours before breakfast we have to get up in order to feed our entire family from the garden and leave the entire day for money-getting pursuits.

Any one who has studied it knows now that any old haphazard novice can take a living from an acre of ground in Southern California, but unless carefully programmed one will putter around all day at what ought to be only a one or two-hours job.

We are aiming to live out the record of how many hours of labor is the cost of living from a Southern California garden. We believe it to be one or two hours a day. It might average more with new beginners; it will be much less with old hands.

A Programme of Life.

The acrecultivist loves the early morning hours when the wild life of the country comes up and ushers in the rays of sunshine that break over the canyon walls. His work is done and he is ready with a good appetite when the others get around to breakfast.

Tuesday is the planting day of the week. All other mornings, save Sunday, are the cultural days.

Here at September 1 the beginner studies

the official planting chart and prepares for a weekly series of small successional plantings in a long row; this only being a continuation of what others have been doing all summer.

He has a chart of his ground, and begins the winter garden. If rows can be made 100 feet long it is better, but it is planted only part at a time. The flow of water will govern the length of the row, for water must be made to seep slowly and deeply in the autumn. The manuring, the watering and the plowing of the new plot being ready, on the first Tuesday in September he starts a mixed row of plantings about like this:

Kind—	Amount Per Person
Lettuce—7 plants, 6 inches apart.	
Beans—3 seeds, 4 inches apart.	
Beets—6 inches sown thickly.	
Carrots—4 inches sown thickly.	
Kale—3 inches sown thickly.	
Spinach—3 to 5 inches sown thickly.	
Turnips—6 inches.	
Corn—6 grains, Bantam variety.	
Mustard—1 plant for whole season.	
Onion—8 sets 2 inches apart.	
Peas—10-foot row; inoculate and lime.	
Egg Plant—1 plant for whole season.	
Tomato—1 plant for whole season.	
Cabbage—1 plant weekly; constant moisture.	
Cauliflower—1 plant weekly; constant moisture.	
Radishes—Sow thick between last four.	
Celery—Plant a solid row, 8 feet per person.	

If he has time, the beginner in September should rush in a couple of twenty-foot rows, one of corn and one of Kentucky Wonder beans, because the season is closing upon him—but one will not do this if he has been following the schedule all summer. He may include five inches of parsnips with the above weekly list, or as soon as he has a spare hour may rush in a ten-foot row now, which will last till next June, in the ground. If he is in frostless area he will plant one or two thirty-foot rows of potatoes. He plants one or two Brussels Sprouts near a leaky hydrant.

Having so little to do each morning, the beginner at this stage of the deal is apt to use his wheel hoe and slap in a lot of things that he can never use. In fact, it is so easy to plant so much more than you can attend to that this is the one great danger to the gardening question. We are considering the conservation of time for the application of the day to money-making pursuits, and each one will have to make such allowance for company or neighbors as they compute it. The first planting will not be over thirty or forty feet in length. The following Tuesday he will use the same list, except egg plant and tomato, and then will have two of his thirty-foot rows coming along. These small rows you are to ardently care for every morning after the few chickens and rabbits are fed. September is the secondary springtime of California, and just the time for beginners to start.

Acerculture of this character must be allied with two walnut, olive and ahucate trees, several raisin grapevines, prunes, figs, peaches and apricots enough for drying and canning, chickens, pigeons and rabbits (instead of a pup) and a hive for the honey bee.

It is a notable fact, and lamentable, that the tendency is to overplant all of the berries. One loganberry bush and one mammoth blackberry and one Himalaya berry per individual are as much or more than can be used if the vines are carefully attended. Blackberries need to be nipped back all through the summer as they start those new growths. First the main stem is shortened in about June, then the side laterals which appear are to be nipped back. This causes the new wood to form and it is upon this that the berries are produced. Properly pruned they yield an excellent autumn crop. This work, augmented by careful manuring twice each year, slow and deep irrigation and cultivation and the few bushes will give you an abundance, while a neglected row of forty vines will barely give you enough. With strawberries of the A-1 variety we have found that a ten-

foot row will give ten quarts of berries between April 1 and frost period. From this you ask yourself how many you want and plant intelligently. Twelve hens for a family of four is standard poultry figures.

Housekeeping by the Year.

Just as the Programme of Life is figured onto a card system, so is the housekeeping calculated from the maturities column shown above in the planting chart. This evolves a housekeeping chart for each month of the year. A menu made up from the maturities column for every day and every meal in the year is then shown; and then in the "advance work" column can be counted and set forth exactly the number of glasses of jelly and preserved fruits and vegetables contained in the whole year's menu. These itemized figures are carried to the proper month when they should be prepared and the whole month's work is on the kitchen wall, right at the time the crops are available for using. These also demonstrate how much less is required of each variety than usually attempted. Only those who have lived from an orchard and garden can appreciate the true luxury of the annual menu. Taking November 1 as a specimen; it reads this way:

Breakfast: Sliced salway peaches, corn fritters, comb honey, toast, coffee.
Lunch: String bean salad, fried tomatoes, milk gravy, boiled potatoes, tea.
Dinner: Tomato soup, ripe olives, lettuce, broiled squab, baked sweet potatoes, lemon pie, coffee.

The stories that come to us of German efficiency and preparedness are almost weird as to their painstaking exactness, but they by no means can excel Americans who get down to details in the same careful manner. And the American makes a joy party of such things when he strikes after it.

A Luxurious Living.

The acrecultivist is not taught to live on less. He is taught that the human animal is entitled to the best on earth, and you could take the menu programme for the past year from twenty of the most affluent homes in Los Angeles and find nothing but what is duplicated or served better on the acre-garden homes in Southern California. Programme, method and schedule are the watchwords of acre efficiency.

Back East, in the village where I grew up, we had the herd boy who came in summer and took our cow to the pasture. It will be so with our royal Swiss Toggenburg goats in the foothills. In our town we have not enough of the high breeds to employ a herder yet—but it will come and Nellie will go to the wild lands with the neighbor's goats and come back at evening to her accustomed stall. On this line we already have the bee-factor who manages our hives on shares, keeps the bees in good health, and as this article was in preparation he brought over 300 pounds of fine honey. If you like honey you consider sugar a poor substitute in coffee and in baking and cooking. Did the Mission Fathers have sugar? Is not sugar only a part of the careless habit of running to the grocery store and buying dinner from tin cans?

Anyhow the honey is free. The bees sing to me among the corn tassels these August mornings and buzz happily and harmlessly about one's ears. While they are gathering honey in the morning sunshine the bees are soft-voiced and docile as Jennings Bryan, but opening the hives for adjustment or for taking out the frames is another story. This latter makes them sound like Wilhelm der Zweite—so our bee-factor takes his living from his garden before breakfast, and he solves his personal problem of "buying money" with his surplus time, by taking care of all his neighbor's bees during the day. Since getting my hands into the honey business, I feel so stuck up that I am going to send East and get a couple of those rustic-looking straw hives that you see in the pictures of English gardens—those thatched-roofed affairs. Any Southern Californian who does not have honey when all these flowers are abloom is the one who is stung. He is living a counterfeit life—in the midst of plenty. He

is one of the great mass of people who are huddled into apartment flats of Los Angeles, innocently assuming that "you can't eat honey if you don't have money." So he goes and hunts for a job—to get some wages, which is all he understands. **Buying the Necessary Money.**

The superficial observer may think the acrecultivist's life a hard one. That it is necessarily systematic is admitted, but this is exactly what Americans and Englishmen need. That it is a superior life is also granted, when one thinks of the awful struggle to attain one-half such luxuries in the circles of salaried city workers.

"What will the acrecultivist do for the necessary money?"

In communities devoted to this art of living they will attempt to select some one main industry which the majority will follow so that the ability of the community can be concentrated on marketing the product. As but a small part of the acre is used in gardening, the money crop may be poultry, squabs or some other affiliated rural industry; but it may just as well be furniture work shop, or a publishing business. Many city industries will be profitably moved to such communities in this climate. Vast numbers of the community will also solve that small part of the problem in their own way, as has the bee-factor, and the commuter, who goes to the city on the 8 o'clock car.

In the matter of Southern California's expansion along this line, when we have the rural revival, the light of the little lands will shine into the home of the orange grower and all except the big speculative growers will feed themselves first and use their groves as the side money crop. The back yards of our working men and clerks will be used, if they are taught, and from this they will radiate to acre lots in time. In the teaching of the scattered masses there will be slow progress at first, but our Chamber of Commerce has already taken it up and is holding a daily noon lecture on the subject.

We have records of single city successes in Los Angeles which will be inspiring for another time; and there is the promised story of Duluth, whose Board of Trade took account of stock and found the city was importing from the South over \$5,000,000 worth of vegetables each year which they could grow in their own door yards—so they did it—rich and poor—and poor and rich. And husbandry dignified them all. These stories for another time.

It is really amazing how few things one has to buy in a community devoted to this tranquil life. A richer social life is pressing upon one's time and open social avenues beyond what the average man of the city hopes for. Amusements and study are afforded in the central club. Properly studied menus obviate much dependence upon the groceryman; proper selections of foods almost eliminate him.

The turning of our population back-to-the-land so as to change the tendency of the next generation will require help from the Federal government. We have public works to build, mountains to forest, rivers and floods to control, fires to fight and roads to be built. A homocraft army of 500,000 men, (allowed to homestead single acres, cleared and improved and made ready by the government for occupancy,) could each take their living from an acre and work half their time in public work for pay. If the nation will do this as a branch of the military arm—we have successfully prepared against all war and have rooted our population into the soil, whence cometh our strength.

[Washington Star:] "Any rattlesnakes around here?"

"What's your business?" asked the boy with the big straw hat.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Well, the last man who looked around here for summer board asked me a lot o' questions like that, an' when I told him there wasn't any rattlesnakes or mosquitoes or anything, he said he was a naturalist an' he guessed the place wouldn't suit him."

Many of the Brazilian industries are operated with foreign money, and the country is open to Americans as never before. The amount of foreign capital already invested is more than \$1,100,000,000, and to this must be added \$500,000,000 in Brazilian stocks and bonds. The amount invested in railroads alone is estimated at over \$225,000,000, and more roads are being surveyed and some are under construction. At present the State of Rio de Janeiro and parts of Sao Paulo and Minas Geraes only are well served by rail, and tens of thousands of miles of new tracks will be required to open the country.

In the future I shall write as to the timber lands and mineral resources of Brazil. The country has some of the greatest forests yet unexploited. The woods of the Amazon alone cover 2,000,000 square miles, a territory as great as two-thirds of the United States proper. There are pine forests in Southern Brazil, and the highlands of Matto Grosso have woodlands intermixed with their pastures.

The mineral regions of the country are practically unprospected. The republic contains everything from gold and diamonds to iron and graphite. Almost 2,000,000 pounds of gold have been taken out of the mines and gold is known to exist in nearly every one of the States. There is a town in Matto Grosso where the boys look for gold in the gutters after the rains, and on the highlands of Minas Geraes the gold mines are now paying well. Brazil has enormous deposits of iron, an option on some of which is now held by the millionaires of the steel trust. The Southern Star, one of the fine diamonds discovered, weighed 254 carats. It is now the property of an Indian Prince. Baby Republic.

Brazil is the baby among the democratic governments of the world. It became a republic only thirty-five years ago, at about the time that Garfield was elected President of the United States. Its constitution was made as late as 1891. Shortly after the organization of the government financial experiments were undertaken, which caused the people to speculate. The result was a boom which collapsed in 1892, halting all public works and setting the country back for about ten years. After that came a civil war. The navy revolted and Rio de Janeiro was in a state of siege for six months. The foreign powers intervened, and finally in 1894 President Moraes, the first civil ruler, took his seat.

Since then Brazil has been moving straight onward. It has been growing industrially and politically, and it is now on a firm financial and industrial basis. The country has a constitution like ours. The government has three branches. First is the legislative branch, consisting of a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate, corresponding to our Congress. Then comes the executive, whose powers are exercised by the President of the republic. And third is the judicial branch, constituted by the Supreme Court.

The republic of Brazil consists of twenty States and one Territory. Some of these States are enormous, others compare in size with the smaller States of the Union, although none is as small as Maryland. Amazonas, which includes the western half of the Amazon basin, is bounded on the north by British Guiana, Venezuela and Colombia; on the east by Colombia, Ecuador and Peru. Its southern boundary touches Bolivia.

This State is one-fifth as large as the whole United States, including Alaska. It would make eight States as big as Kansas or sixteen the size of Kentucky. It has thousands of miles of river navigation. You can cross Amazonas on steamers from east to west and the largest ocean vessels can come from the Atlantic to its capital, Manaus, which is more than 1000 miles from the mouth of the Amazon. Manaus has 50,000 population. It has telephones, electric lights, electric street cars and a beautiful theater. It is a great rubber port. Amazonas has some of the finest rubber forests on earth. Much of the country is low and covered with woods. It has also highlands. It has a network of rivers, many of which carry more or less gold.

State of Para.

The big State east of Amazonas is Para. This State is ten times the size of Pennsylvania and about eleven times as big as Ohio, Virginia and Kentucky. It comprises the eastern part of the Amazon basin, and it has one city named Belem which has over

100,000 inhabitants. Belem has been one of the death spots of the world. It has been noted for its yellow fever and other diseases, but they are now inaugurating sanitary regulations like those that cleaned up Panama, and it will eventually be as safe as any tropical city. The total population of the State of Para is not half that of Greater Boston, while you could put all the people who live in Amazonas into Buffalo and still have room for something like 100,000 more.

Just south of these two States and bordered on the west by Bolivia and Paraguay is Matto Grosso, a great undeveloped region which is bound to boom in the near future. This State is a vast plateau nine times as large as either Illinois or Wisconsin and more than six times as big as either Minnesota or Kansas. It is in the tropics but it is so high that it is healthy, and parts of it are already feeding millions of cattle. The country so far is inaccessible by railroads. Its capital, Cuyaba, has to be reached from Rio de Janeiro by traveling several thousand miles. The steamers go down to the mouth of the Rio de la Plata and thence up the Parana and Paraguay to Asuncion. From there the trip is by smaller steamers up the Paraguay to Cuyaba. When the railroad is completed Cuyaba will be reached from the Atlantic as easily as Cleveland is reached from New York. The distances are the same. Then the trains will bring the Matto Grosso cattle to the packing-houses that are now being erected for the purpose at Sao Paulo.

The State of Matto Grosso contains more than half a million square miles. Americans who have recently traveled over it locating the railroad routes tell me the land is excellent. The population of Matto Grosso is now only two-tenths of one person to the square mile. You could drop its population into New York, Chicago or Philadelphia and neither city would notice the difference.

The Future Capital.

Just east of this State is Goyaz, where the future capital of the country is to be located, plans having already been made to that end. Goyaz is the center of Brazil. The State is bigger than Texas, and its population is just about one-tenth the size of the latter. A great part of the country is high and the land is rough. It is rich in minerals and is said to have iron by the hundreds of millions of tons. It also yields diamonds.

One of the most interesting States of Brazil is Minas Geraes, which is more than four times as big as New York. It lies east of Goyaz. It is bounded on the north by Bahia and on the south by Sao Paulo, while separating it from the Atlantic on the east are the small States of Rio de Janeiro and Espirito Santo and a bit of Bahia. This State is high and healthy and has one of the best agricultural and pastoral districts of the republic. It supplies the butter and cheese of the capital, and quantities of eggs, poultry and bacon as well. It exports 300,000 head of cattle a year and a great number of pigs.

The State is noted industrially, its manufacturing establishments turning out a product of something like \$250,000,000 a year, and its factories being numbered by hundreds. It is rich in mines. It has vast iron deposits, for which American capitalists are now negotiating.

The State is the most thickly populated of the republic. It has 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 inhabitants, but no towns of more than 40,000 and only two of over 35,000.

Rio and the Coffee States.

Rio de Janeiro is one of the small States. It is a little bigger than West Virginia and almost as mountainous. It has over 2,000,000 people, of whom half, or more than 1,000,000 live in the capital, the city of Rio de Janeiro. This State is noted for its factories, leading the republic in that respect. It is the chief State in commerce and is agriculturally rich.

Espirito Santo, at the north, has only 17,000 square miles, being next to the smallest of all the Brazilian States. Its population is 400,000.

The chief coffee States of Brazil are Sao Paulo, Minas Geraes and Rio de Janeiro, with Sao Paulo far in the lead. (Sao Paulo is more than twice as large as Illinois and its soil is said to be equally good.) It is the best farming State. It produces three-fourths of all the coffee used by the world, and in addition almost a million bales of cotton, hundreds of thousands of sacks of

sugar and some millions of pounds of tobacco.

The whole State has just about as many people as Chicago and of these perhaps one-fourth, a little more than 500,000, live in the city of Sao Paulo. The State has many millionaires, and it is altogether about the most progressive State in Brazil.

South of Sao Paulo are three States of considerable size, all of them high, healthy and fitted for the homes of white people. This includes what is known as West Deutschland, or German Brazil, some parts of the country being largely settled by Germans and the chief farms and industries belonging to them. These States are known as Parana, Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul. They border on Uruguay and Paraguay and have vast pastures and wheat lands. They are being largely developed by the Brazil Railway Company, which is pushed by Americans.

In addition to the States I have named there are nine others situated in the great cotton, tobacco and sugar belt of Northeastern Brazil. Of these the most important is Bahia. Bahia is about as big as Massachusetts and California combined. It has 166,000 square miles and its population is 2,500,000. The capital is the Port of Bahia, which was once the capital of Brazil and which now has about 300,000 population. Bahia is noted for its tobacco. It raises about 50,000,000 pounds a year and turns out more than 60,000,000 cigars. The State is said to be rich in minerals and agriculturally it is only partially developed.

North of Bahia is Pernambuco, a State noted for its cotton; and still further north is Ceara, as big as Ohio, which produces cotton, cacao and coffee.

The State of Parahyba is about as big as South Carolina. It yields cotton and sugar. Alagoas is another little cotton State, and so is Rio Grande do Norte.

Maranhao, which lies next to Para, is bigger than any State of the Union outside Texas, and it has only one railroad, about fifty miles long. Its land is fitted for cotton. The same is true of Piahy, another large State which adjoins it on the east. All of these States are now raising more or less tobacco, cotton, sugar and cacao. Much of their soil is rich and it may be that they will some day compete with the cotton lands of the Union.

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Chompers and Swampers. SOME TERMS USED IN THE HEMLOCK BELT EXPLAINED.

[New York Sun:] "I was in the lumber company's supply store, 'way back in the hemlock belt, not long ago," said John Gilbert, the traveling groceryman, "and a native evidently from still further back came in."

"Well, Simon," said the storekeeper to the newcomer, "what's the prospect's up on the barrens?"

"Why, I tell you, Joe," replied the citizen from the barrens, "both kinds o' chompers is goin' to come in fair to middlin'. Swampers, though, looks as if they was goin' to run a lee-ee-tle shy this season. Ez fer black crackers, socks abustin'! they're bound to come in thicker'n hair on a poodle!"

"O' course!" said the storekeeper, with a snort that seemed to denote contempt for black crackers, whatever they were. "We kin always count on them for a crop. Well, what do ye calculate the rulin' figgers is goin' to be?"

"Why, I tell you, Joe," said the man from the barrens country, "We'll hef to tax ye es much ez six fer chompers, an' fer swampers, way they'm lookin', can't be laid down to ye fer less'n eight. But ez fer black crackers, now—"

"Never mind the black crackers!" exclaimed the storekeeper. "We'll talk black crackers when the time comes fer 'em. Jag in all the chompers ye kin git from now on, an' ye can't git too many swampers."

"The man from the barrens said all right, and after a little trading he went his way. My curiosity got the better of me, and I took the risk and said to the storekeeper:

"I'm just goat enough, Joe, to want to know what kind of goods it was you ordered from that man from the barrens?"

"What kind o' goods?" replied Joe, plainly astonished at the question. "Why, ye don't mean to say ye don't know huckleberries? I've heard o' folks that didn't know beans, but I never see nobody afore what didn't know huckleberries!"

"I know huckleberries, all right," said I,

"but ain't chompers and swampers and black crackers queer names for huckleberries?"

"Not fer huckleberries," said Joe. "They mought be fer buckwheat cakes, but not fer huckleberries. Chompers an' swampers an' black crackers is all different styles o' huckleberries, the way we know 'em in this here lay o' timber. Fer instance, why chompers? Well, sir, that style is the high an' low bush 'arly blues, the fust ones to come along in the season, and fust rate stayers at that. They're the ones that folks 'll stop ez they pass along by 'em to pick jest fer to chomp, an' if berry pickers wants to eat while they're pickin' they'll give all 'other kinds the go by an' chomp the 'arly blues. So that style o' huckleberry got the name o' chomper ez long ago ez the fust settler in this garden spot o' Pennsylvania ever chomped."

"Then ez to swampers. Swampers is them big reddish black fellers that with a leetle sugar on 'em and drowned in cream comes jest about ez high to makin' a dish better'n stewed prunes with pits outen 'em ez high kin be—an' twist me an' ye, John, an' don't let it go no furd, stewed prunes with the pits outen 'em to my likin' is 'way ahead of any p'serve that grows!"

"Swampers grows on bushes so big sometimes that yev got to climb 'em fore ye kin pick the berries, an' in swampers so thick that some on 'em 'd make a weasel sick to think o' havin' to squeeze through 'em. I dunno what they'd call these big, juicy berries if they didn't grow in swampers—taters, mebbe, fer they ain't 'actly sweet nor 'rac'y sour, but a sort o' betwixt an' between. Then ag'in, swampers is so lickin' good that if they didn't grow in swampers an' was easy to git at mebbe they'd be the chompers themselves, an' then the question 'd some ez to what the 'arly blues 'd be, an' that 'd kind o' onettle things; so th' ain't no doubt but what matters is jest about right the way they lay."

"Which fetches us along to black crackers. Them fellers come late an' stays with us till 'way along in the fall, an' if they had ez much flav' to 'em ez they hev seeds they could give the chompers an' the swampers nine pints an' win easy. This style o' huckleberry grows on a high bush on the barrens, an' the hotter the sun is on to 'em the blacker an' seedlier they git."

"Ez ye pass along through this here stretch o' kentry ye'll git black crackers sot out to you with milk an' sugar lots o' places, but ye mought jest about ez well pitch in an' gobble a sasser o' glass beads. But in pies the black cracker goes good enough, an' I never go back on it when th' ain't no chomper puddin' or swampers an' cream."

"Yes, yes, John! Chompers, swampers an' black crackers. They mought be queer names fer buckwheat cakes, but not fer huckleberries. An' so ye see ye didn't know huckleberries arter all!" said Joe, and I had to own up that I didn't.

Black Sheep Needed.

[Army and Navy Journal:] One of the difficulties to be met in the selection of a natural mottled brown for cloth for the army is the shortage of black or brown sheep. In the experiments conducted in the Quartermaster Corps, under the direction of Brig. Gen. Henry G. Sharpe, it has developed that it will require 70 per cent. of brown or black wool for the cloth under consideration. A less proportion of dark wool would produce too light a color of cloth and would not meet the requirements of the army.

In peace time, with the present strength of the regular army, there will be no shortage of black wool, but in the event of war it would be necessary to use dyes in producing the cloth for the uniform of a large army. To provide for this contingency Gen. Sharpe is now conducting investigations to determine whether a domestic dye can be secured for coloring cloth. Unless this can be done the position of the War Department will not be improved by adopting the new cloth.

The European war has called attention to the War Department to the fact that the present cloth uniforms cannot be produced without the use of German dyestuffs. This fact is responsible for the effort that is now being made to secure a cloth that can be produced without the importation of any foreign material. Not until the cloth can be found which can be manufactured without the use of such material will there be any change in the uniform of the army.

[Woman's Home Companion:] Kenneth: Your daschund must have had a close shave. Emmerley: He did. The train surely would have got him if he hadn't had enough sense to get off the track sidewise.

The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Branton.

Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

Plantsmen Gather.

ENTHUSIASTIC OVER THE BOTANICAL BEAUTY SEEN IN LOS ANGELES.

THURSDAY, August 26, 1915, will be a day long remembered by plantsmen and parkmen from nearly every State and section of North America, for on that day half a hundred automobile loads of them were entertained in and about Los Angeles. The Society of American Florists and Ornamental Horticulturists, and the American Association of Park Superintendents had just held their conventions in San Francisco, where Angelino delegates had appeared and invited all to participate in a day's pleasure in local territory. Nearly every State and also the Canadian provinces were represented. And they came, saw and were conquered! Also concurred—that Southern California was the finest spot on this old terrestrial sphere!

That is who and what they were. And who were we? Leaders and laymen of the same classes and callings from local territory, under command of Capt. Fred H. Howard and Frank Shearer, with Mayor Sebastian a captive bound (bound only by ties of good-fellowship.) Starting from the business center promptly at 9 o'clock a.m., the long line went spinning southward to and through South Park, Exposition Park, E. L. Doheny's gardens and glass plant palace, thence to Westlake, Sunset and Griffith parks, arriving at the picnic grounds on the north side of the latter just as the sun crossed the meridian. There all partook of a genuine Spanish barbecue, supplemented by the aid of Los Angeles lemons and the aid of the beverage that made Milwaukee famous. All present being loyal plantsmen, the market price of neither lemons nor hops suffered a reduction on that memorable day.

At 2 o'clock p.m., the cry of "All aboard" was heard and the procession started for Pasadena, Busch's Gardens and the magnificent grounds of the H. E. Huntington estate, and at the latter place light refreshments were served by Superintendent Hertrich and his staff of assistants. From there delegates and other participants were brought back to homes and hotels, just as Old Sol tinted Mt. Wilson and the other peaks with his matchless glow of copper hues and cast purpling shadows into canyon depths, all to be later enveloped by the more somber shades of eventide.

Pages could be filled with the praises and thanks of the visitors. One said that in pleasure and comfort, in instruction and permanent educational value in plant life this day had eclipsed all his former California experiences. In the palatial glass house at E. L. Doheny's, where are assembled the world's choicest and rarest tropical plants, the horticultural experts stood enraptured at the vegetative luxuriance. Theodore Wirth, superintendent of parks, Minneapolis, who next to John McLaren of San Francisco, is recognized as America's most noted park builder, said: "I feel extremely thankful and happy that I have lived to see this, the world's richest collection of plants of a like number of specimens. Would that I could spend a week in this wonderful house."

H. W. Merkel, superintendent of Bronx Park, New York, said to the writer: "Words cannot express my feelings. I must simply take off my hat to this house and its contents, and let that act express my appreciation." Similar words of praise were heard on all sides and were reiterated times almost numberless while the visitors were viewing the multitudinous charms of the extensive Huntington estate. Just before leaving the latter place, Mayor Sebastian addressed the assembly in a few words of mingled welcome and appreciation, and invited all from other points to come again and again until finally they should be merged into permanent residents of our wonderful Southland of parks and gardens; words that evoked a hearty response of applause from all.

Native Sumacs.

IN RIDING over local foothills and mountains one cannot fail to be impressed with the vigorous green foliage held all summer by species of rhus, or sumac, es-



A QUARTER-CENTURY PLANT.

Our illustration shows one of two plants mentioned two or three weeks ago in an answer to questions regarding century plants in general. This one is 35 feet high and just 25 years old. It is a very attractive and interesting specimen in that it has a number of lesser or subsidiary flower spikes about the base of flower spike major and these are fully as attractive as the main shaft. The age at which the so-called century plants bloom in local gardens seems to range from fifteen to thirty years, more perhaps near to the lesser than the greater age.

pecially rhus laurina and the variable species that masquerade under the dual names of R. ovata and R. integrifolia. Both are fine evergreen species of great value in dry, hot, or neglected parts of parks and gardens. For shrubby masses everywhere they are equally effective, and in addition to these sumacs California has scores of shrubs of equal value for all purposes noted. The editor of this department has persistently advocated the use of this material for a quarter of a century, has induced Payne and other dealers to specialize in native shrubs and plants until of late years the demand has often exceeded the supply and each year marks a greater popularity. Procure a catalogue of native plants, study it well and you will find therein listed those suited to every need of the garden.

About Pot Plants.

A LONG mislaid letter from J.H.L.H., Los Angeles, asks: "Are earthworms in flower pots injurious to the plants?" Is it good practice and one generally followed in large nurseries to set potted plants in sand on the benches?"

Earth worms cannot benefit potted plants, and do injure them; then, why tolerate the "nawsty" creatures? There are several good reasons for using sand under or around flower pots. If one has but few plants he should bury the pots in sand up to the rim. This will result in a great saving of water and time and labor of applying the same. In commercial establishments this method requires too much time, and if trade is good the plants change so fast as to prevent so much attention being paid to the benches. So two or three inches of sand is placed on benches and in beds before they are filled with potted plants. This keeps both soil and air from rapid extraction of moisture, weeds do not grow in sand as readily as in common soil, pots do not bring away sand when lifted, as in the case of soil, and the general appearance is much improved. Sand looks clean, presents a uniform color, texture and surface and does not make dirty the plants or pots when splashed with water from hose or sky. These are reasons enough for using sand but there are still others, sanitary and otherwise.

The Resourceful Cedars.

ALL OBSERVANT plant students marvel at the resourcefulness and sufficiency of the Cedrus, or true cedars. These are three in number: Cedrus Atlantica, the Mt. Atlas cedar; C. Libani, the cedar of Lebanon, and C. Deodara, the Indian or Himalayan cedar, the giant of the group and the one most commonly planted everywhere. Whether planted in sandy washes, swamp muck, clay or adobe, or rocky hillside or mountain this wonderful tree is ever thrifty and beautiful, the most ornate cone-bearing that grows. Every year greater numbers are in demand and they will become more and more a dominant feature in California landscapes. Nor will their presence add monotony to the landscape, as do the formal Norfolk Island pine, Araucaria excelsa, for who has seen two cedars that were just alike? Or who has seen one not beautiful? Or who has one that he would gladly part with? As echo answers "who," all best plant one or two.

Make Mountains Accessible.

WE HAVE in California some of the most magnificent mountain scenery in the world. Our mountains, moreover, are "livable," not subject to great dangers, and should be used for pleasure and health yearly by hundreds of thousands in place of the few thousands that are now able to visit them. Switzerland has spent a vast sum to make her mountains accessible, but has received back many times that sum from tourists. Our mountain scenery in the high Sierras is as magnificent as that of Switzerland, but thus far California has done very little toward opening up this great treasure of beauty and inspiration to the inhabitants of our State and the tourists of the world.

For a Recreation Center.

WITH THE moving of the State Normal School to its new quarters, the city comes into possession of the old Normal School site. The Playground Commission strongly recommends that the gymnasium building be utilized for a recreation center. The building contains an excellent gymnasium, showers and lockers, and a great many rooms of varying size that could be used for all kinds of social purposes. It is located so centrally that it would command a very large attendance. The use of this part of the Normal School plant for a recreation center would in no wise interfere with the original idea of making the property the site of an art center.

Beware the Grass Fire.

AT THIS season of the year dry grass is as tinder to the fugitive spark; therefore be careful of all fires. So, too, is nearly all plant life more easily injured by fire than at any other time. For this reason fire should not be allowed to approach trees or shrubs. The writer would gladly support a law making it punishable by imprisonment only, to punish those vandals who allow grass to burn around plants of any sort, whether privately or publicly owned. Some people need protection against themselves, and their plants stand in still greater need of protection from criminally inclined owners.

Plant More Acacias.

WHILE the aspiring eucalypt largely dominates the landscape views of the valleys and foothills there is no family of trees better fitted to the demands of the public or private parks or cottage dooryard than the varied and variable acacias. Whether in flower or wearing their quiet summer dress of grayish or bluish green all bear a sufficient shade-yielding head that marks them as desirable subjects for building attractive and comfortable places of rest in all classes of gardens. During the summer days, when "all round the languid air doth swoon," the value of these plant emigrants from the Antipodes can be appreciated, for during the long, hot days, though they both hunger and thirst, they fall not.

Need of Recreation.

THE MANAGERS of large concerns, such as department stores and factories, have themselves assumed the task of providing decent, clean recreation for their employees. Very large sums have been spent by such concerns as the Dayton Cash Register Company, the United Steel Corporation, the Pullman Car Company, the Hershey Chocolate Manufacturing Company, Wanamaker's, Marshall Field's and the Emporium, in providing amusement for their employees. All this is not done merely for altruistic reasons, for employers are just as anxious to assure themselves a class of employees who shall be permanent, happy, clear-headed and always on the job, as to give these employees recreation. They find that this welfare work pays in increased dividends and in decreased labor troubles. They realize that the girls and young men who spent the idle hours in pursuit of the wrong sort of amusement are restless, listless, inefficient and often useless.

Phoenix for Shade.

NOT PHOENIX, ARIZ., but Phoenix Canariensis, an ornamental date palm. On this hottest day of summer, Friday, August 27, there is no other plant or tree casting such a dense and inviting shade. The spread of the one in the writer's yard, as stepped off by Theodore Wirth of Minneapolis but yesterday, is just 35 feet, and that doughty park superintendent stated that for density of shade no tree could match it. (The palm is a plant, but not properly a tree.) The leafy top of the palm is twenty feet high and through the thickest of this sun never penetrates. In this is shown one of the chief missions of this gigantic palm—to provide the densest shade for suffering humanity and had it no other mission one could, on a hot day, without rising, called it blessed.

Tree Wardens to Meet.

WORD comes that the Executive Committee of the Arboricultural Association of Southern California has postponed the autumn meet from the first Thursday in September to some time in November, the exact date not yet determined. When the time arrives delegates will assemble in Redlands.

Let Us Away.

"OH, THESE vast, calm, measureless mountain days, inciting at once to work and rest! Days in whose light everything seems equally divine, opening a thousand windows to show us God. Nevertheless, however weary, should one faint by the way who gains the blessings of one mountain day; whatever his fate, long life, short life, stormy or calm, he is rich forever."—[John Muir.]

What Will Evolve?

What will evolve from out this hellish strife The loot, the pillage, and the mad rapine? Some final good, some lofty goal serene, Must be for all who here inherit life.

What world-wide sunlit revolution rife Of liberty and love doth lurk unseen? The body-politic is foul, unclean, The fester sputters to the surgeon's knife.

Perchance the peasant and the toiler low, May rise to stature of enfranchised men, Europa's humble millions soon may know Fair freedom breaking over bog and fen.

If it be so, dear God, not all in vain, The vast procession of the malmed and slain. —[Robert Loveman, in September Nautilus.]

FOR FIGHTING FIRE USE GARSTANG GRASS BURNER

For the city lot owner, or rancher. Designed solely for fighting dangerous and useless brush and weeds. Clears off city lots or vacant acreage. Kills the seed of weeds and rank vegetation at the right season. Safe, inexpensive and an efficient safeguard against accidental fire. Burns oil, distillate or gasoline. Prices on application. Richard Garstang, Patented, 224 W. 30th St.

True, the Great dog feast, a part of the annual festival of the Indians, they the priests. The scene of the Indians kneeling reverently about the priest in the ramada built of reeds and leaves made one think of the days of the early mission padres, when the missionaries of these Indians were guided by the priests. Painted Desert are the Mission Indians who have been holding their annual Heala on the tractor field of the exposition at San Francisco. There were five families of the tribe on the tractor field of the exposition at San Francisco. There were five families of the tribe on the tractor field of the exposition at San Francisco.

Progressive China as Seen at San Francisco.

By a Special Contributor.

To the East of the T'ien Mountains, and on the sunny side of the Tien Shan, there is a nation abounding in prestige and the arts. Here abides our Mr. Liu, who has prosecuted his researches and carried them into bygone ages for artistic treasures. With the opening of the Panama Canal a direct route in communication is established between Asia and America, and an exhibition is to be held to commemorate the auspicious occasion and will be participated in by all the nations on the globe. The treasures of Mr. Liu are the glory of his land and their display at this favorable time will, it is hoped, gain for them deserved and everlasting repute far and wide.—(Liu Sung-Fu.

THUS reads an inscription in the Palace of Fine Arts, at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, an inscription fragrant of the glories of the ancient China; the China that today, paradox among the nations, is clinging to the western form of government which she has seized upon, yet is reluctant to leave the old ways; and as a child hesitating between two parents, is almost persuaded to forsake her foster-mother and return to the old form of oligarchy.

Strange contrasts in the life of China, examples of the beautiful, weird, and at times almost grotesque art of the ancient land, exquisite lacquers, cloisonne, ivory carvings and other products of the handcraft; these, the breath of the old traditions, are viewed in opposition to the exhibits of the modern schools, houseboats, river steamers, government railways and displays of up-to-date mining methods.

China has brought to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition a wonderful demonstration of the life of the oldest nation in the world. The new republic has not only erected her pavilions in the residential and festival architecture as it appears in all its magnificent grandeur in the Forbidden City of Peking, but it has also followed the plan of the mysterious walled city by erecting a brick inclosure around the Chinese pavilions.

With the exception of the main entrance, which is an example of one of the beautiful arches called "Pailou," in the center of which is a gate admitting visitors, the pavilion grounds are completely embraced by a brick wall surrounding and hiding from view the inclosures and structures within. The Chinese government has estab-

lished a replica in miniature of one of the secret sections of the Forbidden City of Peking, which for many years has been secluded from the outside world, a buffer against the rougher winds of the Occident that slowly are reaching over the vast expanses of the republic. The inclosure at the exposition reveals the famous structures so often mentioned by those western writers whose privilege it has been to glimpse the dream-like oriental temples, palaces and places of rest of the Forbidden City, part of which, since the revolution of 1911, can now be visited and seen in China.

Here is a reproduction, though not upon the enormous scale of the original, of one of the stately structures in which the "Sons of Heaven," as the Emperors of China were called, for centuries have received vassals and tributary princes; and where, during the closing decades of the last, or so-called Manchu dynasty, they have received visitors and the ambassadors of the powers which have upbuilt their trade with China in less time than a century. For in former periods, with the exception of embassies from Russia and of visitors from settlements of the Portuguese and from the India Company in the south, the western nations were secluded from the Middle Kingdom, under which name China was known.

The main floor of the principal pavilion is raised several feet above the ground. In the original palaces the floors are of plain stone. Here they are of cement. The interior decoration of the pavilions is rich and variegated. In the Forbidden City of Peking the halls are empty, while here many works of art collected with infinite painstaking fill up the three main pavilions. The main structures are the great festival hall in the upper center, the two side wings which are generally used for waiting or entertaining halls, a miniature pagoda on one side of the grounds, and a bell or drum tower on the other side. These five buildings and the entrance portal include the important features of the original structures in the temple of the Forbidden City.

In the three main buildings are products of the hand crafts, stools carved of most valuable woods with an infinitude of detail, tables, chairs, carvings of the famous black teakwood, large screens made of black hand-carved teakwood with fine silk embroidery panels inset. Chinese hand-

made silverware and ivory work. Brooches of turquoise, gold and jade, gold ornaments upon which the incandescent plumage of the kingfisher has been cleverly enameled—one of the arts of the Cantonese—are shown. Upon the floor in the center of the main pavilion is a large carpet of camel's wool, the weaving of which shows a map of China with its great rivers and long coast lines, together with names of the cities interwoven in Chinese characters. In the two wings of the main pavilion are many hand-made pieces of furniture coming from far-off districts, carved furniture from Ning Po, a famous section! bamboo from the south of China, great carved screens with figures of Chinese in relief calling forth admiration for the minute detail with which they are executed. Also upon the grounds is a reproduction of a drum or bell tower as well as a pagoda of a type famous among the sacred works of architecture in the Far East.

All of the Chinese exhibits, however, are not presented in the Chinese pavilion. In the Palace of Varied Industries, China demonstrates its exquisite manufactures of silks, linens, grass cloths, porcelains, bronzes, camel's wool carpets, the dressed furs in which the Chinese excel, and other industries that demonstrate the progress of the republic. In the Palace of Liberal Arts are models and photographs of famous scenic spots and places of worship in China as well as exhibits of sacred instruments of music and silk embroidered clothing for ceremonials. In the Palace of Education, an elaborate exhibit demonstrates the revolution brought about in China since 1900. When the old-fashioned curriculum of Chinese education, famous for the historical literary achievements arising from its use, was suddenly abolished and a new western method of education substituted, even the historic Ham-lin University, thousands of years old, was swept aside. And the revolution in educational methods has been beneficial. Within a decade and a half, China has accomplished wonders in the methods, having made particularly rapid strides since the revolution of 1911. In this section of the palace appears a very artistic exhibit of arts and crafts executed by pupils of the Catholic orphanage in Sikawei, and reproducing many of the most famous pagodas in China. Other wooden carvings give variety. The Chinese display in the Pal-

ace of Fine Arts includes pictures which have been famous for unnumbered years, as well as many modern paintings. This is decidedly the most wonderful collection of Chinese art that has ever been made at an American exposition. The exhibit also contains a great number of ivory carvings, of cloisonne, lacquer from Canton, Fou Chow Ning Po and Peking.

In the Palace of Transportation are shown a large number of models of sections of the Chinese government railways as well as models of the two famous railway bridges over the Yellow River, of station houses, houseboats and the modern steamers that ply the huge rivers of the republic.

In the Palace of Mines all sorts of minerals, most of which are from mines which have scarcely more than been touched, are exhibited. There are nuggets of gold from Mongolian gold mines, a model of the great tin mines as well as samples of anthracite and soft coal. Cement, fire brick and tiles are also exhibited by some of the great modern enterprises recently developed in China.

War and Newspapers.
 [St. Paul Pioneer Press:] The opinion is not uncommon with the public that wars are as remunerative as a gold mine to the daily newspapers. This, of course, is entirely erroneous. The circulation may take a spurt, but that is the one item on the credit side of the ledger while it can in no way offset the many debit items which are the direct or indirect result of war.

On the other hand, the daily paper must pay enormous sums to special correspondents and for extra news service and cable and telegraph tolls, while war generally means a big loss, due to the slump in business accompanying hostilities, even hostilities which do not directly affect this country. The Fourth Estate, a magazine devoted to the interests of the daily press of North America, estimates that the daily papers of the United States and Canada, during the first year of the war, were losers to the extent of \$35,000,000 through these different sources. And if the United States should be involved the losses would be even greater. In the light of these facts, it need hardly be stated that the interest of the daily press lies on the side of peace.



Chinese carvings in Palace of Liberal Arts.



Chinese canned goods and wines in Palace of Agriculture.

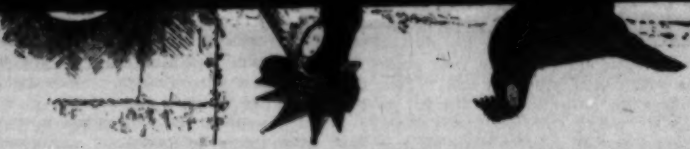


Rare screen and wood and stone carvings. On the left a costly cloisonne vase.



One of the reception halls in the Chinese Pavilion.

thing to do is to go visiting the big poultry breeders of the country. Look up the advertisements in the papers and find out where they are located. Go into the poultry settlements in the papers and find out where they are located. Go into the poultry settlements in the papers and find out where they are located.



A RECENT VISIT TO SAN FRANCISCO
THE A. P. A. MEETING.
The American Poultry Association's annual convention at the thirty-first annual meeting at the thirty-first annual meeting at the thirty-first annual meeting.

An Educational Convention for Poultrymen.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Saturday, September 4, 1915.

and one must visit white, black, buff, speckled, big and little, before he can tell which one he would prefer. An all-white fowl in a favorable location is a most beautiful bird; poorly kept he is unsightly. A glossy black bird appeals to many, and a buff bird to nearly everybody. The color one likes should lead him. The breeder of the speckled birds will pull out wings to show the beautiful markings of his pets. If this appeals to one as being more beautiful than a solid color, then that kind, because one of the finest fowls is the Barred Plymouth Rock. Again, one should notice if he likes the "big, stately, slow-moving fowl, or the slim, quick, graceful fellow, who half flies over ground. Each kind has special virtues, and no one bird all the virtues. Personally we cannot see why so many choose Leghorns for a family fowl, but people do so at a profit, and they are the egg-machine of Petaluma. They lay a medium-sized egg and many in the springtime, but few in winter, and are poor eating when the laying age passes to one who has the larger breeds.

When color and size of fowl have been decided upon, dictated by personal taste, a best breed for an adjustable person is not far off. To ignore personal taste in the start is a calamity. If one does not possess personal taste do not breed anything, but buy what is wanted from the market. However to be more specific, our choice for a family flock would lead to the selection of a breed that would supply eggs and also a good carcass for a family dinner, and yet find local climatic conditions and environments congenial. This leads to the American and English class—the Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Wyandottes, or the Orpingtons and Dorkings. Either will afford sufficient range in the selection of color of plumage, head and leg points, to meet the requirements of individual tastes for beauty and the gratification of one's artistic sensibilities.

Recent Observation on Moulting.

THE MOULTING period is more or less one of anxiety to breeders and fanciers. And though a quite natural process, poultrymen are nevertheless anxious to bring their birds through as quickly as possible in order to restore normal egg-production. In a recent bulletin Mrs. Whitaker, of the poultry department of the Washington State Agricultural College, takes the position that time and food for the renewal of her robe is the due of the good layer, but cautions poultrymen against mistaking the early moulting for the profitable egg-producer. Mrs. Whitaker states that in general the profitable pullet is the one that begins egg production not later than November, and continues her first laying period during at least ten months, or up to September 1. The pullet that along in June or July stops laying to shed her feathers and set about dress reform has cut short her period of profitable egg production to seven or eight months.

Early in July, hens that have quit laying for the season should be culled out and marketed. The profitable birds to hold over the second year are those pullets that proved themselves winter layers, and, moreover, continue egg production throughout July and August, when strictly fresh eggs always command a good price.

Trap-nest records show that hens require from seventy to ninety days to complete moult. During the first one-third of this period, when merely shedding old feathers, good hens continue to lay, ceasing only when their food is required to supply the materials out of which to fashion the growing feathers. Average layers, properly fed, should not be out of laying due to the moult for a period longer than fifty to sixty days. The older and weaker in vitality the hen the slower to moult. Generally the hen that drops a few feathers at a time, replacing them one by one, is not as good a layer as the hen whose feathers all seem to drop out at once, leaving her bare for a time.

Although the growing of the feathers in the latter case is no negligible drain on a hen's vitality.

It is possible to induce an early moult by selecting a warm period in June, feeding no mash, little if any grain, but the usual supply of green food and water during a period of from three to five days. This checks egg production and causes the rapid shedding of the feathers. This moult, however, is unnatural, and, as a rule, the hens require a longer time for the growing of new feathers than when allowed to moult naturally. Moreover, the poultryman, who hopes by this method to bring his old hens into early fall and winter laying, is often disappointed by the second moulting of the fowls along in November or December. Forcing the moult is not, therefore, as a rule, advisable.

The ration for the moulting hen should supply protein and ash generously. The supply of tender, juicy, green food should be abundant. Oats, fed when the shoots are one-fourth inch in length, and milk in the form of cottage cheese, are excellent and safe foods to force feather growth.

The mash should contain ground oats, barley or corn meal, wheat middlings with some bran. Beef scrap, if milk is not available, should be used to make up about 10 per cent., by weight, of the mash.

The poultryman should specially guard moulting hens from dampness and draughts, provide sanitary, roomy quarters, feed generously and regularly. The four-pound hen that has laid 150 eggs has manufactured five times her weight in food for man. It will repay the poultryman to acknowledge the moulting hen's right to new raiment and give her a square deal.

Sins of Legislators.

THE ENACTMENT of law by the average legislator has indeed much to answer for, which is invariably the result of ignorance—a total want of learning on constitutional law, of government, and of State,

Federal and international obligations and relations. Thus the so-called Chinese-egg law is already under legal scrutiny questioning its constitutionality. Though in force only since August 7, it is in the shoals of legal verbiage and opinion. Those opposed to its enforcement claim that it is unconstitutional, and hence no law at all.

Commenting on some of its phases, it is true that laws compelling the correct labeling of goods have stood the test; but this law is somewhat different. It is not a case that hen's eggs are being sold for duck eggs, but that they might be labeled as "fresh" instead of Chinese. But so might many other articles be penalized along similar lines. As a San Francisco authority on poultry products well says: "The question will then arise whether the Legislature has power to compel such advertising of imported eggs, while not requiring advertisement of imported cloth or other commodities."

"But there is still another aspect of the matter in that the law is an interference, whether helpful or harmful, with foreign commerce, and the treaty-making power and all that sort of thing lying without dispute in the domain of Federal jurisdiction. And might not Canada, from whence these particular eggs come, retaliate by requiring all who deal in California fruit to advertise the fact on a sign a foot high and six feet long, with the intent to suggest that it must be bad fruit from having traveled so far? We suspect that if the Supreme Court of the United States ever gets hold of this law it will make hash of it. It is a law calculated to produce friction with countries otherwise friendly."

And still, the justice of the law is apparent, it is an imposition on the public to parade Chinese eggs as fresh California ranch hen fruit, hence it is to be hoped that its provision to compel the labeling of the product for just what it is will not be denied by the courts.

Knowledge and Skill Needed in Turkey-Raising.

By M. M. Stearns.

TURKEY SENSE.

ONE OF THE biggest turkey-raisers in California, located now in the San Jacinto Valley, and who formerly raised turkeys on a large scale in the Sacramento Valley, was recently quoted as saying that there were no secrets to turkey raising—that all that was necessary for success with turkeys was ordinary care and common sense.

The statement is in a measure true, yet it is quite safe to add that many of those who embark in the turkey industry feel that something more than these general directions are necessary. Though most of the precautions that may be taken to safeguard the well-being of turkeys are based, naturally, on common sense, no little skill is required to determine the condition of the birds, and just what it is that they require for the time being.

To be able to tell at a glance the condition and requirements of a flock of growing turkeys is the open sesame of turkey success. Those who fail to make money with their turkeys, and who yet exercise all reasonable care in caring for the birds, can safely attribute their failure not to lack of common sense, but to lack of that peculiar skill which comes readily to some and only slowly to others, that for want of a better term we may call "turkey sense."

How to acquire this knack of determining the condition of turkeys at a glance is the most trying problem that confronts not a few of those who still have real success before them in the turkey industry. Only recently a lady, who has been raising turkeys for some years, told me that she had absolutely no confidence in her ability to make the birds do well; some years, she said, she would have fairly good luck, and during other seasons her work would be attended only by the poorest of results. "I am going to keep on," she said, "until I can raise a good proportion of the poult every time I set out to."

She knew all that most turker-raisers ordinarily know. She had read directions for caring for turkeys, for treating turkey diseases, and whatever other turkey literature was procurable. She had also had several seasons of turkey experience of her own. Yet she felt that turkey raising, with



BRONZE TURKEY-HEN.

With new feathers after the moult. The alert attitude and appearance indicate good health.

her, was still a gamble, and had no confidence, whatever, that the venture of any particular year would necessarily prove successful.

The only thing that she lacked, as far as could be ascertained in a half-hour's conversation, was the ability to tell at a glance the conditions and needs of her birds. She was not able, by merely looking at her young turks, to tell whether or not they were hungry; she could not readily determine at feeding time whether they were in danger of over-feeding, or close to the danger point in the opposite direction, so that they were close to being unhealthy from under-nourishment. In other words, she lacked "turkey sense."

There is no one prescription as to how to obtain this turkey skill in short order. But certain hints may be found exceedingly useful.

Never feed turkeys, old or young, without noting their actions carefully, to see whether or not they are eager for the food. The avidity with which they gobble down whatever is thrown before them is one

pretty sure indication of their wellbeing, or lack of it.

By learning always to notice the birds with particular care at feeding time, and then connecting results of such observations with the subsequent condition of the birds, one can do much to acquire proficiency in "turkey sense." When turkeys are not scrutinized carefully at feeding time, a sudden descent of sickness or weakness upon the flock comes as a total surprise—as one of those mysterious scourges which are commonly supposed to descend upon turkeydom without any real reason. But if one is noticing the flock carefully at feeding time there are usually to be seen certain changes that precede the departure of health from the covey of birds. Almost invariably preceding loss of condition there will be a marked decrease of activity at feeding time. After a few such experiences, of noticing this decrease in activity, and then the subsequent loss of vitality of the flock, one comes into the ability to prophesy, to a certain extent, what the condition of the flock will be after a few days' time, and take whatever steps may be necessary to forestall disaster.

The condition of the crop is always a pretty sure indication of health and vigor. By learning always to feel the crop, on any occasion when one is handling turkeys, old or young, one can obtain surprising insight into the state of their well-being.

The condition of the crop can be taken with other things—the bird's activity, appetite and so on—as a definite indication of the turk's health.

An empty crop is usually an indication of an over-fed turkey. A full crop usually shows good health. When the birds are being fed very scanty rations and show great hunger, an empty or only partially filled crop, of course, indicates that they are not getting enough food. This is not a common state of affairs, however, as turkeys ordinarily get, even when being decidedly under-fed, enough food to keep their crops from being entirely empty.

Just as a full crop in an active bird means health, so a very full crop in an inactive bird usually means impending trouble. Birds that have been under-fed or fed just as to a nice point of adequacy, can easily be over-

fed; they will gobble more food than they can assimilate with the greed which they have carried over from the preceding days of health, and it is then that they show, for a day or two, a tendency to listlessness with a full crop. Following this condition there will be, almost invariably, the usual one of listlessness with a fairly empty crop, that signifies the over-fed condition and loss of appetite.

The crops should be empty when the birds come from the roost in the morning; they should be full when the birds go to roost at night. A crop in which some food remains after the night period shows an unhealthy bird, usually one that has been over-fed.

One can learn readily to observe the actions of turkeys and tell much from the movements of the birds. A healthy, hungry turkey walks about rapidly when on the hunt for food—almost at a run—and stops innumerable times to scrutinize or peck at bits of growth or foodstuffs.

A bird greedy for food, traveling at such a rate, and with a crop that contains quite a bit of food during the day, and is filled up at night, is sure to be a pretty vigorous turkey.

Over-fed turkeys have a slow, listless walk when left to themselves, and peck at bugs or growing things infrequently.

A bird with a full crop, and this seeming lifelessness, is one that has just come into an unhealthy, over-fed condition.

A listless bird, with a crop nearly empty, is one that has been over-fed for some time.

An exceedingly active bird, with a crop almost empty, or entirely so, is, except when the condition is noted only the first thing in the morning, decidedly under-fed, and in danger of suddenly "going weak" on account of such under-feeding.

An exceedingly apathetic bird, that seems on the verge of actual sickness and has no food whatever in its crop, may be in this condition either as a result of over-feeding or under-feeding. If the former, the condition has come about gradually, the bird getting sicker each day, while if the latter, it comes suddenly, developing usually in a single forenoon, following a day of great activity and not enough food.

Progressive China as Seen at San Francisco.

By a Special Contributor.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Saturday, September 4, 1915.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

[Saturday, September 4, 1915.

Fiesta of Mission Indians at San Diego.

By A Special Contributor.

QUAINT CEREMONIES.

IN STRONG contrast to the Indians of the Painted Desert are the Mission Indians who have been holding their annual fiesta on the tractor field of the exposition at San Diego. More than fifty families of the Pala, Rincon and La Jolla Indians came from their reservations to hold their annual festival, play games and perform their dances. Tourists expecting to see Indians dressed in their war paint or native garb were disappointed, for the men, women and children were all decorously dressed in white man's apparel, having learned from long years of training under the mission fathers to dress and work as the white man does. But if not so picturesquely garbed as the Navajos, Apaches and Hopis these Mission Indians were quite as picturesque in many of their old customs.

True, the great dog feast, a part of the annual fiesta, was tabooed by the relentless Humane Society officers. When the members of this society read the shocking advertisement carried in the daily papers for "dogs for the dog feast" of the Indians, they hastened to prevent the sacrifice of any dog's life for such a purpose. There was no ban, however, on the fascinating peon game, the great gambling game of the Indians, nor on the war dances of the old men of the tribes at night.

The opening of the fiesta Wednesday morning was most impressive. The Indians, gathered about a temporary altar, sang mass which their beloved priest, Father George Doyle, celebrated. The priest then in a kindly talk told the Indians to "play," to enjoy their games, dances and feasting.

The scene of the Indians kneeling reverently about the priest in the ramada built of reeds and leaves made one think of the days of the early mission padres, when the ancestors of these Indians were guided by the priests.

The peon game, the gambling game of the old men and women of the tribes, is a great feature each year of the fiesta which is held in honor of San Luis Rey. Old men and women sit about a camp fire and chant weird songs, while in their teeth they hold the edge of a blanket. In one hand hidden behind the blanket, a small black stick is passed and the gamblers guess where the stick is. The Indians played all night long while here, so interested were they in the game on which there were high stakes. The young bucks, who do not engage in the peon

games, held several pelote games, the Indian football. Two teams play this, although as many may be on a team as desired if the same number are on the opposing team. They can run with the ball or bat it with a stick, and if one runs his opponents are allowed to tackle him anywhere they can gain a hold. There were no casualties in the game in spite of the lack of Spalding rules.

But if the games and tribal dances of the old men were of interest to the white visitors to the fiesta, the exposition and the stores of San Diego were equally enjoyed by the Indians. The Indian housewives, for these are not "squaws," so civilized and domestic are they, at once visited the shopping district upon their arrival here. Here stores for the next year, gingham, silks, and all manner of things were purchased. And the buildings of the exposition and the amusements of the Isthmus were not passed up by the Indians, young and old. But whatever they saw and what they thought will not be known until they return to their reservations, for nothing could surprise a look of wonder or draw out a question from any of them.

The Eagle dance of the old men Thursday night was the piece de resistance of the fiesta in the estimation of the Indians. Danced by old men of the tribes to their own chanting before the camp fires and garbed in beautiful head dresses and decorations of eagle feathers the Indians seemed to have learned the secret of perpetual motion as they twirled and danced to the endless chant.

Whether envious of the newcomers, who shared the interest of tourists at the fair, or for some other reason the Indians of the various tribes of the Painted Desert remained aloof from the Mission Indians and never one paid a friendly call on their more civilized brothers.

Don't Worry.

[Puck:] Mrs. Wullaby: De agent says if we ain't got de rent nex' Monday we's got to git out.

Sam Wullaby: Nex' Monday? Den we doan' need to worry fo' de nex' fo' days.

[Hobart Herald:] "What do you think of this second-hand auto which my father picked up at a bargain and sent me to use at college?"

"It sure is a rattling good car."



Manuel Dero in ceremonial dance.



Wah He Gan expert basket-weaver.



Religious ceremony at opening of Indian Festival at San Diego Exposition.

An Educational Convention for Poultrymen.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

THE A. P. A. MEETING.

A RECENT visit to San Francisco showed that affairs are progressing along healthy lines that presage a brilliant meeting at the thirty-first annual convention of the American Poultry Association, and also a large entry at the forthcoming International Poultry Show—both events being scheduled for the week of November 18. The time for entering birds is limited to October 15, which admonishes breeders to not only get their best birds in condition but also to be getting in their entries. The indications are that there will be a splendid showing of birds from the Pacific Coast States.

The programme that has been provided for the convention is one that no poultryman, be he a commercial breeder or only a fancier, can afford to neglect. It is practical to the core, each of the different speakers being a recognized authority on the subject treated on. In so far as completed, it embraces the following salient features:

Monday evening, November 15, reception to all members of the American Poultry Association.

Tuesday, November 16, 9:30 a.m., fortieth annual meeting of the American Poultry Association called to order by the president. Address by Lyman C. Byce, president of the American Poultry Association of California. Address by D. O. Lively, Chief of the Department of Livestock. Address of welcome and presentation of the exposition medal, Charles C. Moore, president of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Response by E. B. Thompson, Amenia, N. Y., president of the American Poultry Association. Address, "History of the American Poultry Association," by S. T. Campbell, secretary, Mansfield, Ohio.

3:00 p.m. Dances at California Building. Address, "The Poultry Industry, Present and Future; What It Is and What It Should Be," by Grant H. Curtis, Buffalo, N. Y., editor of the American Poultry World. Address, "Breeding and Feeding for Egg Production," C. T. Patterson, pathologist at the Missouri State Poultry Experiment Station, Mountain Grove, Mo., illustrated.

Wednesday, November 17, 1915, 7:30 p.m., address, "Open Air Housing of Poultry," Dr. Pripps T. Woods, Silver Lake, Mass., managing editor of American Poultry Journal. Address, "Methods That Have Made Possible the Getting of a Living Out of Poultry," W. Theo Wittman, expert poultryman for State of Pennsylvania. Illustrated.

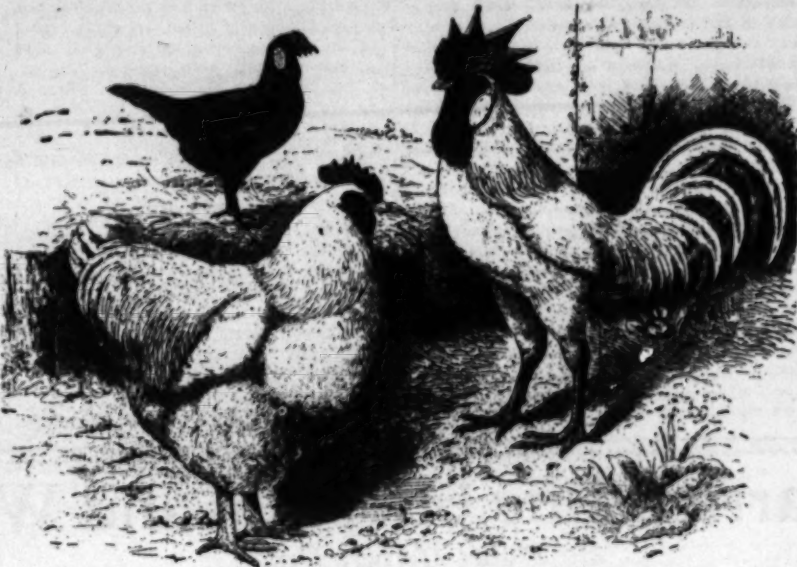
Thursday, November 18, 1915. Opening of the great Panama-Pacific Universal Poultry Show.

Saturday, November 20, 2:00 p.m. Blackboard chalk talk, "Science of Type," W. H. Card, Manchester, Ct. Illustrated lecture, "Chicken Pox with Special Reference to Preventative Vaccination," Dr. I. R. Beach of the University of California. Lecture, "Conclusions Drawn From Fifteen Years' College and University Work With Poultry," Prof. W. R. Graham, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Canada. Lecture, "Demonstration in Caponizing," illustrated with live birds, George Beuoy, Cedar Vale, Kan.

Monday, November 22, 2:00 p.m. Lecture, "Ohio and the Day-old Chick Business," Prof. F. S. Jacoby, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio. Lecture, "Selecting the Layers," results of experiments at the Oregon Station, illustrated, Prof. James Dryden, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Ore. Lecture, "Economics of Poultry Feed," Prof. M. E. Jaffa of the University of California, Berkeley. Lecture, "Demonstration in Selection of Laying Hens and Breeding Stock," Walter Hogan, Petaluma, Cal., originator of the Hogan system.

Tuesday, November 23, 2:00 p.m. Lecture, Prof. J. E. Dougherty, Davis, Cal., "Some Problems of the California Poultryman." Lecture, "Waterfowls and Their Management," Judge Charles McGlave, New London, Ohio.

Other interesting lectures and demonstrations, and special exhibits of an educational nature are being arranged for. During the hours when the convention is not in session



A WINNING TRIO OF BREEDS.

In the above picture are depicted three of the most popular breeds of poultry, all of which possess a wide following in California. The top bird to the left is a Black Minorca hen, a breed that is recognized for laying the largest white-shelled egg of all our domesticated fowls; the bird to the right is a White Leghorn cockerel, English type, showing a rather larger comb than the American birds of the same breed; and the blocky bird is a White Orpington male, a breed that several years ago experienced a veritable boom in this country, where it still remains a prime favorite.

there will be entertainment provided by the local poultrymen, consisting of auto trips, boat rides on the bay, visit to special points of interest, etc. Undoubtedly there will be an adjourned meeting held in Los Angeles, particulars of which we hope to announce in these columns at the proper time.

Selection of a Breed for a Family Flock.

Mrs. J. B. S., of Fresno, writes to this department of the Times Illustrated Weekly asking our opinion as to the best breed for a family flock of poultry. On more than one occasion we have dwelt upon this subject, treating it from more than one point of view, and only to return to it again at this time from the fact that our correspondent is evidently a newcomer to California with an intense desire to enjoy outdoor life and get close to the soil. In writing on this subject we may unconsciously be guilty of repeating opinions that have on more than one occasion been already exploited in this department. Broadly speaking it does little good to tell the novice who wants to break into poultry culture, either as a fancier, a city lot operator, or as a commercial breeder, that there is no best breed. If there were only two breeds, or even six, and any person had bred all of them for twenty years, with their separate needs in view, his advice would be valuable, no doubt. Yet his personal experiences would not be those of his neighbor because of different environment. A caretaker who has a small hole in the back of his poultry house, and a small, continual draft at night across the perched poultry, will find his breed delicate, when it is really not so, but will not stand a draft any more than another breed. Little things make or unmake a personal estimate. The caretaker who thinks good, reliable poultry do not mind such a small thing as a hole in the back of the house, will always be changing his breed, and he will always be unsatisfied.

There are so many different good breeds, no person lives long enough to try them out and write down his estimate for the benefit of the novice. A visit to a big poultry show, or even a small local show, is a splendid experience. To see the different birds with the different caretakers, and to know that the finest birds of the breed are on exhibition, is a strong leader to what will become the best breed to the observer. Each caretaker will show a decided preference for the one he exhibits, and he seldom shows more than two. The novice should never try more than one breed at a time. It becomes a question of importance as one looks the exhibits over, and considers the numbers of each breed on exhibit. Is popularity of a breed a real index of value? The numbers of persons showing the same speci-

mens indicate the value of that breed. One who has visited shows for twenty-five years can look back and see that popularity of one class of poultry, through its breeders, has indexed well the value of that particular variety. No popular breed has ever gone out, though it may be better adapted to limited localities, and not grown universally.

But shows cannot be visited this week.

Foothill Feather Farm

TRUE SILVER CAMPINES the Poultry of the Distant Past, the Fowl of the Future, long established in Belgium, England and Canada, but comparatively rare in the United States. Selected and mated breeding birds for sale.

Crystal White Orpingtons, selected Barred Rocks, White-faced Black Spanish (Rowan's sweeping prize winners), Black Minorcas, (ribbon getters), "Red" R. L. Reds, and the always on-deck Single-comb White Leghorns.

Fowls and eggs supplied. Day-old and 16-day-old chicks for sale. Choice of above breeds.

Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Pigeons, Deer, Goats and Dogs.

FOOTHILL FEATHER FARM, No. 7069 W. Franklin Ave., Hollywood District. A picturesque spot. 20 minutes from the city. 15 minutes from Van Nuys, 45 minutes from the San Fernando Valley generally, via the Cahuenga Pass. Phone Home 57278.

or next, in every locality, and the next best thing to do is to go visiting the big poultry breeders of the country. Look up the advertisements in the papers and find out where they are located. Go into the poultry supply houses of the city and get assured that the advertisers are worth visiting—poultry supply houses are the gossip shops of the country, but facts are at the bottom of all male gossip. You meet the big breeders at the supply houses and learn from the literature of things in general.

As one walks up to a pen of beauties, if he does not long for a dipper of grain to feed the expectants, he is no good as a prospective breeder; he had better buy his poultry flesh from the market crate, and his eggs from a labeled basket in the stall. If one instinctively turns about and wonders if he may get just a few grains to toss to the beautiful birds, he may be sure he is a fellow of poultry craft and needs only the opportunity to succeed with poultry. But the emotions will not do the breeding.

Midland Poultry Food No. 4

The greatest moulting food ever manufactured. It keeps your fowls in perfect condition while laying. It keeps them laying while moulting. If your birds are not laying try Midland No. 4. Price \$2 per sack.

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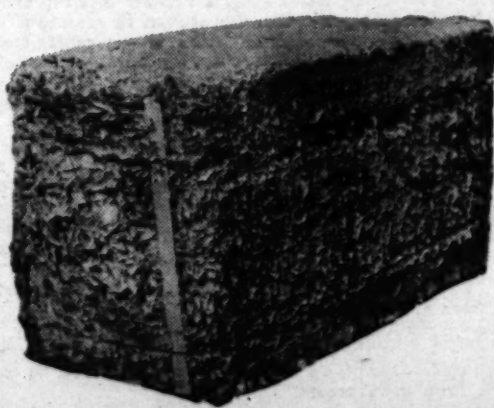
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The Yaqui Indian Outbreaks of Southern Sonora.

By Isaac Campbell Kidd, Lieutenant U. S. Navy.

AMERICAN INTERESTS.

THE Yaqui Indians, who have of late attained prominence by their dastardly raids upon the Mexican and foreign settlers inhabiting the rich lands of the Yaqui Valley, and the foothills of the Bacatetebe Mountains of Southern Sonora, now virtually control the entire State, politically and otherwise. Little is generally known concerning the activities of this nation, especially by the people of the United States, but since it now governs the policy of one of the richest States of Mexico, and has recently declared war upon the United States and Mexico particularly, and upon all foreigners in general, a brief glance at the Indian operations may be of interest.

Although closely resembling the Apache in their activities, especially as to subjecting captives to severe cruelty, the Yaquis belong to the Nahuatl family that inhabited northern Mexico before the coming of the Aztecs and not to the Athapasca family to which belong the Apaches. The tribe language is the Cahita, but Spanish is spoken by many members of the tribe, especially the tame, or "Manso," Indians of the nation, who occupy the villages along the delta of the Yaqui River.

The operations of this tribe extend from the Bacatetebe Mountains and upper Yaqui Valley, north to the American border, and consist of unexpected attacks upon pack trains going to and from the mines in the Sierra Madre Mountains, and upon outlying villages and farms. These activities have recently increased with alarming rapidity and the cause is directly due to the present chaotic condition of the Mexican republic with its absolute lack of law and order.

Since the days of Monteruma this tribe has been notorious as being a warlike people, but the Mexican government has been more or less capable of holding them in subjection, and especially was this the case during the latter part of the rule of Porfirio Diaz.

During the years of 1905 and 1906, Diaz inaugurated an active campaign against the Indians of Sonora, killing off many of the warriors and driving others into the inaccessible mountain fastnesses; and to prevent further outbreaks a chain of blockhouse forts were erected from the seaport town of Guaymas up the Yaqui Valley into the very heart of the Indian country. All Yaquis captured, men, women and children, were either executed or exiled to the far-off peninsula of Yucatan. Peace and quiet then reigned in the valley and farmers harvested their crops unmolested.

The warriors, or Broncho Indians—as the fighting men of the tribe are called—were reduced to about three hundred in number by this campaign and fear kept these secluded, and their operations were limited to infrequent attacks upon mountain pack trains in the wild regions of the Sierras.

Opening to Irrigation Projects.

Among the many concessions granted by President Diaz for the development of the rich government lands, was one to a Mexican engineer named Senor Conant, who conceived the idea of irrigating the barren land contiguous to that bordering the Yaqui River, and which was then an unproductive desert save for cacti and chaparral, with here and there an Indian trail from the upper valley to the famed oyster beds in the Yaqui River delta. This was to be accomplished by diverting the water of the Yaqui River in the upper valley, and as calculated, this would open to irrigation somewhat over one million acres of rich agricultural land. Appreciating the feasibility of the project, the Mexican government commissioned Conant to make a survey of this district and the headwaters of the Yaqui River, for which he was to be compensated by receiving a grant consisting of a concession amounting to one-third of all the land surveyed, with the privilege of purchasing one-third additional. This land the Indians considered as being their property, but the efficient operations of the Diaz rurales prevented any active opposition to the project.

The question of capital then became paramount and on this account a company was formed under the Mexican law, and operations were begun at once. A main canal, twenty feet wide and five feet deep, was constructed from the Yaqui River at Los Hornos

to a point twenty-five miles directly south. Unfortunately the company's capital was not sufficiently large to cope with the successful handling of the undertaking and it became financially embarrassed to such an extent that the company was taken over by the creditors and sold by them to the Richardson Brothers, a Los Angeles company, who were then operating a large mine in the back country of Sonora. A new company was then formed, in 1903, and called the "Compania Constructora Richardson," or Richardson Construction Company, capitalized at \$20,000,000, the bonds being sold in the United States to the extent of \$3,000,000 to such men as Harry Payne Whitney and John Hays Hammond.

The main canal was then extended, laterals were constructed and the land was cleared and opened to cultivation. So fertile was this valley that its remarkable annual output of three crops of rice and six of alfalfa and its adaptability for growing in abundance almost any known crop, brought many American settlers into the country to invest all of their worldly wealth. An experimental station was erected by the company on its cultivated farm of 3000 acres at Ontagota, and the results of the experiments were distributed in pamphlet form to all the settlers. Prosperity and quiet maintained until the overthrow of the Diaz government at the outbreak of the Madero revolution, at which time there were approximately five hundred American farmers in the Yaqui district. The railroad had been extended so that it now ran from the American border through the valley, and a state of general prosperity prevailed for Mexicans and foreigners alike. Then the seed of destruction was sown.

Given Spoils of War.

Appreciating the value of the Yaqui as a fighting man, bands of the Manso Yaquis, as the tame Indians are called, were formed into military units by the revolutionary party and upon the overthrow of Diaz, one of the first official acts of Madero was to grant an audience to a committee from the Yaqui nation arriving at the capital for the purpose of conferring with the President concerning their share of the spoils of war. At this conference it was agreed that each warrior was to receive a plot of ground along the Yaqui River amounting to about ten acres. The commission departed apparently satisfied, but upon its return to the tribe, the representatives became aware that their negotiations had been rendered valueless, for the nation considered the agreement unsatisfactory. Madero finally sent a special envoy to the Yaqui country and it is said this representative has been the only white man to enter the sacred stronghold of the tribe and the first to be granted an audience by the venerable old chief, Juan Jose Sibalaume, who, though now 85 years of age, commands all branches of the Yaqui nation and rules with a mailed fist.

More land was granted each warrior as a result of this negotiation, and the small plots of ground were to be stocked at government expense. The prospect of having a Utopian settlement appeared to have been attained, but as is generally the case with plans for the theoretical uplift of the downtrodden, the personal equation of the individual was not considered. The Indian for years has preferred to have the "Yori," or white man, till the fields while he looked on, unseen from afar, until the harvest time, unseen from afar, until the harvest time, with all its splendor, stirred the anarchistic spirit into action and, unexpectedly, with other braves, he would raid an outlying ranch, carrying off the harvested crops to his mountain cache. The farms apportioned by the government to the Indians were soon either sold or deserted; but carefree, the warriors were content; preferring to come and go as they saw fit. Demands were soon made by the Indians upon the government for food, and promptly carloads of provisions were dispatched from Guaymas by the Constitutionalist Governor of the State as tribute to the fighting men.

The fighting ability of the Yaqui was undisputed, and appreciating this, during the second revolution, the Constitutionalist chiefs, such as Obregon and Villa, endeavored to use them to the best advantage.

Arms and ammunition were furnished by the government without limit, it was and is now a sight not in the least unusual, to see a swarthy, sandal-footed warrior have three belts of cartridges around his middle, with additional belts, carried bandolier-fashion across each shoulder. The rifles now in the possession of the Indians are, with few exceptions, 30-30 Winchesters, but most of these show signs of careless treatment. One thousand Mauser rifles were captured from the Federal troops when Gen. Ojeda, the Federal commander of Guaymas, was badly defeated on the outskirts of town in June, 1913, and it is known that most of these were secreted to the mountains together with much ammunition, before the Mexican officers of the Constitutionalist army realized what had happened.

Getting Ammunition.

The "Broncho" Indians of the tribe are supposed to look upon the "Mansos," or tame Indians with hatred, but it is generally known that the Mansos are the source of arms and ammunition supply for the Bronchos, as at frequent intervals, a Manso member of the local Guaymas garrison will disappear after having been supplied with his allowance of ammunition. Emissaries are also dispatched at frequent intervals to the United States for the purpose of purchasing arms and ammunition and these are secreted across the Arizona border at points where unfamiliar Indian trails cross the line.

Although excellent fighters, the Yaquis will not submit to discipline and frequently revolt against the Mexican officers in immediate control. If an effort is made to subdue the offenders, the officer or officers in question are generally murdered. This is especially the case when the Indians are called upon to operate at any distance from their native haunts and at points where their women and dogs are not permitted to accompany the expedition. Many instances of this deplorable condition during the last year have been brought to the attention of the American naval forces operating along the West Coast of Mexico. One instance in particular is worthy of note, as it exemplifies the absolute disregard the Yaquis have for discipline.

The mining town of Santa Rosalia, squatted in a dry, shrubless valley of Lower California, ninety miles across the gulf from Guaymas, where it is said rain has not fallen for seven years, was enjoying the usual simple festivities of midweek, and many of the town people had gathered at the water front to watch the lights of the many belligerent merchantmen, riding peacefully at anchor waiting for the great war to end. The mining company's steamer, Korrigan III, quietly got under way from its moorings in the inner harbor preparatory to making its routine provision trip to Guaymas.

The Indian garrison of two hundred Yaqui warriors had evinced signs of unrest and rumors had become current that they were tiring of Lower California and desired to be returned to their native haunts. This caused the Mexican officers some concern, but as yet there had been no outward demonstration.

Steamer Held up and Officer Shot.

The Korrigan III had almost gained the harbor entrance when the stillness of the evening was shattered by sounds of scattering shots coming from one end of the massive seawall, and loud shouts sprung from the same direction, demanding that the steamer stop and give passage to the garrison. The military commandant, Maj. Aguayo, a forceful-looking young Mexican of Spanish descent, who had been educated in the States, hearing the commotion, buckled on his pistol and proceeded to the scene posthaste. His arrival was followed by a momentary silence, which was broken by the crack and whing of a rifle bullet. The major fell wounded and his collapse seemed to be the signal for devilry. Warhoop-shrieks of satisfaction were general signals for mutiny. Three or four warriors dragged Aguayo along the seawall until the customhouse was reached, and there, after bolstering him up against the building, the bloodthirsty savages cut the rings from his fingers and filled his body with holes after which they kicked the remains down the street with shouts of glee.

The customhouse was looted and several officials were arrested, including the German Consular Agent, a Mexican, who was later released upon payment of 1000 pesos.

In order to avoid further trouble, M. Plouin, director of the Boleo Mining Company, offered to permit one of his steamers to carry the garrison to Guaymas, and this was immediately accepted with the result that all of the Indians set sail the following day.

Fighters but Unreliable.

That these soldiers that form the major part of Maytorena's Sonora army are fearless is not to be doubted, but their stubbornness, displayed when least expected, makes them most unreliable fighting men.

In January of this year, the Carranzista forces of the State of Sinaloa were advancing rapidly to the northward and as a counter-move, it was decided that an expedition of the Yaquis be sent from Guaymas by water to a point on the gulf coast and from there assail the enemy from the rear. The scheme was apparently launched with success but just as the two transports were about to sail, the Indians mutinied, killing four men and wounding two officers and twenty men. The mutiny lasted four hours and three or four thousand rounds were fired, but as unexpectedly as it started it stopped and the ships proceeded to the southward. Heavy weather was encountered after a few hours out, and not being good sailors, the force aboard the smaller vessel decided that it was time to come about, so about they came and made for Guaymas, the Indians declaring they could make better time traveling overland. Whether or not the expedition finally reached its destination is not known.

Not the least important of the numerous peculiarities of the Yaqui is his apparent disregard for self. Although, like most savages, he will retreat before a show of force and endeavor to lead his adversary into ambush, yet once cornered he will fight to the last. The writer was surprised at the remarkable fortitude of these Indians during the numerous assaults upon the Federal fortifications surrounding Mazatlan during the months of July and August, 1914. There, one thousand Indians under a Mexican colonel named Fructuoso Mendez, who had been raised in the Indian country and whom they apparently held in awe and followed faithfully, attacked the Federal trenches unexpectedly one night, rushing the troops with knives, but the sweeping fire of the machine guns left the rising ground strewn with dead warriors. Hundreds of wounded were seen the following day, lying in box cars near the scene of attack, having been given little or no medical attention, but not a sound of suffering was heard, although the wounds were, in most cases, serious. It was then learned that the Yaqui, if suffering from intense pain, would commit suicide unless closely watched, rather than give vent to his feelings; and that this was a tribal characteristic.

Causes of the Recent Uprising.

The present uprising of the Yaqui nation has been due to various causes, but primarily to the nonfulfillment of promises on the part of the Constitutionalist leaders to return all the Indian land to the tribe in accordance with the Indians' proclamation of July 16, 1914, and to the inability of the Maytorena government to supply food as had previously been done.

The present outbreak against the foreign settlers in the Yaqui Valley, who now numbered seventy-two stalwart frontiersmen—the others, disheartened by three years of revolution, having returned to the United States—became first evident about the middle of April of this year, when a band of Indians appeared around the ranch belonging to John Hays Hammond and operated by two young Americans, Waldo Sheldon and Barrett Jones, both of Greenwich, Ct. Anticipating an attack during the harvest season, the ranch, like all the others in the district, was protected by barricades and watch-towers, and all of the peons were armed. The band was sighted from the tower as it was winding its way toward the settlement. Preparations were immediately made to give battle, the rifles were served out and everyone took his prescribed post.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

delirium of ecstasy. Time—there was no time for Tony and Bellezza. What had they to do with time? Bright that Tony yearned for the \$200 out from her. The chance of making money seemed so out from her. "It will be a grand thing to double \$250," he said to himself. "I will go to Camelot!" He was staggered. He looked upon the scene at a moment when the fingers of Tony...

placard, and Tony's brain swirled in a dizziness of excitement. He was staggered. He looked upon the scene at a moment when the fingers of Tony...

An Adventure in Fruit.

By Dan O'Malley.

LOS ANGELES TIMES [Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

time in building a fire and cremating the body. When the crematory fire burned low it suddenly grew dark. The earth trembled violently and all were thrown prostrate. Then, in the midst of a mighty convulsion the earth parted, leaving a great chasm where the cremation had taken place. Down this chasm came a rush of water that had no end. This was the birth of the Colorado River and the Grand Canyon. The waters carried away the ashes of Mutavella, forever hallowing the shores of the newly-created river and rendering its water wholesome and blessed.

Mastemho remained with the Indians for three days. He gave them the mesquite bean and taught them how to prepare it for food. He also gave them other seeds and plants, the quail, the rabbit and the mountain sheep, and taught them to make earthenware and garments from the bark of the willow. He then apportioned the land among the several tribes, giving the Mohaves and their kindred, the Yumas, the land along the sacred Colorado from the canyon to the sea. When he had done this he bade them farewell and returned to his kingdom in the stars.

The tradition does not tell what became of Emechike, the false wife, who brought

the disaster. But the Mohaves assert that Nevathee still lives among the sand dunes south of the Needles Mountains, where he has some springs of water and raised melons and corn. He never leaves his domain except at night and being four feet tall and equally broad, he travels very fast, like a rolling ball. They assert that he searches at night for Mohaves to carry them away to his home. Probably for this reason they are all ardent cowards at night.

The Mohave belief in Nevathee is general and insistent. While only a few of the old men will talk of Mutavella and Mastemho, all speak unreservedly of Nevathee and many claim to have seen him.

I have made more than a score of trips between the Parker Agency and the town of Needles, in row boats, with Indian oarsmen. At a point a little south of the Red or Mohave Canyon, some twelve miles below the Santa Fe bridge, is a spot that I do not remember ever having passed without hearing the Indians mutter the word "Nevathee." They always hasten by the place and time their stopping and starting so that it may be passed near mid-day. As nearly as could be learned they believe that point to be the place on the river nearest Nevathee's domain and the spot where he visits

the river. On one occasion a young oarsman, a reckless iconoclast, just after passing the place, called out in a loud voice, "Nevathee-plish," the suffix being a term of derision and defiance. This bravado not only frightened the other Indians but seemed to make them very angry, and they shunned him during the remainder of the journey. Perhaps a year later this young Indian was thrown from a horse he was racing near the agency and instantly killed. A great crowd of Indians soon gathered, but they held aloof and it was not until both urged and threatened that they took his body from where it lay in the broiling sun and prepared it for cremation. They seemed to regard the dead man as Nevathee's own and to expect the evil one to carry him away.

out that the term "black opal" is distinctly misleading. It was coined to distinguish it from the familiar "light opal." As a matter of fact the black opal is alive with myriad shades of flaming splendor, from brightest tints of green glowing fire to meteoric gold or lavender, that in an instant quivers to crimson, or slips into molten ruby or sapphire, as the angle of light alters.

Black opals are so dear, not only because they are so beautiful, but because they are so rare. They are found only at one spot, a comparatively small tract of ground in New South Wales, adjoining the Queensland border.

The field is called Lightning Ridge. It is a wild and desolate spot. The nearest towns to it are Walgett and Collarenebri, and it is about 500 miles from Sydney, as the crow flies.

Black opal mining is about the biggest gamble extant. There is really nothing to guide the miner in selecting a likely spot. The work is hard. The shafts average forty feet in depth, and all rock has to be "bucketed" to the top. Water is scarce, food almost unobtainable. On the other hand, the prospector who is lucky enough to stumble upon a "pocket" of fair-sized, flawless stones reaps a fortune forthwith.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren.

By Mabel Herbert Uner.

A DISCOVERY.

"LOOK, dear," excitedly. "Isn't that a light in our apartment?"

"Jove, that's right!" Warren paused on the steps and gazed up at the lighted window on the eighth floor.

"What is she doing in the front room?" Helen's voice shrilled with indignation. "She's telephoning! I told you she phones when we're out."

"Oh, well, what's a few calls?"

"It's not a few—it's every time we go out. That's what makes the bills so high. No one would allow a maid to use the phone that way. I'm going to speak to her tonight!" emphatically.

"Mrs. Edwards is upstairs," drawled the elevator boy, as they stepped into the car. "She's been waiting since 9. She got the superintendent to let her in—she said 'twas all right.'"

"Carrie!" gasped Helen.

"Hope nothing's wrong," Warren muttered. Then to the boy, "Yes, of course, that was right to let her in."

Carrie in her apartment for two hours! Helen's mind whirled. She thought of the sewing that strewed the library, of her disordered bedroom, of the waist she had cleaned—and the odor of gasoline.

It had been the maid's afternoon off. Warren had come home unexpectedly early, made her drop everything and go with him to the beach.

"Hello, there! Nothing wrong?" was Warren's brisk greeting as he strode into the library where Carrie was calmly reading.

"Oh, no, only I missed the last train. Didn't even have a toothbrush—so I couldn't go to a hotel."

"Hotel! I should say not," with hearty hospitality. "We're mighty glad to have you."

"Oh, of course—of course," murmured Helen.

"It was a stupid thing to do, but I had last month's time table. Since the first the trains leave fifteen minutes earlier."

"Where's Lawrence?" Warren asked. "Didn't he come in with you?"

"No, he had to go to Albany yesterday. I just came in to get some things for the children."

"Have you called them up? They know you're not coming?"

"Oh, yes; I just had the maid on the phone."

"That's all right then." Warren drew a chair to the window. "Well, how d'you like it out there, anyway?"

"Oh, we love it! It's so much cooler than the city. Seems stifling here. You don't get much breeze in these windows, do you?"

"We've been very comfortable," retorted Helen, who always bristled under the critical air of Warren's sister.

"Well, of course, if you can stand the heat. I can't—it weakens me."

Helen rose. "I'd better see about the room."

"Now don't go to any bother," Carrie called after her punctiliously.

They had no spare room. They were not fixed to have any one stay over night, thought Helen rebelliously. There was only the couch in her room. She had dressed in a hurry—everything was in disorder. The chiffon waist, still smelling of gasoline, hung on the chandelier. And those old slippers. Had Carrie locked in here?

Hastily Helen thrust out of sight the things she did not want her to see. A soiled kimono and an old petticoat she hung far back in the closet—hanging the better looking things in front.

If only she could lock that top bureau drawer! There was not time to straighten it, and she did not think Carrie above looking through her things.

She scrutinized the sheets on the couch. They were only rumpled, but Carrie might say that she had been put into a bed with soiled sheets.

The couch remade with fresh linen, Helen laid out her best nightgown, her new bedroom slippers and pink silk kimono.

Then the bathroom—a cake of guest soap and fresh towels. Some bottles on the window sills she crowded into the medicine chest. Carrie's bathroom was always immaculate.

"Now, you're not going to any trouble?" Carrie appeared at the door.

"It's no trouble. I only hope you'll be comfortable."

"Oh, you don't allow her on the bed?" as Pussy Purr-Mew jumped up on the clean spread.

"I'll take her out." Helen always resented Carrie's dislike of Pussy Purr-Mew. "Well, good night. If you want anything—let me know."

"Oh, wait; have you a boudoir cap? I always sleep in one."

Helen got out a dainty lace cap and then hurried to the kitchen to see about breakfast. There was only one cantaloupe!

"Anna!" knocking at the door of the maid's room. "Anna!"

"Yes, ma'am." Anna, in her nightgown, opened the door a few inches.

"Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Curtis's sister, will be here for breakfast. You'll have to go out the first thing and get another cantaloupe. I'll leave some money on the kitchen table. And you'd better get a half pint of cream for the coffee. The top of that milk's not very rich."

"Must I have bacon and eggs, just the same, ma'am?"

"Yes, only have everything very nice. Put on a clean cloth and the good napkins. We'd better have cereal; there'll be enough cream."

It was after 12 before Helen got to bed. Warren was already asleep, but she was too tired and too irritated to sleep.

Their apartment was too small—they needed a guest room. There was always this upheaval when anyone stayed over night. And Carrie—nothing ever escaped Carrie's scrutiny.

Would she open the top drawer? Had she been in the room before they came? Had she looked through the whole apartment? It was another hour before Helen drifted off into a troubled, distorted dream.

She was awakened by some one moving about in the library. Her thrill of terror subsided into the realization that it was Carrie.

Out of bed she opened the door. Carrie, tall and lank, was spreading a sheet over the library couch.

"Oh, did I awaken you? I just couldn't sleep in there—not a breath of air. I thought it might be better here."

"That's too bad. It is close tonight. But you won't be comfortable on that hard couch. You go back and I'll bring you the electric fan."

"Oh, no, I can't sleep under a fan—it always gives me a cold."

"What's the trouble?" called Warren, aroused by their voices.

"Carrie's going to sleep in here—it's too close in my room."

Warren, in his bathrobe, appeared at the door.

"See here, Carrie, you can't lay on that thing. You come in here with Helen—I'll go in the other room."

"Oh, no; I wouldn't think of driving you out of your bed."

"That's all right. There's a good breeze here. That back room's on a court—it is pretty close."

Carrie made a faint protest, but Warren was insistent. Helen said nothing.

To sleep with Carrie! It seemed like an unwonted intimacy. She felt curiously diffident and self-conscious.

The moment of getting in was an awkward one. She let Carrie lie by the window, while she lay on Warren's side, her face to the wall.

"Yes, this is better," sighed Carrie. "You get a little breeze here."

Helen did not answer. It was like Carrie to secure her own comfort at the inconvenience of others. In some ways she was utterly selfish.

It was dawn when Helen awoke from a restless, troubled dozing. With a chill shock she saw the unfamiliar figure beside her.

Carrie was lying on her back, her mouth slightly open. How strange she looked—how different from the dressed-up, haughty, arrogant Carrie. In that gray light she looked homely and old.

Her hair! Helen caught her breath. Always she had envied Carrie's thick, lustrous braid. Now the cap had slipped, exposing only a short, thin wisp.

Still dazed, Helen raised herself on her elbow and stared down at that scant tangle of hair against the pillow. So all these years she had been admiring a false braid—a switch. How cleverly Carrie had concealed it. That was why she slept in a boudoir cap.

There was something pathetic in the way

she lay there, looking older than Helen had ever seen her, and with that pitiful wisp of hair. She stirred uneasily, as if conscious of the appraising gaze.

With a guilty feeling of having stolen her secret and a dread of her awakening, Helen slipped out of bed.

Softly she tiptoed into her own room, where Warren was asleep on the narrow couch, under the buzzing fan.

"Eh?" Yawningly he turned as she crept in beside him.

"Sh-sh, dear."

"What the devil? This thing's too narrow—you can't get in here."

"Yes I can. Sh-sh, it's only 5—don't get woke up!"

As Warren dozed off again she nestled closer, drawing up the covers as the fan breezed over her.

She would never let Carrie know that she knew. But vaguely she felt that one of the ranking thorns of her married life had been removed. Carrie's superior, critical arrogance could never irritate her as it had.

There is nothing more subtle and complex than the dominance of one woman over another. There was no logical reason why Carrie's ascendancy should suffer because she wore a switch and looked old and unlovely when she slept. But women are not logical.

Helen only knew that she would never again stand in quite the same awe of her sister-in-law. It had been a revelation—that glimpse of her in bed, in that pitiless morning light.

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Turkeys in Summertime.

Turkeys in the summertime, with azure sky above them.

Bronze and blue and scarlet, too, upon the velvet plain;

All the joy of living when the world is at its sweetest.

Kissed with golden sunshine and with fragrant silver rains.

Turkeys in the summertime, with gentle breezes blowing.

Silence deep like restful sheep, and shadows on the grass;

Waves of peace that settle down upon the trampled pasture.

Birds that swiftly flutter by and murmur as they pass.

Turkeys in the summertime, a mass of vivid color.

Throaty cries and beady eyes—they do not guess their fate!

Turkeys in the summertime, a living, glowing picture.

But—turkey in the wintertime upon a steaming plate.

—(Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in Christian Herald.)

The Yaqui Indian Outbreaks of Southern Sonora.

By Isaac Campbell Kidd, Lieutenant U. S. Navy.

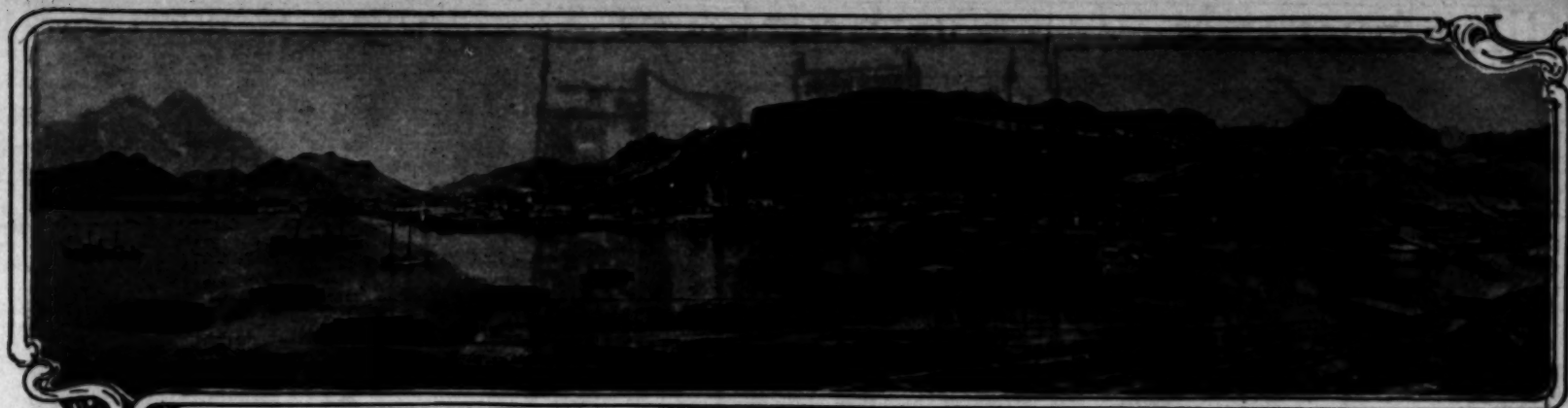
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LOS ANGELES TIMES

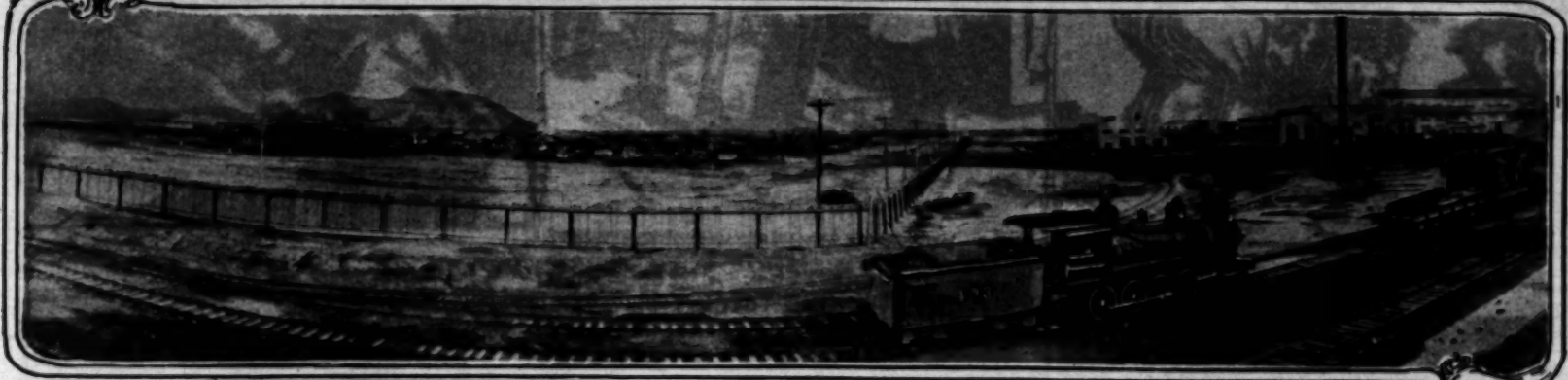
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[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

Scenes of Some Recent Yaqui Activities.



Guaymas, harassed by a band of Yaquis.



Southern Pacific town of Empalme, Sonora, showing shops and residential section.



Portion of Constitutional army.



A company of Diaz Rurales.



Col. Fructoso Mendez (white shirt) looked upon as a great chief aboard Cruiser Colorado from Guaymas.



The relief party finding the body of J.J. Donovan.



Brass American settler returning to Yaqui Valley.



Breastworks on roof of experimental station of Richardson Construction Company at Ontagola Yaqui Valley, A.H. Robertson of the Colorado making a semi-official inspection.

Saturday, September 4, 1915.

An Adventure in Fruit. By Dan O'Malley.

BELLEZZA AND TONY.

FACING San Pedro street is a quadrangle of cement market stalls, standing cool in the summer sun. Chinese and Japanese are in the majority, but occasionally sandwiched between, an Italian holds forth, his stalls filled with the grown things of the earth. In one of these stalls, doing a thriving wholesale and retail business, was Guglielmo Camelatti. His assistants were his daughter, Bellezza, and Tony Angellotti.

And Tony Angellotti—or was it Bellezza?—engineered a deal which—according to his own confession—made him rich.

It was a happy family for a while. It is true that Tony did not belong to the family, although he lived with them—and had hopes. He had been the son of a neighbor in the old country, he came out Camelatti had given him a job—\$6 a week and board and room. To Tony it was a munificent sum. Never before had he made more than that per month.

He felt grateful to Camelatti and made no hesitancy, when his employer wished to expand his business, in lending him \$200 which he had saved. Tony took no note for the security of his loan, and he observed as time went on that collection was difficult.

He saw a chance for investment and went to Camelatti asking for his money.

"What for you want the money?" roared Camelatti. "I have it not yet a year. I borrow for a year. Besides why should you want the money?"

"I buy the little fruit stand," said Tony. Foolish Tony. Any answer would have been better than that. It was not Camelatti's aspiration to aid his competitors, or those who were likely to become his competitors.

"It is much better that I keep the money here in the business," he made answer. "Here it is safe. It ees mos' likely that you go into business you make the break."

Once a month regularly Tony asked Camelatti for his money, and once a month regularly it was impossible to "take it out of the business." So there gradually sprang up between the two men a feeling that was tinged with ice.

In the rear of the stall, behind a stack of sacked onions, Tony and Bellezza sorted over-ripe apricots. They worked, when they worked, from the same lug box.

"Come, come! Hurry! Have you not make the feenish yet?" called Camelatti from the front.

"It is almos' feenish," replied Bellezza. But somehow the work dragged. One's fingers become sticky in sorting ripe fruit.

Almost every time—at least every other time—when Tony and Bellezza drew their hands from the box their fingers were sticking together, and a tingling thrill shot through them. Bellezza's little heart went

pit-a-pat, and Tony's brain swirled in a delirium of ecstasy.

Time—there was no time for Tony and Bellezza. What had they to do with time? But to Camelatti time dragged, and he rushed to the rear and peered over the stacked onions to get at the cause of the delay.

He was staggered. He looked upon the scene at a moment when the fingers of Tony and Bellezza were unusually sympathetic in their agglutination; and Bellezza's moist curls were mopping Tony's forehead. Nature was at work. Tony was strong and good looking, and Bellezza—in all the Latin colony there was no such head as hers with its black curls. Besides they were young—Tony and Bellezza.

When Cam'atti caught up with his breath the ice in his heart melted in the heat of passion. "You leave my place!" he shouted at Tony. "You go—now! Never to come back some more. And never you speak to Bellezza again, else will I have you arrested! You, who have nothing, to try to make the love with your betters. And when you know ver' well that I have Bellezza make the marry with Signor Catalina. Go!"

"Give me my money," said Tony, "and I go."

The apricots were dead ripe, and so was the scheme Camelatti had upon the tree of his mind. He plucked it and handed it to Tony to swallow.

"You speak foolish," he said. "What money you talk about? I pay you for this week, which I theenk is all I owe you."

Tony clenched his fists and took a step toward the sacks of onions, but Bellezza commenced to cry, and he turned with a shrug of his shoulders and went up to his room to pack his belongings.

"Bellezza," said her father when Tony was gone, "if ever you make talk again with that Tony, the next day you make the marry with Signor Catalina. You hear me?"

Bellezza nodded her head.

On Saturday morning Tony visited with his friends at the various stalls. Abruptly there was a great commotion along the street.

"What is it?" asked Tony.

"It is the strawberry," said Gus Cellini, a dealer in cabbages. "Never before have they been so cheap. They sheep them in town ver' fast this morning, and they sell heem for two-bits a crate. Never before have they been so cheap."

"I think, maybe, it is a chance to make the money," said Tony.

"It is sure, I think," answered Gus. "They say this is the las' big sheepment for the day; and I think in two hours the price will climb back to 50 cents anyway. Double the money, eh?"

"I have \$55," mused Tony. "Perhaps it is good for me to buy?"

"I think so," answered Gus. "If you buy

you can keep in my stall and sell heem out from here."

The chance of making money seemed so bright that Tony yearned for the \$200 out of his possession to add to the \$55 in his pocket.

"It will be a gran' thing to double \$250," he said to himself. "I will go to Camelatti again for my money. If he does not give it to me I will shake heem like a rat when the dog has heem."

"Go from my place!" shouted Camelatti, when Tony stepped into his shade.

With clenched fists Tony was for following the shade inside, but Bellezza's pleading eyes met his and he turned and left Camelatti to his shade and his shady thoughts.

For \$50 he bought 200 crates of berries, and commenced his first day as a merchant. "Surely," he thought, "berries will climb back to 50 cents," and he had hopes that they would reach 75 cents. "Ah, what a nice profit, and Bellezza, she would—"

"How much for strawberries?" asked a prospective customer.

"Fifty cents a crate," replied Tony.

"Too much," answered the would-be buyer. "Very cheap today."

But Tony held to his price, and, as he expected, the market stiffened and by noon he had disposed of twenty crates at 50 cents each.

Then the crash came, and the street was in an uproar. A huge shipment had just arrived and another was on the way. The market became demoralized. Berries could be had for almost the asking. It was Saturday and they must be got rid of.

Tony sat disconsolately by his fruit. His hopes had dropped lower than the price of the berries. It seemed likely that he would lose the money he had invested. Gus tried to cheer him up, but he sat with his head in his hands, till a shadow darted past the doorway and behind a pile of sacked cabbages. Then a black, curly head came over the top of the sacks and Bellezza said: "Tony!"

The boy jumped to his feet and went to her.

"I have heard the news, Tony, that you have buy the fruit; and the market it is verree bad. I do not think you can sell the berries here. It is best that you take them out to where the people live and peddle them."

"You have make the good suggest," answered Tony. "I will go and hire the horse and wagon."

"Listen!" said Bellezza. "You know my cousin, Zucca, who lives back of the Courthouse, is in the express business and he has been sick for two days, and the horses he do nothing. We can get it very cheap. I think two crates of berries will hire heem and the wagon."

Tony's face brightened. Again he began

to see visions of wealth.

"In five minutes you meet me around the corner, Tony," said Bellezza, "and we go to the Courthouse—that is, back of it to where my cousin lives."

Two crates of berries were accepted as pay for the horse and wagon, and Tony, getting back to his place of business in the early afternoon, but perhaps a little later than he should have been, loaded on his berries and started for the residence districts.

"Strawberries! Strawberries! Fifty cents a crate!" called Tony, as his horse crawled along street after street.

It was slow work. In an hour's time he had sold but two crates at 50 cents each. Many of the women with whom he haggled wished to buy just enough of the small baskets to last them over Sunday, and Tony saw where it was wise to break the crates and sell in smaller lots. But that was slow work. He had started with his wagon piled high.

"Strawberries! Strawberries! Forty cents a crate!" called Tony as he passed down the street. Then: "Strawberries! Strawberries! Thirty cents a crate!"

A vanishing sun commenced to darken the windows of day and, as the purple shades of evening were being drawn over the city, gloom, with its hungry beak, plucked at Tony's heart. He still had the greater part of his load to sell.

"Strawberries! Strawberries! Fifteen cents a crate!"

At 9 o'clock Tony got back to the cabbage stall, all his berries disposed of, and began to count up the results of his day's adventure. Under the glare of a gas jet by the cabbages he figured, then figured again, the profits of his investment. With a sigh he closed the book. Then his face beamed. Happy thoughts were his portion.

"Three cents have I made today," he murmured. "It is well that I could not get the \$200."

"Hah! There you are, you son of a thief!" It was Camelatti. He stormed in and shook his fist in Tony's face.

"Where is Bellezza? You have seen Bellezza, eh? She is not at home. They tell me she is here."

The black curly head of Bellezza bobbed up from behind the sacked cabbages where she had been helping Tony with his accounts, and she modestly stepped forth.

"Come with me!" thundered Camelatti, and he grabbed at her wrist. "You shall marry the Signor Catalina!"

But Tony pushed him aside and said: "What for you think is the Courthouse? Don't you know it is there they keepa the license, and it is there belongs the justice of the peace? So you make the get-away queek."

Then, turning to Bellezza, Tony said: "You make me verree happy—and verree rich."

A Remarkable Legend of the Mohave Indians.

By Charles S. McNichols.

CREATION OF DESERT.

THE Mohave Indians, living along the Colorado River in Arizona and California, have one of the most remarkable traditions of any of the American tribes. It involves the creation of the desert and of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It is also suggestive of the biblical story of the Garden of Eden, of the Tempter and the Fall and of the coming of the Savior, in the person of the Son and of the darkness and terrestrial disturbance following the crucifixion.

This is all the more remarkable because of the fact that up to the time this tradition was secured from them (in 1898, while I was serving as their agent), there had been no missionary work among them. I made special effort to learn if there had not been at some remote time a Spanish Padre among them, from whose teachings they might have received some suggestions in building their tradition, but the Mohaves asserted that there had not. They declared that up to the fall of 1897 there had been

no attempt by any one to teach them the Christian religion.

Curiously enough the advent at this time of their first missionary, J. M. Hersey, brought this story to my attention. He had labored with them but a short time when they told them of their religious tradition. With the help of Mr. Hersey and the government interpreter I, in time, got the story from them and put it in writing as it appears herewith:

Ages and ages ago all mankind dwelt on the Great Southwestern Plateau, prosperous and happy. The whole land was a paradise of fruit and flowers. There was plenty for all without effort or contention. The people were ruled by the god Mutavella, who from the beginning of time had presided over his people, both Indian and white, and provided them with everything necessary for their happiness. All dwelt together, carefree and in perfect harmony.

But there came an end to this happy condition. Emechike, Mutavella's wife, learned the art of sorcery from Nevathes, the evil one, and, at his instigation, cast a spell on Mutavella, from the effects of which he died.

The death of Mutavella produced the greatest consternation among all the people. They were as helpless as little children without their ruler, whom they supposed to be immortal. All day the Indians prostrated themselves by the dead body and wept, while the whites held aloof and counseled.

During the night following, the whites stole away across the mountains towards the east, taking with them all the fire and all the water. In the morning there was left only the desert instead of the former paradise, with the Indians hungry and heartbroken by the lifeless remains of Mutavella. The pitiless sun beat down upon them, as it has ever since, and vegetation withered and died.

Thirsty and hungry as the Indians were their greatest concern was the lack of fire with which to cremate the remains of Mutavella. Their first duty was to the dead. So, after much counseling, the older men decided to send a coyote to a bright star that seemed to be resting on the top of the Virgin Mountains, far to the northwest, to procure some fire.

The next day the coyote returned tired and hungry, without having secured any of the coveted fire. During the renewed grief caused by this fresh disappointment and before the Indians realized what was doing, the hungry coyote sprang on the dead body, tore out its heart and ate it.

This new horror not only greatly added to the sorrow of the Indians but led to a custom that since then has prevailed among the Mohaves and their kindred tribes—that of cremating the dead as soon as life is extinct, in order to prevent the recurrence of such a mishap.

The distress of the Indians was now supreme. Prostrated upon the ground their walls of agony ascended to the stars, where they were heard by Mastembo, the only son of Mutavella, who ages before had gone up to rule the stars. Inspired with pity, he left his realm in the skies and came down to the now desolate land of his youth to comfort and succor.

Perceiving their greatest need, Mastembo gathered the dry bark of the willow and showed them by rubbing it very briskly fire could be produced. The Indians lost no

SHOOTING THE DOVE IN	METROPOLITAN MOVIES	BETTER NOT GO TOO FAR!
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WATCHING THEM GO.



"If Patriotism Counts I Deserve the Same Opportunity"



St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

W
EST of that region of Tulare Lake
where, in 1852, was a great stream
of water formed by the overflowed
San Joaquin and the lake, itself dotted by
islands of long reeds, hay, the Coast
PERVERTED TALENT.

Joaquin Murrieta, Famous California Outlaw.

By Dr. O. V. Schroeter.

LOS ANGELES TIMES
ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
Saturday, September 4, 1915.
[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

A Drama Within a Drama. By Isabel Blend.

REFLECTED LIGHT.

ANNE LEIGH, the night reporter of the Recorder, made her way through the narrow, dark stage entrance of the theater up to the canvas city, whose denizens were rushing hither and thither hoisting up the painted trees and twining around their painted trunks the fabricated roses and vines touched with gorgeous autumnal tints of red, yellow and brown.

She dodged the stage hands, climbed over the canvas castle and smiled wistfully as she saw a mountain rise with volcanic simplicity from the stage, poisoning an orange colored moon artistically upon its summit. The stage manager, in his shirt sleeves, came forward to meet her, grasping her hand cordially.

"Tell me of her," Miss Leigh cried impulsively.

"I don't know," he answered slowly, his tired eyes meeting hers. "I don't know, but she must appear tonight for her own sake."

"Yes," the reporter responded, "yes, she must appear tonight."

"I have failed to arouse her from her apathy. It is so cruel to try to talk to her now. In fact," he continued, "I have waited for you. I had not the heart to speak to her after I had seen her face. There are some crimes—my God—!" Here he made an effort to control himself and then went on. "Do what you can. I will see you in a few minutes. Remember, my first thought is to protect her, and her appearing tonight is the only way. She must for the sake of her future, silence the criticism and it is a crucial moment. We must save her now."

Miss Leigh made her way to the entrance of the dressing-room which had been assigned to the star who was to appear in "As You Like It" that night. She did not knock but went in, softly closing the door. It was within a half-hour of the time for the curtain to rise and yet Mary Meadowcroft sat there in her street gown, her dull eyes staring into space. The reporter hesitated a moment and looked intently into the lovely face that stood out in strong relief against the dark velvet of the chair.

It seemed such a short time ago when they, together, had walked across the college campus telling each other the dreams they had of the future, of the fame that each had set her eyes upon. As they all expected, Mary had gained the stellar heights. At the time she and Anne Leigh had met in the far-away western university she was preparing for the stage. The daughter of a famous actor, her native talent was far above the average. Anne likewise had aspirations toward the stage. Possessing an artistic temperament that found expression in many ways, she was, for a time, deceived in her talent. She had a strong imitative faculty that had been confused with the creative force, but when she met Mary the disillusionment came and she realized that she could never be a great actress, and she would not be a mediocre one.

As a member of the college dramatic club she found much recreation and pleasure; but soon she discovered that all of her good work was done when she reflected Mary's genius. It was in their senior year that the class had given "As You Like It," and Anne had been cast for Orlando, all the parts being taken by the women students.

The play had been given in the upper campus, where the pepper trees and palms and the rose shrubs had formed an unrivalled setting for the Forest of Arden. On commencement day Mary Meadowcroft had thrilled her audience by her interpretation of Rosalind. Now on this night she was to appear again in her favorite role, giving her version of Shakespeare's capricious heroine—yet there sat Mary Meadowcroft with a white, frozen face, seeming incapable of effort. By her side lay a newspaper, whose extra edition had smothered the light of her life.

"Mary," Anne whispered as she took the gloved hand in her own. "O Mary!"

The leading woman lifted her tragic eyes toward her friend with no surprise, no seeming interest in her coming.

"Mary," Anne pleaded, "the curtain goes up in half an hour and you must, Mary, you must play tonight."

Mary Meadowcroft seemed not to hear,

and a fearful thought flashed through Anne's mind. The actress read it in her frightened face and she smiled wearily and said:

"No, not that, Anne; don't worry; I only want time. I am numb. I have no feeling. I cannot act, or do, or think. My senses are locked up some way or other. I promise you, Anne, that I will not give way, but I must have time to face it alone."

Mark Farley, the stage manager, had entered the room and stood beside her. His face was pale with suppressed emotion, but he dared not sympathize with the suffering woman—not then. Mary gazed at them both and settled her head back in the chair with the mechanical movement of an automaton, and when she spoke her voice seemed to come from a far distance.

"You can both trust me," she said wearily, "but, Anne, you must take my place tonight. We are of the same type and height and the maid can do the rest. You remember when I sprained my ankle the second day of the class play you took the part of Rosalind, and they did not know it until after the play was over. You said, don't you remember, that you had shone with a reflected light. It is often most effective. You will save me tonight, Anne, my friend. You have never failed me. O merciful God, I am so tired, so tired! Deep down where I live I am so tired!"

Through the veins of the reporter the blood surged with a rapidity that overwhelmed her as she realized the full force of the words of her friend.

"Save me," the pitiable voice went on, cold and toneless. You can do it. Do not think of the audience, nor of the critics, but of me. O Anne," and the star leaned forward and grasped her friend's hand, while her eyes seemed to burn their way into her soul. "Think we are back on the college campus and that you are I. Plead with her, Mr. Farley; I can do no more."

Farley turned toward Anne.

"Yes," Ann answered, "I will do it for her."

Farley thrust a volume of the play into her hand and went out to send in the maid.

"As if I needed a copy of that sweet poem," she thought as she glanced over the page hurriedly and lovingly. "Long ago I assimilated its beauty and its charm and I have seen Mary so often as 'Rosalind' that the words are in my memory better and more lasting than in this book."

Soon, in that miraculous way known to the histrionically trained, Anne Leigh was changed into a being, outwardly at least, who was Mary Meadowcroft. The maid swirled her red-brown curls about her head and drew over them the wig of Rosalind. She penciled her brows to give them the upturning curve characteristic to the star. As the reporter, as Anne Leigh, she seemed to have lost her identity. She was not in the dingy city where the Recorder was published, but she had been transposed to the Forest of Arden. The painted trees were living and the flowers were growing. The moon she had watched earlier in the evening being perched on the mountain top glowed with living splendor. Seeping through her senses was the beauty and charm of "As You Like It;" she seemed to inhale the beauty of the pines, the fragrance of the green of a great and much-loved forest, and her emotions cried for expression through the medium of Shakespeare's immortal words.

The theater that night was packed to its doors with an audience that had come with a varied curiosity to see Mary Meadowcroft rather than the great play. Not one of the vast assembly but who had read the extra—the same one that Anne Leigh had seen in her stricken friend's hand when she had come to the dressing-room of the theater.

Mary Meadowcroft was 28 years old, in the perfect flower of her art and womanhood, and was counted then the greatest emotional actress on the stage. She was beautiful, of fine culture, and gentle breeding and gracious address. The critics predicted a lasting and glorious future for her and, indeed, it seemed that everything she touched was by the alchemy of her genius turned into pure gold artistic expression. With the promise of a brilliant career, a future that touched the stellar realms, she had suddenly astonished the world by the announcement that she was

to leave the stage. In vain her duty as an artiste was presented to her, but she met all arguments with a happy, inscrutable smile.

It was while taking a riding trip the summer before through the Yosemite Valley that she had met John Trevor, one of those big, clean, handsome blonde men, made to be protectors of women. From the first their acquaintance had been more of a recognition than an introduction, and in the sweet natural life of the enchanting region, where nature has paused a moment to give a glimpse of her majestic beauty to mankind, they grew to love each other. Trevor was an engineer and his work took him far from the paths of civilization.

With all of the selfishness of elemental manhood he had demanded that Mary sacrifice her career and follow him to the wilderness. This he did, not in so many words, but his attitude of mind dominated her, and she knew that she must follow wherever he led. He asked her plainly to give up her work forever. She had demurred at first, not because the footlights held an obsessing fascination, but there she had found expression for the thought wrought into crystallization—her part of the world's work that she could do better than her fellows in that line.

When he intimated that she loved the work more than she did him she gladly put it aside in her heart, happy that she had so much to give up for him. What did it matter if she went afar on the desert, away from all she had always known, if she were by his side? The face of the whole world seemed changed since first she had realized the strength of his love and all of its gentleness. Was she not blessed among all women? She had found herself sorry for all other women because they could not know him as she knew him and his pure, clean soul. The days were too short to contain her happiness and at times when she caught a reflection of her face in the mirror she half caught her breath, wondering if others read what she saw written there. Alas, humans must not aspire to the happiness of the gods.

It seemed to Mary as if for twenty-eight years she had been waiting for John Trevor, and when he came so gently and so naturally into her life it seemed that a master hand had been placed upon the chords of her heart and swept all of its tangled threads into harmony. Like a child with its head held high and staving in a garden she had demanded from Fate the fullest happiness that can enter a human soul; but her heart beating in its wild free rhythm suddenly crashed its throbbings against iron bars.

The extra of the paper that had told of Mary Meadowcroft's proposed retirement from the stage now told in letters as large and black of the tragedy of John Trevor's life. An Indian wife, long since thought dead, had claimed him. The ugly story, told in pitiful detail, was one all too common of a young man's stumble on life's threshold. Homesick, far from civilization down in Southern Mexico, where he seldom saw a white face and never a white woman, he had met the handsome Indian girl and the inevitable happened. He married her, but she, tiring of the white man's ways, had gone back to her tribe and sent word that she was dead. Trevor had thought the story buried forever when a short time before the date for his wedding with Mary Meadowcroft she had appeared and claimed him, claimed him as the father of a child.

To think of John, John Trevor, with his fine ideals, his clean manhood and gentle breeding, stooping to that most terrible crime against his race was what paralyzed Mary Meadowcroft's being. Her sense of personal loss she knew she must carry through the desert years that stretched their gray, unbending lengths before her, that would come later. Now it was of John she thought, every part of her bleeding heart calling to him—him whom she could never, never know again, never feel the touch of his strong, gentle hand, never again know the sweetness of his kiss upon her lips. When the news came she was stricken dumb, but she felt that in some way it could be explained away. Then suddenly she knew it was true. Some strange telepathy that exists between those who love each other told her it was true! true!

In a few moments she thought as she rested in her chair she would take up life's burden again, to bear it to an end—without an audible groan. If God would only take her now to rest. She was so tired, so alone. Alone; the word echoed through the long years to come—alone! alone!

As Anne Leigh stepped on the stage that night she seemed typical of the fresh sweetness of the spirit of spring. Hither and thither she tripped and wandered, irresistible in her changing moods and bewitching in her sweet capriciousness.

Spellbound the audience gazed and wondered. What fervor possessed their beloved Mary into a being so overwhelming that she swayed them at her will. Never before had she acted as she did that night. It was not Mary but Rosalind herself who had stepped alive out of Shakespeare's pages. The critics were profoundly moved and the most blasé among them was confessedly surprised.

John Melville of the Recorder was assigned to the dramatic work that night. He sat with his chin in his hand, puzzled like the rest by the elusive sweetness and the freshness of the interpretation of Rosalind. He watched the leading woman carefully. He suddenly sat up and studied her; then a curious smile curved his fine lips. He leaned back in his chair, watching every move of the fascinating woman before him, while the men and women gathered in the audience forgot the cruel story, whose wounds it had expected to see. It was the actress and not the woman who held them in thrall.

The star had responded to no curtain calls, but when the curtain had gone down on the last act the applause had been persistent and unending. The audience, usually so prompt to go, was remaining in the seats waiting for the reappearance of the star that it might show her its appreciation. Still and again the audience called and recalled.

With Anne Leigh the reflected light had died down. She rushed into the room where she had left Mary, whose face now looked as if some fierce flame had burned the sweet youthfulness from it. She was composed and herself again.

"Let me pin your hat on straight, dear Mary," Anne cried. "No, no; we will talk of it later. Go out on the stage as you are, the same beautiful Mary the public loves. Mary! Mary! go; your work lies there and there is peace. Go! Go!"

She pulled her to the door and out in the corridor. The manager was coming toward them.

"Take her out there where she belongs," Anne saw Farley pull back the curtain and lead Mary Meadowcroft out before the audience, whose tumultuous greeting welcomed her back, unknown to itself, to the only solace then possible in life—her art.

Tears blinded the eyes of the weary Rosalind as she turned toward the dressing-room. Mary was saved. In the psychological moment that had followed her realization of the tragedy that had come upon her she had heard the call of the work.

"Poor, gifted Mary. She had demanded so much happiness, and now her life must read all backward. Poor, proud, sensitive Mary."

Anne Leigh's sensitive heart felt the concentrated pain as she stumbled down the narrow passageway. John Melville, in search of her, was coming through a door at the other end, and as she fell forward a pair of strong, loving arms held her close.

"Oh, John!" she sobbed as she buried her head for a moment on the broad shoulder of the man who loved her. "Suppose it had been you gone from my life as John Trevor has left here?"

"My own Anne Leigh," John whispered softly as he kissed her trembling lips, and the words fell like a caress upon her bruised spirit.

A Rare One.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] "Your wife seems to be a strong-minded woman," remarked Mr. Batch.

"She certainly is!" replied Mr. Meek.

"Why, she can read an entire patent medicine almanac and not feel a single symptom of illness."

The Cop and the Cur. By Vlasta A. Hungerford.

FRIENDSHIP REWARDED.

INGSKI and Patrolman O'Rourke met accidentally. Ingski was peering out cautiously from the mouth of an alley up a side street. Patrolman O'Rourke was approaching along his beat, gaily twirling his club. Ingski's first impulse was to "beat it," then some intuitive sense told him there was no danger to run from. Patrolman O'Rourke's smooth, young face was kindly, and his blue eyes began to twinkle when they glimpsed Ingski. He stopped and stared. Ingski's solemn brown eyes looked intently into the blue ones, then he answered twinkle with twinkle.

O'Rourke chuckled. "I've seen lots of dogs—but you're the funniest yet," he remarked to Ingski. The voice was kind and Ingski wagged his ragged tail appreciatively.

"What kind of a dog are ye, anyway?" inquired O'Rourke. "Ye look like a bundle of black and gray rags."

Ingski smiled, parting black lips over sharp, white teeth, and wagged some more—all over this time.

O'Rourke, feet wide apart, hands clasped behind his big, broad back, studied the dog curiously.

"Hungry?" he asked finally, guessing at the truth.

Ingski stopped wagging and, licking his chops, eyed him intently.

O'Rourke chuckled again. "Smart little cuss," he said, "bright as a dollar—here." He took a sandwich from his pocket and tossed it to the dog. Ingski tried not to snatch at the food. He bit the sandwich in two and swallowed the halves.

O'Rourke looked the canine over again. "You've got a good eye, ye ragged spalpeen, an' you're a tramp, despite that collar an' license you're wearin'. Maybe you're a lost, strayed or stolen dog—come here," he snatched his fingers and Ingski, very apologetic and painfully humble, crept and slid toward him on his stomach, as much embarrassed dogs are wont to do. He recognized authority when he heard it, and not too sure his obedience wasn't going to be rewarded with a kick—as it so often had been—he lay flat on his back at the policeman's feet. O'Rourke stooped and lifted the prostrate dog by the collar and set him right side up.

"I'm afraid ye ain't got much spunk, ye vagabond. Now, let's see what this says." He examined the dog's collar and license tag, and his face grew sober.

"Ah, he said softly, "so ye were little Jim Crogan's dog, were ye? Poor little Jim Crogan." An' now ye are a little tramp, after all. Ingski—that's an odd name an' fits ye—examining the plate again. "To Ingski, from Jimmy Crogan." He patted the ragged head tenderly, then ran his hand over the small body. Under the shaggy coat there was little else besides bones, and as O'Rourke's hand passed over the ribs Ingski whined and made as if to bite, also when the policeman's feeling fingers slipped over his bony thigh.

"Bruised, are ye, ye poor little devil? An' I wish I had the mutt that done it." Ingski, reassured that he wasn't going to be hurt, looked up at him adoringly. O'Rourke mused on:

"An' poor little Jim Crogan managed to git ye a collar an' license, did he? He musta gone hungry, betimes, Ingski, to do it. Ah, well," he sighed heavily, rising from his stooping posture and wiping his hands on his handkerchief. "Life's a pretty hard proposition for newsboys an' mongrel dogs, Ingski. Little Jim's out of it—be glad for that."

But Ingski, feeling that his friendly acquaintance was about to leave him, looked up wistfully and without gladness. O'Rourke shook his head sadly and started on down his beat. From up the street came a noise of approaching rowdies. Ingski gazed after the broad, blue back of the policeman, then at the advancing ruffians. With a lonesome little whine, he turned and limped down the alley out of sight.

And Patrolman O'Rourke, swinging along his beat, was grave and unsmiling. It was a month now since little Jim Crogan had been run down by an auto—the kith and kinless little Jim, picking up a precarious livelihood selling newspapers. And who would have guessed that he had owned a

dog—a real collared and licensed dog? Little Jim must have indeed loved Ingski.

It suddenly occurred to O'Rourke that it was pretty tough luck to have anything you loved kicked and abused, after you were gone and couldn't help it. He tried to see himself adopting Ingski—for Jimmy's sake. But Ingski was such an undeniably homely little dog. O'Rourke knew Mrs. O'Rourke would not contenance him for a minute. Troubled, and deriding himself for so being, he resolutely dismissed the dog from his mind.

But Ingski, dog-fashion, had no notion of forgetting O'Rourke. The next day, at precisely the same time as on the day previous, he peeped cautiously out of the alley and down the street toward the approaching O'Rourke. The policeman grinned at the sight of the black and gray bundle of fur and bright brown eyes.

"Hello, Ingski," he called gaily.

Ingski was beside him with joy at the recognition.

"Thought I might see you about this neighborhood again," O'Rourke told him, "so I got ye a pound of hamburger steak." He unwrapped the parcel and tendered it to Ingski. Ingski swallowed it and looked for more.

O'Rourke stared at him quizzically. "You've got a big capacity, all right, all right. I'm afraid ye ain't much good, Ingski, but, for little Jim's sake, I'm goin' to try to get a home for ye—understand?"

Ingski did. Not the words, of course, but the friendly intent back of them, and he wagged excessively to show his gratitude.

This time, when O'Rourke left him he no longer felt depressed. There was something stable about a man who fed you and talked kindly to you twice in succession. Ingski felt an established friendship between himself and the policeman. He determined to make the alley his particular "hang-out" right from then on.

Accordingly, for two weeks, every day at a certain hour, he would peep cautiously from the alley's mouth and O'Rourke never failed him. Then, one day, Ingski waited in vain. O'Rourke didn't appear. As a matter of fact he had tried to explain to Ingski the day before, but Ingski couldn't understand. So he waited all afternoon and well into the night before the policeman finally came. Ingski went wild with joy. Usually a somewhat reserved, painfully apologetic little dog, he now showed, by short, explosive little barks and much capering about, just how glad he was to have O'Rourke back again.

And O'Rourke was pleased. "I suppose you've been waiting all day," he chuckled. "An' I told ye yesterday that I was transferred to night shift now. It's nights I'll be bringin' ye food, ye greedy spalpeen." He ran his hand over the small body inquiringly. "You're pickin' up, ye little devil. Another month an' I'll have ye fat as a butter ball—an' I think—" here he winked at Ingski—"I'll have a home for ye by that time. I've got several strings out for one." He patted Ingski encouragingly and gave him his dinner as usual.

It didn't take Ingski long to learn to look for his big friend nights instead of days, and a month later, when O'Rourke told him his tramp days were surely over, he wagged joyously and licked the big man's hand.

"An' bedad, but I do believe I'll miss ye," said O'Rourke, looking down on the little dog. "You're gettin' to be a cute trick—but not much spunk, I'm afraid." As Ingski crouched at his feet in abject humility, Ingski always did that whenever the policeman deigned to touch him. "Not much spunk, Ingski, I'm afraid. Why, I've got a blooded bulldog at home that thinks he's doin' me a favor if he lets me pat him on the head now and then." And Ingski, knowing the interpretation being put upon his gratefulness, crouched lower still.

The next night O'Rourke came as usual, and with him was a small shock-headed boy of about 10 years. The boy made advances to Ingski, but Ingski was suspicious of boys in general and held back. It was only at the command of O'Rourke that he came forward and allowed himself to be petted by the boy, and a rope to be knotted about his collar. Ingski guessed that he was going to be taken away and he crouched flat on his stomach at the policeman's feet.

O'Rourke stooped, and patting him on the head, drew him to his feet.

"Buck up, Ingski, an' get more spunk. You're goin' to have a nice home—an' I'll come up to look you over now and then, to see how you're gettin' along. Take him home now, son. You'll find him a lovin' cuss—if not much else." And Ingski, reluctant and with many backward glances, was led away.

Patrolman O'Rourke, feeling that he had done a good deed, and that Jimmy Crogan would have liked it, swung along his beat, relieved to have the self-appointed task over at last. For it is no easy thing to find a good home for a nondescript canine, whose chief worth lies in his affectionate disposition.

However, the next night, as O'Rourke approached the alley, he felt a distinct sense of loneliness. There would be no little dog to take his caress, humbly kneeling, so to speak. O'Rourke felt of his three bandaged fingers ruefully. The blooded bulldog had snapped the hand that fed him that morning. O'Rourke sighed, and his roving glance swept up one side of the street and down the other. His gaze returned to the building opposite and lingered there. It was a small jewelry store, and always there burned a night light in the front window and one in the rear. Tonight the rear light was out. It might have been an oversight on the part of the owner, and then again it might portend something else. O'Rourke had been in the store often. Behind a low partition at the back was the safe, where the jeweler locked his better grade of goods at night. Slowly passing along, his eyes fastened on the store across the street, he saw the sudden flash of a match behind the partition.

O'Rourke was directly in front of Ingski's alley, and as he raised his whistle to his lips, a stunning blow from behind half felled him and he was dragged backward into the dark alley. He grappled with his foe, trying again and again to use his whistle, and using his club ineffectually. His assailant was a powerful man and bore him struggling and fighting to the ground. And then O'Rourke became conscious of a small something emitting sharp, explosive barks, like a bunch of firecrackers, and trying to mix in the fight. He knew it was Ingski, but was too busy to wonder how he got there. He felt his adversary's leg swing loose from the dog, then kicked out savagely, and with a pained yelp he heard the small body strike the ground several feet away. Half stunned, O'Rourke was no match for his assailant, and was fast losing consciousness under the powerful grip about his throat, when something furry scrambled and scratched across his face. The next moment the hands about

his throat loosened and a terrific curse broke from the man on top of him. O'Rourke, partially recovering himself, raised his whistle to his lips and a shrill call for help went ringing down the quiet street. Then he had time to see what had happened. Ingski had buried his teeth in the heavy cheek of his assailant and was hanging on with true bulldog tenacity, despite the powerful hand that was choking the breath out of him. O'Rourke, before whose eyes a million stars were swimming and whose head felt strangely light, struggled from under the prodding knees of the man and brought his club down on the close-cropped, bullet-shaped head. Then he picked up the little dog, and limped now, and staggered out into the broad glare of the street light. At the same moment four blue-coated figures arrived panting and breathless from running and full of inquiries.

O'Rourke, swaying on his feet, pointed to the alley. "A frame-up," he said weakly. "One fellow's workin' in the store across the street—an' one a-layin' for me here—three of ye go after the one in the store before he gets away—and one of ye watch the one in the alley—he's laid out for a while. I'm—I'm sort o' dizzy." He sat down suddenly on the curb, with Ingski still in his arms.

O'Rourke was slowly recovering from the assault upon him, but still too dazed to take much interest in what was happening across the street. His chief concern was centered in Ingski, who was showing signs of reviving. O'Rourke carefully examined the little dog, twisting one broken little leg back the

way it belonged, and as Ingski whimpered with pain he smoothed the tangled hair away from the brown eyes as he would have a child's. The rope was still fastened to Ingski's collar, the loose end of which showed plainly that it had been chewed in two. O'Rourke smiled grimly.

"You're a nerry little cuss, all right, all right!" he told Ingski, and Ingski feebly wagged his ragged tail.

Someone had sent for the patrol wagon, and O'Rourke was still sitting on the curb, holding the dog, when it drew up and the law-breakers were hustled inside and driven away.

A little crowd had gathered by this time, and stood grouped about, excitedly plying the patrolmen with questions. O'Rourke alone had little to say, until someone, looking curiously at Ingski, asked:

"What ye got there, O'Rourke?" eyeing the bundle of black and gray fur in his arms.

O'Rourke looked down at Ingski tenderly. "That's me dog, boys. He ain't much for looks, but he's sure got pep. An' say—know of anybody that wants to buy a full-blooded bulldog?"

In the Laundry.

[Indianapolis News:] All are familiar with the old rule of putting salt in the water to prevent clothes from fading, but have you ever tried putting a very little pepper into the first suds in which clothes are washed? This tends to keep the colors from running. Many delicate colors, especially pinks, lavenders and blues, are bound to fade more or less each time they are washed. If you dissolve a little dye in the last rinsing water, you'll find that their color will be retained. It is necessary, of course, to use the dye each time the dresses are laundered. If you are washing anything green, a little alum dissolved in the rinsing water will usually prevent its fading. And when laundering sheer white dresses, have you ever tried putting a small piece of gum arabic in the rinsing water? It gives the material a fresh crispness.

Pieces of damask table linen rarely require any starch. If they are carefully washed and ironed while damp they will be stiff enough and will wear much longer. Use irons as hot as possible without scorching the linen, and iron each piece until it is perfectly dry. This gives them a crispness which can be gained in no other way, and the linen will stay clean much longer than if carelessly ironed and put away limp and not entirely dry. Keep the edges straight and the folds even. Handkerchiefs should also be ironed while quite damp with a hot iron.

The Homing Instinct of Bees.

In the Fortnightly Review, Henri Fabre, the naturalist, tells a characteristic story about Darwin and himself. Darwin wished to explain the homing instinct of bees, and he induced Fabre to begin a series of experiments with that purpose in view. A regular plan of campaign was drawn up. Marked bees were placed in a dark box and were carried away from the hive in an opposite direction from that in which they were finally liberated. The box was repeatedly turned about, so that the inmates should lose all sense of direction. Every possible means was taken to render useless any known or conceivable method of obtaining their bearings. The bees were even placed within an induction coil in the effort to confuse them.

The long and elaborate series of tests was without value, so far as getting any explanation of the homing power was concerned. In every case, from 30 to 40 per cent. of the bees found their way home without apparent trouble, no matter how confusing the trip away from home had been made.

Steadiness Personified.

Mike Reagan applied to Mrs. Stone for position as chauffeur, and gave the name of a friend as reference.

Mrs. Stone sought the friend and asked: "Mr. Brady, your neighbor, Michael Reagan, has applied to me for a place as chauffeur. Is he a steady man?"

"Steady!" cried Brady. "Indade, mum! If he wuz anny steaddier he'd be dead." [Exchange.]

A Drama Within a Drama. By Isabel Blend.

[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Joaquin Murrieta, Famous California Outlaw.

By Dr. O. V. Schroeter.

PERVERTED TALENT.

WEST of that region of Tulare Lake where, in 1852, was a great sheen of water formed by the overflowed San Joaquin and the lake, itself, dotted by islands of long reeds, lay in the Coast range mountains one of those delightful secluded little valleys opening by a narrow gorge into the plains between Pacheco and Tejon passes—the Arroyo Cantoovea. Untouched by the hand of husbandry, it had one spring day burst beautiful in its rolling expanse, lush with the fresh verdure of the season, upon the enraptured view of a young and richly accoutered horseman who, followed by certain fierce-looking and tawny others, had tolled through the defile that led to it. Through the little fairy-land trickled a cool stream from the enclosing lofty purple mountains. We may be certain that the youthful horseman's eyes twinkled with pleasure, for here, it was plain, was a nature corral shut out from the broad plains and hidden in a wild country. Standing among the men, accoutered in his rich velvet braided with gold, silver spurs attached to his faultless boots, frilled linen, clean as the snow on the mountains, showing through his vestments and diamonds on his soft and delicate fingers, his long, waving black hair contrasting with the whiteness of his beardless visage, in his eye a stern look of authority, it was plain to see that, though he was yet a youth, he was the leader of these men. He told them that this place should be their rendezvous, their place of meeting, where, at appointed times, they should gather from all over California. Here they would be securely hidden from their enemies—those who sought their lives as enemies of the law. As he finished there was a huzza from the throats of some fourscore men, the rough tribute to the bandit chieftain, whose name now was a terror to Californians from the Shasta to Mexico, the Terror of the Stanislaus—Joaquin Murrieta.

Could we have peeped down into this little valley upon the bandits' camp, we could have seen grazing aloof some 300 stolen horses on their way to Sonora for disposal, where, barely two years previous Joaquin, the gentle Sonoran youth, had dreamed his dream of California. Ah! Had not California never known him! He was but a youth then when he left his father's little rancho, and he was but a youth now, and yet how great was the transformation, and how terrible. Probably there had lain within him dormant the spirit for wild deeds, but the testimony of the schoolmaster, the Maestro, was very commendatory. The bright-eyed young Sonoran was gentle and apt as a pupil. Near the Murrieta rancho had lived Felix, the packer, with his young son and his beautiful, dark-eyed daughter, Rosita. It was inevitable that Joaquin should love Rosita. Felix was often absent with his mule trains in the mountains, and thus there was opportunity for many a stealthy tryst between the elegant youth and the beautiful girl. On an eventful day, however, Felix's pater returned most unexpectedly and burst upon the unsuspecting lovers. With cutting rebuke he ordered Joaquin from his premises and promised him punishment that must be forthcoming upon a due consultation with the elder Murrieta. Contending passions swayed Joaquin. He felt keenly the hot rebuke of the packer, he loved Rosita and he feared the result of his father's wrath.

Now, it happened there had recently before come news from a long-absent half brother in the Californias up north, who, it appeared, lived in a queer little place called Murphy's Diggings. It had been very long since they had heard from him. In fact, they had thought he was dead. Often had Joaquin, lying on the mesa or riding behind his father's cattle, dreamed of California. Often, too, he had gloated over the stories the Americans who had come to Sonora had told him. From them he had acquired a good knowledge, too, of English. So, in the sleepy days, there had grown in the heart of the fiery youth a longing to leave the little rancho, as had done his half brother before him, for the fast life above in California. Dormant in his nature was the Castilian love of adventure. And now

had come these disturbing incidents to put finally on his course. He would satisfy his longings—he would leave Sonora forever—he would escape the wrath of Felix, the packer—he would take his love, Rosita, with him. Once again there was a last stealthy tryst and the shrinking Rosita was finally won over. On two good horses they fled in the moonlight from Sonora.

It was in the spring of 1850 that Joaquin and Rosita settled on the banks of the River Stanislaus, in the mining region of California. He built himself a comfortable cabin upon the spot where prospecting in the river below had brought the possibility of an early competence. But circumstance, that so often shapes a positive career, was destined to shape a negative one here. It was the day of the law of the strong arm, of the rabble. Discontent, voiced in murmurs against the foreigners, was heard in the mines. There was a growing feeling of animosity that lodged with particular force against the gentle Mexican, who had a paying claim, when so many Americans from the distant East had none. "None had a right to the gold from American soil but the Americans," said these. Murmurs grew to acts of violence.

It was one evening when Joaquin had returned to his cabin, tired from his work in the river and had thrown his bowie upon the cot, that a half-dozen desperadoes swaggered in.

"You don't know, I suppose, that the Greasers are not allowed to take gold from American ground?" began the leader insolently.

"If you mean that I have no right to my claim, in obtaining which I have conformed to all the laws of the district, I certainly do not know it," answered Joaquin quietly.

"Well, you may know it now. And you have got to go, so vamoose, get, and that instant; and take that trumpery with you," said the leader, jerking his thumb in the direction of Rosita. "The women, if anything, are worse than the men."

Joaquin stepped forward with clenched hand, while his blood mantled his face.

"I will leave these parts if I must, but speak one word against that woman and, though you were ten times an American, you shall rue it." At this one of the men struck Joaquin a violent blow in the face. He sprang for his bowie on the cot, but Rosita threw herself before him. The intruders quickly thrust her aside and knocked him senseless. When they had gone and he awoke to consciousness, he saw the uselessness of resisting their orders. There was no organized law to which he, a Greaser, could appeal. He must go, and so, packing up their few belongings, they left and soon reached Murphy's Diggings, the habitation of Joaquin's half brother, who had a small rancho there.

Here Joaquin became a monte dealer in one of the gambling establishments. His frank, genial manner made him popular, and again he prospered. But, if we must believe the narrative of his sufferings, he was not destined to enjoy it long. One day he borrowed a horse of his brother and rode toward the town. On the way he was suddenly accosted by a party of Americans, one of whom claimed that the animal he was riding was one that had been stolen from him. He at once insolently accused Joaquin of the theft. Joaquin protested his innocence. The party returned with him to the rancho of his brother, whom they promptly hanged in sight of the tearful and protesting Joaquin. They tied him to a near-by tree and flogged him. Flogging has been justly condemned by an authority on "mining day" lore as far more productive of harm than of good as a punishment for evildoers, and it must have been so for the innocent, as must have been the case with Joaquin. The flogged one still lives for vengeance, and his hate is intensified by his sufferings.

Ere he sank under the repeated blows of the lash that raised terrible welts upon him, a gleam of intense hate for his persecutors is said to have been visible in the eyes of Joaquin. He marked indelibly in his mind the features of all of them, and silently he made a vow of vengeance. And that vow of vengeance he more than kept. The bodies of most of those that flogged

him were found upon the highways, and some are said to have fled in terror. Under his leadership fortunes in gold and horses were stolen and scores of lives snuffed out. He soon gathered to him the most desperate scoundrels, all older men than himself, schooled in the perpetration of dark deeds, but lacking his gallantry and his education. Joaquin was both outlaw and cavalier; some under him were human butchers. Such was Manuel Garcia, alias "Three-fingered Jack," who slaughtered with glee the Chinamen that came in his way, and for whom no deed was too horrible. He had been a guerrilla in the Mexican War. There was Pedro Gonzalez, an expert horse thief. Joaquin Valenzuela, often mistaken for Murrieta himself, had had experience as a bandit in Mexico and was a good counsellor. Last, but not least, was Claudio, lean, restless, brave and cunning. These were Joaquin's lieutenants, and such as these led his bands over the commonwealth. With divided forces he swept the State in many places at once, until the populace had come to believe in his very omnipresence. Joaquin commanded their respect and enforced it. Treason meant death. Loyally to him they gathered in the valley at Arroyo Cantoovea, while California cried for his life.

Some time after the incident of the flogging at Murphy's Diggings, murders became unusually frequent along the Feather River. Men had been found dead with the noose about their necks in the woods beside the roads. Near the thriving city of Marysville was a colony of Mexicans, known as the Sonoran Camp, a place to which it had been noticed stealthy horsemen came and went. Suspicion was aroused that here was to be found the source of the crimes along the Feather. Sheriff Buchanan of Marysville decided on radical action. He was a brave man. With a friend he rode to within half a mile of the tented colony one night. Dismounting, the men tied their horses to the trees and, drawing their pistols, crept through the brush upon the camp. But they had not counted upon the watchdog who scented their approach and as they drew near jumped upon the back of the sheriff's companion. Buchanan killed the animal with one blow of his knife and there was silence, but it was too late. Sonoran Camp knew that danger lurked for them out there in the shadows. Warily, Buchanan proceeded to creep through the fence, but he had hardly done so ere a fusillade of shots flashed from behind a near-by bush and he fell to the ground with a bullet in his abdomen. He had seen a well-dressed Mexican anxiously throw his serape over his shoulder just before the shots had been fired and later he learned that this man was Joaquin, and his bullet had all but cost him his life.

From the Feather River region the band now hurried from impending danger into the vastness of the forests in the Shasta region. Here was a wild but most beautiful region. Here Joaquin secured for his desperate enterprise, the stealing of horses from the rancheros, the co-operation of the discontented Indians, who had been unjustly treated by the whites of the region. For months the bandits roamed the forests. On one occasion the bandit chieftain heard a woman's cries and spurred his horse in the direction from which they came, when he met a beautiful girl who, dashing out of the woods in pursuit of an elk, lassoed the animal, only to find herself in turn lassoed by two bandits. Thoroughly frightened, she begged for deliverance, but the bandits only laughed. Suddenly as if from heaven came the words, "Restore that girl to her horse instantly!"

It was Joaquin, and the surprised desperadoes obeyed at once.

Many adventures of this little-known and yet most famous outlaw show a character in him that, applied to a noble and useful cause, would have won him a name that would have endured, not notorious, but possibly famous in California annals. Joaquin, however, had chosen the negative career and it was now too late to go back. He knew it. One day he met a friend of better days, Joe Lake, an American, on the road near the town of Los Hornitos. After greeting him genially, Joaquin related to

Joe, as was his wont, the story of his wrongs and, finally, in a burst of confidence, also the character of his life.

"Why don't you leave the country and abandon your criminal life?" asked Joe.

"Too late, Joe. I must die as I live, pistol in hand." And then, after a thoughtful moment, Joaquin continued:

"But do not betray me, Joe. Do not tell anyone that you have met me here. If you do I shall be very sorry," and the young bandit chief knowingly tapped the stock of his pistol.

Joe felt, however, that it was his duty to apprise the authorities of the presence in the vicinity of the notorious outlaw, Joaquin, and soon the pursuit was on. Joe forgot the threat of vengeance, but the next morning, as he rode upon the streets of Hornitos, a portly Mexican came up to him and saying in a low tone, "You betrayed me, Joe," plunged a knife into his breast and rode away. Joaquin had fulfilled his threat.

Many tales of the wild youth's daring deeds and escapes were told in California in the early fifties. After the sojourn in the wilds of the Shasta region the outlaw band again swept the mining region. For a time, unknown to the inhabitants, Joaquin lived in the bosom of the enemy in the little town of Mokelumne Hill. He frequented the gambling room, often taking a hand in the play. One day, as it neared the time for his departure for the rendezvous at Cantoovea, he heard one of the conversing Americans at a near-by table say to the other:

"I would just like once in my life to come across Joaquin. I would kill him as quick as I would a snake."

It was already dark and the daredevil Joaquin, jumping to the top of the table at which he sat, leveled his pistols and shouted, "I'm Joaquin. If there is any shooting to do, I am in."

At once there was consternation and uproar, while Joaquin and his cohorts backed through the door, and mounting their horses rode away into the darkness answering the flashing pistols behind them with a taunting laugh.

He had, too, a way of intermingling with the members of honest communities—of genially interjecting himself into the conversation at hand, while his hearers were all unaware that the princely dressed Mexican on the magnificent horse was none other than the famous Joaquin whom all Californians sought dead or alive. But, on more than one occasion, his daring in this nearly cost him his life. It was probably late in this same year of 1852 that he was talking from his horse to a group of miners near the town of San Andreas, a region which had suffered much from depredations by his band. Of a sudden his quick eye caught the approach of Jim Boyce, who knew him. He dug his spurs into his horse as Boyce, dropping a pail of water which he was carrying, yelled, "Boys, that fellow is Joaquin; shoot him!"

And after the flying bandit chief came a shower of bullets. Here, it so happened, that Joaquin's only avenue of escape lay over a narrow and dizzy digger trail. Over this for a hundred yards he must dash at full speed, but, nothing daunted, he mounted the trail at full speed, riding thus where a slight mistep would hurl him to death many feet below. As he rode he was in full view of his enemy, who shot fusillade after fusillade of bullets upon him that chipped the slate on the hillside beside him and carried his plumed hat from his head. And as he rode thus he waved his dagger at the miners and yelled defiantly: "I am Joaquin; kill me if you can!" In a few seconds he had rounded the trail to safety.

But, at last, 1853 had come, and with the opening of the year more insistently than ever the demand that this terrible enemy of the commonwealth must be destroyed. California had now been ravaged for three long years, and murders had been committed until now even the halls of State rang with exhortation to decisive action. The State had set a price upon his head. In Stockton the bandit chief had calmly written under the words of the poster proclaiming:

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY.)

"Whom the Gods Love." By Mary Stewart Daggett.

A FANTASY.

[The German drive on Paris one year ago was followed by the unexpected retreat beginning September 1. "Whom the Gods Love" is intended to express neutral and civilized feeling the world over in regard to modern war and its effect on art.—The Author.]

PLACE: Paris.
Time: During one hour of the afternoon of early autumn, 1914.

Scene: A low, underground, bomb-proof room beneath the basement of one of the galleries of the Louvre—closed to the outside world by a heavy steel door.

CHARACTERS.

Listolier: A guard of the Louvre, dressed as a soldier.

Felix: A French workman.

Lucien King: An American boy of 20, who is a student of art, aspiring to be a sculptor.

STATUES.

The Venus de Milo, removed from her pedestal and lying prone upon a padded wooden rack which had been fashioned to protect her divine form in time of war.

Renaissance Bust—the Unknown Woman: Resting against a rough cross-beam.

Other famous sculptures in both the round and in relief, underground for safety, in view of the German advance on Paris.

The curtain rises on darkness. A heavy key suddenly turns in the steel partition. There is a wrench, a grating noise outside and the door flings wide. Enter Listolier, Lucien King and Felix, the French workman, holding a flaming torch.

Listolier (speaking to Felix): Switch on the electricity.—Mon dieu! It is dark.

(Felix turns on a meager stream of light, which brings into view the Venus de Milo dimly visible upon the rack which is soon to be covered with sand-bags. Gradually other statues and bas-reliefs stand out on three sides of the low, underground room. The Unknown Woman, of Renaissance fame, has been placed incidentally near Venus de Milo.)

Felix: We ought to have more power in a place like this. I can hardly see to take measurements for other things coming down.

Listolier (to King, the sculptor): You will be able to see more clearly when you get used to the subdued light. Thank heaven! we may turn on juice below ground. Forty-five years ago, when my father officiated during the war, there was no electricity in Paris. He had only a torch to go about with (pointing to De Milo.) There she is on the very rack my father made with his own hands, padding every inch to suit her marble form below the sand-bags. He was never through boasting about assignments in the dark with his Greek goddess. He actually worshipped above his immortal charge. My poor mother was jealous when father stayed too long from home. (King stands like one in a dream, gazing down at the heroic form he has prayed to view.) Listolier rambling on, amused at the boy's emotion: It is sad that she has been removed from her pedestal, yet, after all, you are fortunate, for had you come one day later our adorable goddess would have been completely buried beneath sandbags. See! They are piled behind, ready to use at a moment's notice. We have other treasures still to bring down; then the sand-bags will cover everything precious. This place and other retreats below ground will be sealed until after the war.

King (bending rapturously above the Venus): I cannot believe the Germans would dare to touch her. Remove her from Paris? Impossible.

Listolier: Pah! If they ever get inside the city they will rob the Louvre of all distinction. Germany has wanted this war too long.

Felix (coming forward to Listolier): Shall I drive hooks when I have measured spaces?

Listolier: You have brought hooks and your hammer?

Felix: Yes, I have both in my apron.

Listolier: Remember; there are four Donatellos to go on the west wall.

Felix: The most precious one is already hung—just back of the Unknown Woman. (pointing.)

Listolier: I see. (To King who still has eyes only for the prostrate Venus.) You seem to be as desperately in love with her as was my poor old father—the saints protect his memory. He was never quite the

same after that war. People thought him a little touched when he told about a certain adventure in this very place. But he was happy, believing that Venus de Milo had addressed him with human speech. The night before he died he declared that she had revealed the truth of her divine origin on the pagan island of Melos. He described the temple in which she once pre-



The Unknown Woman.



Venus de Milo.

in the shops of the retail butchers. That is art, I say!

King: You jest well; but I am most unhappy. I worked so hard to get over here and now I must go back home disappointed. There will be no spring salon this year.

Listolier: You must go to Italy.

King: Yes, I am leaving Paris tomorrow.



Victoire de Samothrace.

sided and hinted about immortal lovers who came to adore her. He said that, although the goddess is thought to be absolutely impersonal, she is tender with feeling, which, however, she may never manifest except during some fearful cataclysm of upheaval. In time of war the gods permit her to speak for a brief period the languages of all human beings who protect her. My father told us that when women and children weep all over the world the Goddess de Milo and other great statues are given a short interval of "condescension," in which the wings of immortality brush, so to speak, subconscious souls of unhappy human beings. But, of course, my poor father was out of his head. I am only amusing you.

King: I wish to believe every word. She is beautiful! Too beautiful! (again gazing rapturously.) Oh, that she might speak to me. I should die of joy.

Listolier: That would be foolish. One must live now—live to see the end of this war.

King (to himself): Yes, even stones cry out with provocation. Perhaps if I stayed close by her side, she would speak to me—show me the road to success—give me hope.

Listolier: Nonsense! Of course, my old father was out of his head. Besides, immortality is foolish business. No artist strives for that in these days—one must make something new; something strange or freakish to behold that will be purchased by ignorant rich people. You should have seen some of the things in our last spring salon. Had you been there you would not speak like Noah before the flood.

King: I saw a cubist show in my own country.

Listolier: Yes, I heard that women hung upon it half in tears, lest they make a mistake in criticising the wrong way. "The Nude" finally "descended the staircase," I was told—became the property of a rich American, hunting a target for the shooting gallery of his country place.

King: Yes, the thing was sold for a large price.

Listolier: The buyer did not know that we kicked it out of Paris.

King: I think not.

Listolier: Art is all right in the galleries of the Louvre, but not as a business. The French have been nourished on art from their cradles. We would all give our lives to save the Venus de Milo and other treasures from the Germans; but we also aspire to money-making—to life in the carnal sense. I tell you, the people of France were having their first great chance when

the German War God tore up the little piece of paper. We had no need for this war—we were all happy, the trade was prospering. Think of Belgium! France may soon be in the same plight. If the enemy gets past the forts into the city, the Kaiser may turn Napoleon out of his tomb—reserve it for himself. Mon dieu! It is altogether vile!

King: Could nothing be done?

Listolier: Nothing. The War God was prepared for conquest.

King: Twenty years is a long time to make ready.

Listolier: We were compelled to fight with the violation of Belgium. We had no wish for war, and not all of the Germans wanted to fight us; but they had to obey.

King (sighs, gazing rapturously upon the prostrate Venus): If war had been stayed I should now be established in the Latin quarter ready for work. Great Venus de Milo would still be above on her pedestal.

Listolier: How foolish artists talk. Thank heaven I never aspired to be one. Soon I am going to the front. If I am not killed I shall join my cousin in America when the war is over.

King (heartily): Thanks to your cousin, I met you and got in here. Even at this last moment I will have something to take away with me.

Listolier (absently): I should have gone to Chicago a year ago. I then had the chance to enter business in the packing-house with my cousin. I was a poor fool not to go.

King: You would have returned for the war—so many Frenchmen did.

Listolier: Doubtless. We all go crazy when we hear the "Marseillaise." My cousin is now too old to fight; but he sends over his money. He has a large fortune—all acquired in the United States.

Felix (who has been measuring and pounding on the wall): I must go above for my screwdriver. I forgot to bring it down. (Felix exits.)

King (gazing at the Venus unhappily): If I had only seen her standing.

Listolier: Cheer up. Be glad that you are an American. Yesterday a Zeppelin sailed over Paris, threw down bombs and killed two old women and three little children. I was but two blocks away. Think of your packing-houses and be proud that you kill only animals. My cousin has written me that their cattle are driven into a long ascending tumbrel, arriving at la guillotine pour les animaux, from thence to drop into boiling vats and emerge in the space of nineteen minutes—skinned, cut into quarters and hung on silver-plated hooks

Listolier: I am sorry. Perhaps we shall never meet again. I go to the front as soon as I have put these sand-bags over the Venus. All the men are leaving the city to fight. I shall be glad to get out of Paris where our women are weeping. Every woman and girl hangs onto her man until the last moment; it is enough to make one crazy. This evening I, too, will say farewell to my wife and children. Mon dieu! They call this an advanced age. Every hour the Germans come nearer—singing! Is it not a crime before Almighty God to kill—singing? Yes, the packing-house of America is more honorable than this human bewery.

King: Yes, it is horrible.

Listolier: Think of these warring nations, with their "white papers," their "gray papers" and their "yellow papers." Mon dieu! They have yet to issue the red paper, stained its color with the blood of all Europe.

King: I cannot thank you enough for letting me in here. I shall never forget this underground salon—it is thrilling. And I might have missed all—by one day! I will tell your cousin everything when I see him.

Listolier: Be sure to say to him that I speak good English; that as soon as this war is over I shall be starting to America, ready to enter the packing-house.

King: Your English is remarkable—much better than my poor French.

Listolier (proud of his accomplishment): You see, I first learned English so that I might speak to rich Americans coming to the Louvre. They soon gave me big tips. I told them stories about the statues and they came back to give me more money. I never wasted time on personally conducted tourists. They are a different class. Long ago I stopped taking their meager coins.

King (laughing): I see you have been discriminating.

Listolier: Yes. When Venus de Milo stood on her pedestal, I have watched ignorant tourists circle about her like so many wolves, regarding unknown prey; the men, especially, leering and grinning as they hastened away.

King: You have seen and heard much during days of service in the Louvre.

Listolier: Indeed I have. No school is better to educate one in human nature than galleries of art where all kinds of people come and go for a good reason and for none whatever.

(Enter Felix, the workman, in great excitement.)

Listolier: What is it? Has anything happened?

With the masterful hand of inexperience Mr. Timothy Tyler Tinklepaugh set the sparkers goin' and he and his bride—that's me—turned their happy faces to the road of joy which lay stretched out before them and with a merry tonk started out on their weddin' trip.

"Whom the Gods Love." By Mary Stewart Daggett.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Saturday, September 4, 1915.

[Saturday, September 4, 1915.]

Felix: Ouf! Ouf! the cannon are still! Everyone cries, "Vive la France!" There is news from the Eiffel Tower.

Listolier: I must ascend the lift at once. (To King.) Will you come too? We must hear what is happening.

King: Let me remain a little longer. Perhaps I shall never see her again. I am not afraid to stay alone.

Listolier: Very well. I can tell you the news when I come down again. But take this torch. The electricity might switch off—one never depends upon anything in times like these.

King: Thank you! thank you!

(Listolier and Felix run out to the lift.)

King: (gazing long at the goddess at last speaks:) Oh! I am glad that they are gone. It has been hard to be polite—to talk profanely. Marvelous goddess, speak to me, I implore! What secrets art thou hiding in thy glorious breast? Ignominious is thy bed; yet was it not fashioned by hands that loved you? Great Milo! hear me! Answer a man—an insignificant sculptor who speaks to find out—to know the truth about himself.

(He buries his face in his hands and weeps. Suddenly there is, as it were, a long, weary sigh from the bosom of the prostrate statue. King starts, then sinks behind the sand-bags. He blows out the torch. Another sigh, and a gentle rocking movement on the wooden rack fills him with passionate joy. He waits in breathless expectation. Finally Venus de Milo speaks.)

Venus de Milo: Where am I? Why am I off the rack? Yes, I recall my latest degradation—once more I am cast down.

(The Unknown Woman against the cross-beams smiles, then gravely bows to the de-throned goddess. King waits as one in a dream. The Unknown Woman at last begins to speak.)

Unknown Woman (addressing the Venus:) At last thou art aroused, great goddess! Thy noble presence gives fresh hope in this miserable place. Wilt thou not condescend to notice one who has humbly prayed for the first movement of awakening?

Venus de Milo: Who art thou?

Unknown Woman: I am only a statue of the Renaissance. Would that I were pure Greek in thy sublime presence.

Venus de Milo: Thy period is honorable. I have heard much of its passion and the poetry of its art. Tell me thy name. I would call thee friend.

Unknown Woman (sighing plaintively:) I have no name.

Venus de Milo: I am beginning to see thee. Thou art very beautiful. Surely thou wilt explain thou origin.

Unknown Woman: If I should tell thee who I really am my reputation might be lost. If the world knew of my true origin I might be suddenly turned down by an irrational jury and driven from out the Louvre. No, no! Great Goddess, it is best that I keep my own secrets and tease the curious by declining to give my name. I must never divulge the story of my life or let it be noised about in provincial art clubs that my radiant being was evolved through the passion of a comparatively unknown sculptor. The ones who think little for themselves would be shocked at my confession.

Venus de Milo: Mortals are fickle! And yet they speak of pagan gods with poor comprehensions, denouncing them as capricious!

Unknown Woman: Wonderful Goddess! Is it not wise to be silent when one is truly great? Thou knowest the subtle charm of mystery, thou who hast been worshipped! I am without a name. For this very reason I have become famous. The erudite edict long ago went forth, proclaiming me inscrutable! My lovers sigh to make me out, when in reality I am simple and only blessed with a perfect sense of humor.

Venus de Milo: Thou speakest with charm.

Unknown Woman: My sense of humor has never gone from me. During most trying periods of existence I have enjoyed the distinction of being misunderstood by art critics who insist on convincing the ignorant. And I have been called inscrutable! Think you, wise Goddess, that in such conditions I could resign my precious sense of humor? No more could I lose it from out my life than could our long-faced Madonna, in relief—hanging over there against the midnight wall of this prison—lose sorrow from her mouth and shorten the line of her cheek. Sweet mother of Christ! Has the little son clinging to thy breast been born in vain?

Venus de Milo (sighing:) The poor old

world is once more dark! I heard it said the Dove of Peace was flying from ocean to ocean—from zone to zone. Now the dove's wings are broken! Yet why hath the pagan age been questioned? Shall dull, dogmatic men class me as a thing vainly worshiped by unknown gods? (King, rising from behind the sand-bags, stretches forth his arms with protecting gesture.)

Unknown Woman: How stood you this insult? Surely your birth-age is honorable compared with this present time with its filthy carnage! Now men contend beneath the ground in run-ways, as animals seeking prey? This war is not valiant.

Venus de Milo: Dear child of the Renaissance, I, too, am shocked at the outcome of "higher civilization." I am glad that I was born in an age far from the present one. I am of more noble origin than these barbarians of the so-called Christian era. In my proud period, the gods fought for Love! Now war is waged for greed. I am happy to have been born under the light of Venus, when no bombs dropped from out the sky to sully moonlight. At my birth there was only star-dust and a brilliant fall of meteors! (King, springing up in rapture, almost forgets himself and cries out.)

Unknown Woman (speaks and King sinks back:) Great Goddess! I thank thee for thy generous confidence. I feel strangely safe under thy noble protection. But what dost thou think will happen to us in the end? Will the Germans enter Paris?

Venus de Milo: The Crown Prince, with his army, draws nearer and nearer. Soon they will turn out the light to leave us here in midnight darkness. We shall be smothered beneath sand-bags. I am sorely troubled for our adopted country—for France! I fear these invaders who boast of "Kultur" and sing—killing!

Unknown Woman: If the guards would only let us have a ray of light! Darkness is horrible! Statues were born to a hard life, despite celebrity. During this period of isolation I, too, would fain be laid down with the back of my head against a roll of straw. I tire of staring into blackness. I am tucked in like a sacred relic which has been displayed to the people and soon forgotten by priests of the altar.

Venus de Milo: Dear child! Thy fate is hard.

Unknown Woman: My long neck feels like breaking.

Venus de Milo: The rack on which I now recline was fashioned for my comfort by a dear friend who once loved me. He has been dead a long time.

Unknown Woman: How beautiful not to forget him!

Venus de Milo: I shall never forget him.

Unknown Woman (sighing:) I have had many lovers in France, yet no one of them has thought to offer me a place where to lay my head.

Venus de Milo: I envied long the reclining statues of the Louvre—so peaceful in repose. Yet the gods have been kind. I was not created crouching!

Unknown Woman: I, too, dear goddess, have pitied the crouching Venus.

Venus de Milo: Gay friend, I love thee! Unknown Woman: Then I am serene, no matter what befalls. Answer again if thou thinkest our end will be harsh?

Venus de Milo: If we are splintered to fragments by a bomb from the sky, it were still less tragic to be uprooted from France.

Unknown Woman: Pray thy gods that we may never be taken to Berlin.

Venus de Milo: Nothing can be foretold in this conflict. After the awful fate of Belgium, I tremble for France.

Unknown Woman: In Belgium the sky hath rained down ruin. The sun is red with blood. The Christ and his sorrowing mother have been profaned. Saints and angels are splintered to atoms.

Venus de Milo: The "Kultur" of the War God hath blasted great cathedrals built in centuries of former civilization.

Unknown Woman: Priests of the Holy Church have been murdered. Little children are starving! Widowed mothers pray silently to die with babes close to their empty breasts.

Venus de Milo: Thou art eloquent, dear child. Tell me more of what thou hast heard. I slept deeply after my removal.

Unknown Woman: I listened when the guards came in to secrete the art treasures. Yet I am not wise, like thee! I am only an unknown woman awaiting fate. I crave pardon for speaking volubly in thy noble presence. A statue of the Renaissance may never quite interpret the great spirit of a Greek goddess. I am more susceptible to influence than thou. My imperturbable calm is oracular! Show me, I pray, the truth of

the whole matter. Surely thy gods have whispered the solution of this awful conflict of nations?

Venus de Milo: I still hope, dear child, for the peace of former days; the joy of companionship with artists and art lovers. Those quiet, orderly Sunday afternoons and free days in the Louvre were sweet, filled with true religion.

Unknown Woman: When the simple people came, I was always happy.

Venus de Milo: I am sadly missing the little children who came with their hard-working parents for a holiday. The little ones were always good, trying to understand my beauty without arms.

Unknown Woman: The French nation hath loved thee from thy first hour in the Louvre. Surely thou and all statutes with thee shall be preserved.

Venus de Milo: The gods are still silent. They do not whisper our destiny. Yet I hope for France, our adopted country. I love the French who are gifted with insight—and have not defamed my form with arms fashioned for a peasant. The French do not assume to restore greatness which is lost only to the ignorant.

Unknown Woman: Would that the war had never been begun!

Venus de Milo: Science hath done this awful thing; Science is the unknown god; Jehovah is no longer worshiped in the world. Science seeketh her own without love—without mercy! Art must soon die in an age desolate and bleeding.

Unknown Woman: Shall the galleries of Louvre be destroyed with bombs from the sky?

Venus de Milo: My gods have not yet spoken to my soul. I feel only the hard clutch of the god of Science holding on to war. All nations clamor for battle-craft. Armored ships in air, armored ships beneath the surface of the sea, have made hell upon earth! Leaves of autumn are turned early—with blood stains. Birds are flown and dumb cattle low piteously. Rivers run red! Yet at last I begin to hope—the blackness before my eyes is lifting! (prophetically.) My gods are speaking! Now I will show thee what they foretell.

King (springing forward:) I must not lose a word! Oh, that I should live to know the truth! (He kneels behind the Venus, who is lost in silent communion.)

Unknown Woman: Great goddess, I await thy pleasure. I will trust thee. But I, too, feel strange—something whispers to me, also. I hear wings brushing. "Victoire de Samothrace" I doubt not is being brought down from above. The Germans may even now be approaching! Pray! dear goddess, pray for Paris!

Venus de Milo: Thou, too, hearest wings of destiny brushing above us? Then thou also art immortal! My gods have indeed spoken. Yet soon thou shalt hear song! A great song swelling into volume—reaching from Paris far into the country—across the English Channel.

Unknown Woman: I hear the song! I hear it! It wells stronger, nearer. It is not the song of killing—not yet the song of the enemy without our gates. It is the "Marsellaise!"

Venus de Milo: My gods whisper tidings of joy! My prayer hath been answered: Paris is saved! Know that the army of the enemy is even now retreating! Samothrace—our great victory—awakens every statue in the Louvre! The guards all join in the far-reaching song. Paris is weeping at last in joy. For the song is swelling, swelling! All France hears it! The enemy hath ceased to approach. Soon from the black ruin of Louvain shall rise an angel of light, compelling PEACE for the world. We whom the gods love have been remembered.

Unknown Woman: Great art thou, De Milo!

Venus de Milo: Child of beauty, thou, too, shalt dispense joy in a Renaissance not yet born. There shall arise a New France! When nations cease to kill love and art must again triumph! (A tumult outside. Listolier and other guards of the Louvre shouting "Vive la France! Vive la France!")

Unknown Woman: They are approaching with news!

Venus de Milo: Our period of indulgence is ended. Farewell! (Listolier, Felix, guards and workmen rush in, again shouting, "Vive la France! Vive la France! The army of the Crown Prince shall never do the goose-step in Paris. An aeroplane has dropped the news! The enemy is retreating!" (Lucien King, the sculptor, tries to rise, to come forward; but staggers, aways, then falls senseless among the sand-bags.)

Listolier (springing to the side of his prostrate friend:) He has fainted, poor boy.

We must get him out of here. (To Felix:) Relight the torch—he has blown it out. (Felix obeys, holding the light above King's face while Listolier examines his heart.) Yes, he has only fainted. I should not have left him in this lonely place. (To the men:) Stand back—give him all the air we have. We must carry him above.

King (suddenly regains consciousness, sits up and smiles:) I am all right now. I only grew dizzy with joy.

Listolier: Then you hear? Heard us say the Germans have retreated! The Crown Prince has decided not to spend Christmas in Paris.

King: I knew all before you came.

Listolier: Impossible! You could not have known down here. You must have been dreaming.

King (triumphantly:) Great Goddess de Milo heard the glorious hymn, the "Marsellaise!" The song reaches far into the country across the English Channel.

Listolier: The boy has lost his reason.

King: The gods who love art answered her prayer. Paris with its treasures has been saved! From the black ruin of Louvain there shall rise an angel of light, compelling PEACE for the world.

Listolier (catching him as he falls:) Come, come, you must get out of this foul place. I will help you into the air. The sun is sinking in wonderful colors—the streets are filled with happy people!

King (gently:) Don't take me away! not yet! not yet! Perhaps she will speak once more—to me! to me! (He is again unconscious.)

Listolier (carrying him out tenderly in his arms:) To the lift! To the lift! He has had a vision. He shall live to model THE BRIGHT ANGEL OF PEACE; he must not die.

May Revive Lost Art.

[Hartford Times:] If any good can come at all from the destruction of Rheims Cathedral, it might be said to be from the opportunity to study the fragments of stained glass from its famous windows, the secret of the coloring of this glass made in the thirteenth century having been lost in antiquity. M. Chesneau, assistant director of the French School of Mines, has reported through the Academie des Sciences that he has been able to determine many of the chemical processes used to attain the results in the Rheims windows. Among other discoveries he says that the wonderful red glass which has been the despair of later artisans was acquired by covering a bottle green glass with a thin enamel of oxidized copper.

Teaching City Management.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch:] The University of Texas having led the way with a course in city management, the University of Kansas is preparing to do likewise. It is only a question of time when all the leading American universities will thus recognize the cities' need to be provided with a supply of trained experts for municipal services. It will then be possible for men and women who fit themselves for this work to look forward to life careers in it. City halls will cease to be schools for raw beginners every two or four years. Taxpayers will get the cumulative value of experience in office.

Munitions Board of Old.

[London Chronicle:] There was to some extent a parallel to the new ministry of munitions in the old board of ordnance which dated back to the reign of Henry VIII and lasted until the Crimean war. It was a separate government department, responsible to Parliament alone for its work and expenditure. It had at its head an official called the master general of the ordnance, who was invariably a distinguished soldier. Marlborough, Wellington, Anglessey and Hardinge figure in the list of masters. The work of the board was divided among responsible officers who dealt with fortresses, barracks, armaments, ammunition, etc. And the existing ordnance survey was once a department of the board.

Pointed Paragraphs.

[Washington Star:] Love is doubly blind if the girl is rich.

Don't carry a gun when you are hunting for work.

Charity also uncovers a lot of our neighbors' sins.

No man is afflicted with the love germ if he doesn't act foolishly.

Even a wise man and his money are soon parted—by the undertaker.

Good Short Stories

Brief Anecdotes Gathered From Many Sources.

Compiled for the Times.

Following the Father.

THE conversation at a recent dinner turned to the subject of romantic marriages when this little anecdote was volunteered by H. M. Anker, a North Dakota politician.

One afternoon Green was standing on the corner looking at the jitneys when he was suddenly confronted by an acquaintance of other years. Soon they were comparing notes and recalling happy hours.

"So you were married ten years ago," said the acquaintance in response to a statement made by Brown. "Took place in the church, I suppose, with bridesmaids, flowers, cake and the brass band."

"No," answered Brown, with a reflective expression, "it was an elopement."

"An elopement, eh?" returned the acquaintance. "Did the girl's father follow you?"

"Yes," answered Brown, with something akin to a sigh, "and he has been with us ever since."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Cause for Tears.

THE conversation in a club the other night turned to the question of law and legal lights when the little incident was recalled by Congressman Charles F. Roohr:

"During the trial of a civil case in the West some time ago a lawyer named Smith made an impassioned appeal to the jury, in which at one point he referred to himself."

"My reputation," he dramatically exclaimed, "is all I have on earth. It is the only inheritance that I can leave to my children."

A minute or so later a brother lawyer in the courtroom was observed to be sobbing softly.

"Why, Jones!" exclaimed a friend in surprise, "what in the world is the matter? What are you sobbing about?"

"I can't help it," was the tearful rejoinder of Jones. "It makes me sad to think what a small inheritance Smith's children will have."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Obedying Orders.

F. E. SMITH recently told the story of the captain of hussars who gave a dinner to the men of his squadron the night before they left for the front.

"Now, my lads," he said, "treat this dinner as you will the enemy."

And they set to with a will.

After the dinner he discovered one of the men stowing away bottles of champagne into a bag, and, highly indignant, he demanded to know what he meant by such conduct.

"I'm only obeying orders, sir," said the man.

"Obeying orders?" roared the captain. "What do you mean, sir?"

"You told us to treat the dinner like the enemy, sir, and when we meet the enemy, sir, those we don't kill we take prisoners."—[Tit-Bits.]

A Matter of Conjecture.

WHILE instructing his class regarding the early days of the New England States a school teacher asked:

"Do you know that the house of burgesses in those days was so powerful that it controlled the clothes worn by the men? A man who earned \$13 a week and one whose salary was \$50 were compelled to show a distinction in the clothes they were wearing and not go beyond their means."

A bright scholar in the rear of the room piped up: "Teacher, what would a man do if he were out of work?"—[New York Times.]

The Needed Tool.

ANDREW CARNEGIE consented to see a reporter while he was playing clock golf on the Newport estate, which he has rented for the summer.

"I am better at this game," Mr. Carnegie began, "than I used to be. I remember the time when I was so bad at holding the ball that a fresh young caddy once said to me: 'Shan't I get you a shoehorn, sir?'"—[Washington Star.]

A Match for "Tad."

T. A. DORGAN, the cartoonist, was trying to hire a chauffeur the other day and went about it in his usually breezy style. When the first applicant appeared Tad said: "Of course, I want a man who can speak French, play pinochle, curry a horse and make a Jack Rose cocktail."

"Well, I can do 'em all and still have a few tricks up my sleeve," said the chauffeur, with becoming modesty.

Tad looked him over and then said, suddenly: "I don't know. When I lamp your face and see your horn pointed up that way it strikes me that you are a hard drinker and I don't want any hard drinkers driving a car for me and running me over some picturesque cliff."

"You are wrong," said the driver. "I am not a hard drinker. It comes easy to me."—[Cartoons Magazine.]

The Boom Town.

RAISING America's growth, James J. Hill said:

"America's growth almost robs the Tin Can story of its hyperbole."

"A tenderfoot visiting the boom town of Tin Can, said to the Mayor:

"Why don't you get out literature about this locality? Why don't you get out booklets, illustrated with official photographs? Is it possible you haven't ever had the town photographed?"

"Stranger," said the Mayor, "Tin Can progresses so gosh-almighty fast that there ain't no camera quick enough to snap her."

—[Washington Star.]

How It Happened.

SENATOR CLARENCE D. CLARK of Wyoming smiled the other day when reference was made to the bright sayings of the kiddie folk. He said he was reminded of a small party named Jimmy.

One afternoon little Jimmy had been playing rather strenuously in the street when he returned to his happy home he had an over-heated look.

"Jimmy," exclaimed his mother on seeing the youngster, "come here a moment."

"Yes, ma'am," obeyed Jimmy, quickly hustling to his mother's side.

"What in the world have you been doing?" demanded the fond parent. "Your head is all perspiration."

"That's all right, mamma," was the indifferent response of Jimmy. "My roof leaks."

—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Back Further than That.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, a professor in Oxford University, has gone back to England, leaving behind him at Princeton, the best college story of the year. When the eminent Englishman was to arrive at Princeton a committee of students was appointed to meet him at Princeton Junction. The principal committeeman picked out the man whom he supposed to be the English professor among the passengers who disembarked from the through train and approached him politely, hat in hand. "Pardon me," he said, "are you Sir Walter Raleigh?"

"No," responded the traveler, who didn't propose to be kidded by any college boys. "I'm Christopher Columbus."—[Chicago News.]

Why They Wept.

TWO Irishmen entered a restaurant and ordered dinners. They asked the waitress the price of everything she brought in, and on bringing in some tobacco sauce she informed them it was gratis. Mick took a large spoonful, bringing tears to his eyes.

"What are you crying for?" says Pat.

"Oh," says Mick, "it's just twelve months today since they hung me poor ould father."

Shortly afterwards Pat took a spoonful of the tobacco, which produced the same effect as on Mick.

"And what are you crying for, Pat?" asked Mick.

"Oh," replied Pat, "I'm crying to think they didn't hang you along wid your father."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.]

The Difference.

LITTLE MOLLY had been very trying all day. That evening, when her grown-up sister was putting her to bed, she said she hoped the child would be a better girl tomorrow, and not make everybody unhappy with her naughty temper.

Molly listened in silence, thought hard for a few moments, and then said, wisely:

"Yes, when it's me it's temper; when it's you it's nerves."—[Chicago Herald.]

A Difficult Task.

THE government official had been telling a simple old Scotch farmer what he must do in the case of a German invasion on the east coast of Scotland.

"An' has I reely tae dse this wi' a' ma beesties if the Germans come?" asked the old fellow at the finish.

The official informed him that such was the law. "All live stock of every description must be branded and driven inland."

"Weel I'm thinking I'll hae an awfu' job wi' ma bees!"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

No Wonder He Kicked.

A WELL-DRESSED artist was once engaged upon a sacred picture. A very handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark. Artist and model became great friends, but when the picture was finished they lost track of one another.

One day, however, the artist, wandering about the London Zoological Gardens, came upon his old model, with a broom in his hand looking very disconsolate.

"Halloo, Smith," said he, "you don't look very cherry. What are you doing now?"

"Well, I am not doing much, sir, and that's a fact. I'm engaged in these gardens a'cleaning out the elephants' stables; a nice occupation for me as was one of the twelve apostles, isn't it, sir?"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Then Pat Got Even.

ONE pay day when Patrick Mulrooney reached the cashier's desk, he had forgotten his number, which was "100." So the cashier, a quick-tempered man, angrily told him to wait till all the others had been attended to.

Pat was roused. He meant to get his own back.

So, the following Saturday, when the cashier called out, "Your number, Pat?" the Irishman's retort was quick:

"Twice eleven, six, and seven, four fifteen and foive, sor!"—[Chicago News.]

Where Psyche Was Executed.

A NEW YORK man was recently acting as guide through an art gallery for a friend from the country. As they paused before a statuette, the guide said:

"That is Psyche. Executed in terra cotta."

"What a pity!" said the rural one. "How barbarous they are in those South American countries!"—[New York Times.]

Harvard's Viewpoint.

YOUNG man," said the irate old gentleman at the lunch counter to the hard-looking youth who was inhaling his soup with a gurgling sound and splashing it about the while, "what are you, a Colorado geyser?"

"Naw," responded the soup juggler, "I'm a New Haven guy, sir!"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Missed Something.

MRS. MCGREEVEY was a dinner guest one evening where a noted explorer was the attraction. Being of a somewhat languid turn of mind, she paid more attention to her dinner than to the conversation. After dinner was over, she turned to one of the guests and asked:

"What was that tiresome old explorer talking about?"

"Progressive Patagonia," was the reply.

"Really?" asked Mrs. McGreevey with sudden interest. "And how do you play it?"—[New York Times.]

Where Fear Lay.

EVELYN is very cowardly, and her father decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter.

"Father," she said at the close of his lecture, "when you see a cow ain't you 'traid?'"

"No, certainly not, Evelyn."

"When you see a bumblebee, ain't you 'traid?'"

"No!" with scorn.

"Ain't you 'traid when it thunders?'"

"No," with laughter. "Oh, you silly, silly child!"

"Papa," said Evelyn, solemnly, "ain't you 'traid of nothing in the world but mamma?'"—[Short Stories.]

Past That.

A CLERGYMAN had taught an old man in his congregation to read, and found him an apt pupil. Calling at his house some time after he found only the wife at home.

"How's John?" asked he.

"He is well, thank you," said the wife. "How does he get on with his reading?"

"Nicely, sir."

"Ah, I suppose so can read his Bible comfortably now?"

"Bible, sir. Bless me, he was out of the Bible and into the sporting pages long ago!"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Would Look at Trains.

A SOMEWHAT inebriated man walked into a main line ticket office recently and, smugly smiling, showed a \$1 bill to the agent.

"Where do you want to go?" inquired the latter.

Reflecting for a moment, the inebriated one suddenly had an inspiration. Broadly grinning now, he asked:

"What trains have you?"—[National Food Magazine.]

No Stock for Him.

FARMER HARDPATE'S place lay right in the line of the approaching railway survey, and the company was anxious to conciliate the old man. The diplomatic agent went out to see him, and finally thought to clinch the matter, saying:

"Our company offers you \$500 in cash and \$1000 worth of stock for the right of way through your farm."

"No, sir-ee!" retorted old Hardpate. "I don't want no railroad runnin' around here. Fust thing ye know ye'll be killin' some of my live stock an' I'd have to he'y pay fur it as a stockholder."

—[Chicago News.]

Certainly Some Voice.

SOME TIME ago the guests at a reception were discussing the relative merits of several songsters, when one of the party turned to a man named Brown.

"By the way, Brown," said he, "you are something of a singer, are you not?"

"Not on your life!" was the emphatic response of Brown. "I never sang a note that somebody didn't threaten to send in a riot call. You are probably thinking of my brother."

"Perhaps I am," was the thoughtful rejoinder of the other. "Has he a heavy bass voice?"

"Yes," smiled Brown, "so derved heavy that it makes him bowlegged to carry it."

—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Sound of Nature.

THE inhabitants of a frog pond close at hand awakened two little girls who were spending their first night in the country.

First came the high, piping voice of a little "peeper."

"What's that?" whispered Winnie.

"I think it's a bird," ventured Susan. Just then a basso profundo frog sang one of his lowest tones.

"What's that?" came another startled whisper.

"I ain't quite sure," came the answer, "but I think it is either a cow or an automobile."

—[Youngstown Telegram.]

SUNDAY MORNING,

TROOP

The Great War.

MAY INVADE RUMANIA

Balkan States Alert for New Move.

An Austro-German Rush to Constantinople Seems to be Indicated.

Alice Admit They Cannot do Anything to Stem Tide, Once Started.

Campaign Resumed in France and Fierce Fighting for Riga Continues.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. F. J.)
LONDON, Sept. 4 (9:44 p.m.)—The invasion of Rumania by the Austro-Germans, with or without a declaration of war, is being discussed as a probability in the Balkan states. The French and British are expected that the efforts to force the armistice will be further increased by the French, British and Belgian armies. The French continue an insistent bombardment of the German trench lines and entrenchments in the west, but thus far the expected offensive has not developed, and the designs of the French command are not known. A heavy fall of snow has added to the difficulties of the Italians and the difficulties of the Bulgarians.

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THE SKY. Clear. Wind at 5 p.m. southwest; velocity, 8 miles. Thermometer, highest, 77 deg.; lowest, 61 deg. Forecast: Fair.

THE CITY. Discovery of an important witness in the case of the three-year hunt for the slayer of a Vernon man. The commission of the Supervisors, it was feared, may cloud the legality of elections in this county in 1916 and 1917.

A pledge of dry forces to spend \$250,000 in Southern California in the wet-and-dry battle next year will be a \$500,000 dollar. A \$500,000 dollar of sugar beets will be harvested in the dry limits the rate of ten carloads a day.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. A Pasadena man 72 years old, is the father of a boy, his first child.

REPLY TO READERS. It is a mistake to think that the "Illustrated Weekly Times" is a mere "puff" paper. It is a serious effort to get all the news of the world.

Sycamore in Beautiful Bouquet Canyon.

